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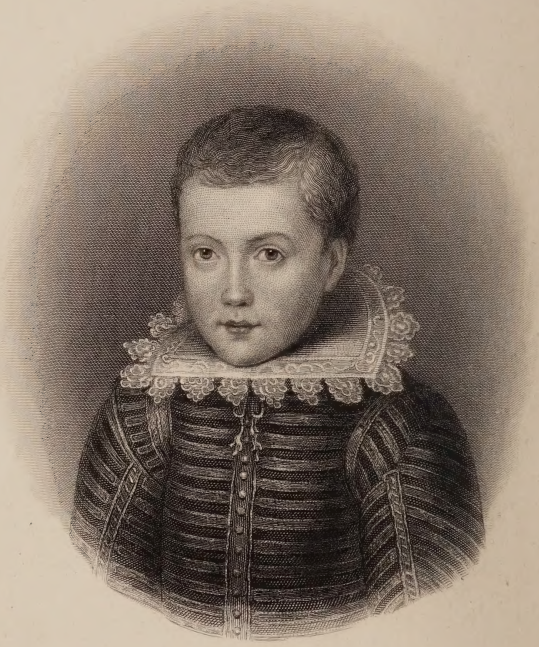

Engraved by Edwd Radclyffe.

MILTON, ÆTAT. 10.

After a Photograph from the original picture, in the possession of

Edgar Disney, Esq^r, of the Hyde, Ingatestone, Essex

THE LIFE

OF

JOHN MILTON:

NARRATED IN CONNEXION WITH

THE POLITICAL, ECCLESIASTICAL, AND LITERARY

HISTORY OF HIS TIME.

BY

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NOTICE.

It is intended that the title of this Work should indicate its character. Such an alternative title as "The Life and Times of Milton" might suggest more familiarly, perhaps, the precedents which the Author has had in view. While his first object has been to narrate the Life of Milton fully, deliberately and minutely, with as much of additional fact and illustration as might be supposed to result, even at this distance of time, from new research and from a further examination of the old materials, he has not deemed it unfit, in the instance of such a Life, to allow the forms of Biography to overflow into those of History. In other words, it is intended to exhibit Milton's Life in its connexions with all the more notable phenomena of the period of British history in which it was cast—its state-politics, its ecclesiastical variations, its literature and speculative thought. Commencing in 1608, the Life of Milton proceeds through the last sixteen years of the reign of James I., includes the whole of the reign of Charles I. and the subsequent years of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate, and then, passing the Restoration, extends itself to 1674, or through fourteen years of the new state of things under Charles II. No portion of our national history has received more abundant or more admirable elucidation than these sixty-six years; but, perhaps, in traversing it again in that mood and with that special bent of inquiry which may be natural where the Biography of Milton is the primary interest, some facts may be seen in a new light, and, at all events, certain orders of facts lying by the sides of the main track may come into notice. As the great poet of the age, Milton may, obviously enough, be taken as the repre-

sentative of its literary efforts and capabilities; and the general history of its literature may, therefore, be narrated in connexion with his life. But even in the political and ecclesiastical departments Milton was not one standing aloof. He was not the man of action of the party with which he was associated, and the actual and achieved deeds of that party, whether in war or in council, are not the property of his life; but he was, as nearly as any private man in his time, the thinker and idealist of the party—now the expositor and champion of their views, now their instructor and in advance of them; and hence, without encroaching too much on common ground, there are incidents and tendencies of the great Puritan Revolution which illustrate his Life especially, and seek illustration from it.

As if to oblige Biography, in this instance, to pass into History, Milton's Life divides itself, with almost mechanical exactness, into three periods, corresponding with those of the contemporary social movement, — the first extending from 1608 to 1640, which was the period of his education and of his minor poems; the second extending from 1640 to 1660, or from the beginning of the Civil Wars to the Restoration, and forming the middle period of his polemical activity as a prose-writer; and the third extending from 1660 to 1674, which was the period of his later muse and of the publication of "Paradise Lost." It is the plan of the present work to devote a volume to each of these periods.

PREFACE TO VOL. I.

THE most authentic and important information respecting Milton is to be derived from his own writings. While all of them, in every part, reveal the man and represent his life, and while there are few of them from which facts of the external kind may not be gathered, there are portions of them which are expressly and even minutely autobiographical. As respects the period embraced in the present volume, these portions may be enumerated as follows :—I. Among his prose writings in English and in Latin at a later period, there are several in which he gives summaries, or at least connected reminiscences, of the facts of his preceding life. The most notable passages of this kind occur perhaps in his *Reason of Church Government* (1641), his *Apology for Smectymnuus* (1642), and his *Defensio Secunda pro Populo Anglicano* (1654). These and similar passages have been duly attended to, and, where necessary, are reproduced textually. II. All Milton's minor poetry, whether in English or in Latin, with the exception of a few English sonnets and one or two trifles in Latin, &c.—in other words, almost all that he wrote in verse during his whole life, besides Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained, and Samson Agonistes—belongs to the period of this volume. The pieces number, in all, from five-and-forty to fifty, longer or shorter ; and, having been produced, most of them, on special occasions, and sometimes with reference to passing incidents in the poet's life, they have an unusual interest for the biographer. About half of them, being in English, are generally known—some of them, indeed, such as the Ode on the Nativity, L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, Comus, and Lycidas being among the best known poems in the English language. With these, accordingly, my duty has chiefly been to mention them in their proper chronological order, to

examine them afresh with a view to extract their biographical import, and to set each of them successively, as exactly as might be, in its topographical and historical connexions. As regards the equally numerous Latin poems of the series (and the few Italian poems may be included) more has been required of me. Though fully as characteristic as the English poems, and though perhaps richer in biographical allusions, they have been much less read ; and it has been a part of my purpose to bring them forward again to that place of co-ordinate or nearly co-ordinate importance with their English associates from which the petty accident of their being in Latin has too long excluded them. To this end, I have either given an account of each of them by way of description and abstract, or, where requisite, have ventured on a literal prose translation. III. To the period of this volume there also belong nine of Milton's Latin "Familiar Epistles" and one English letter of his. These are inserted in their proper places, the Latin Epistles being translated, I believe, for the first time. The same applies to certain letters to Milton, and to certain encomiums addressed to him in Latin and Italian. IV. Less known than any portion of Milton's Latin writings, nay, I may say, utterly unknown, are certain Latin compositions, also of our present period, forming a little series by themselves, distinguished by peculiar characteristics, and full of biographical light. I allude to his so-called *Prolusiones Oratoriæ*, or Academic Essays and Exercises, written while he was a student at Cambridge. These are seven in number; they occupy a considerable space ; they are on different subjects, and in different moods—exactly the kind of things which, if dug up unexpectedly in manuscript, would be accounted a prize by the biographer. And yet, though they have been in print since 1674, I really have found no evidence that as many as ten persons have read them through before me. They would probably have never been read by me either, had they not come in my way as material ; but, having read them, I have deemed it my duty to edit them as distinctly as possible, by describing each and translating all the more interesting parts.

Except where there is indication to the contrary, the edition of Milton to which I make my references, is that in eight volumes, containing both the poetry and the prose, published by Pickering in 1851. A new edition, based on this, is in preparation under the editorship of the Rev. J. E. B. Mayor, M.A. and Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge ; which, I have no doubt, will be as handsome and more correct.

The first published memoir of Milton of which it is necessary to take account was that included in Anthony Wood's great work, the *Athenæ et Fasti Oxonienses* (first edition, 1691-2). The circumstance that Milton had been incorporated as M.A. at Oxford brought him within Wood's scheme; and the memoir occurs in the Fasti under the year of the incorporation, 1635 (Fasti I. 480-486, in Bliss's edition). In addition to Wood's noble constitutional accuracy, we have, in authentication of what is set down in this memoir, the fact that Wood was Milton's contemporary, being in his forty-second year when Milton died, and in circumstances, therefore, to ascertain much about him. Moreover, though Wood may have derived his information from various persons, we know that his chief informant was the antiquarian and gossip, John Aubrey (1626-1697), who had been personally acquainted with Milton, and who took unusual pains to obtain particulars respecting him from his widow, his brother Christopher Milton, and others. Ever since 1667, when Wood, being near the end of his first great work, the "History and Antiquities of Oxford," was looking forward to the "Athenæ and Fasti" as its sequel, Aubrey, then a Fellow of the Royal Society, and much out in the world of London, had been one of his correspondents, catering for information for him. Accordingly, in a letter from Aubrey to Wood, of date January 12, 1674-5, which I have seen among the Aubrey MSS. in the Ashmolean, the then recent burial of Milton is mentioned, among other news, thus: —"Mr. J. Milton is buried at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, which [*i.e.* the grave] I will also see." In subsequent letters, Aubrey promises to send Wood an account of the grave, and to procure him other particulars about Milton; and in one he records this interesting fact:—"Mr. Marvell has promised me to write minutes for you of Mr. Jo. Milton, who lies buried in St. Giles Cripplegate Church." This letter is of date May 18, 1675; but in a subsequent letter Aubrey has to record Marvel's own burial—"Andrew Marvell sepult. in St. Giles's Church in the Fields, 18 Aug., 1678"—the interesting promise still apparently unfulfilled. Aubrey himself, now a poor man, but industrious in gossip as ever, undertakes what Marvel had promised; and, accordingly, among the mass of papers entitled *Minutes of Lives*, which he sent to Wood in 1680, and which Wood used in his "Athenæ and Fasti," a space was assigned to Milton larger than to almost any other of the numerous celebrities whom Aubrey had included in his researches. Aubrey was a credulous person, "roving and magotie-headed," as Wood had occasion to describe him, and sometimes stuffing his

letters with "folliries and misinformations;" but he was "a very honest man," says Toland, and "most accurate" in what came within his own notice; and, if there is one of all his graphic memoirs and sketches which is more painstaking and minutely curious than the rest, it is his Memoir of Milton. After it had been partly used by Wood, however, it lay, with the other bundles of "Minutes," among the MSS. in the Ashmolean, sometimes heard of and cited, but seldom seen, till the year 1813, when all the "Minutes" together, sifted hastily and not completely or exactly from the very confused papers which contained them, were published in the volumes known as the "Bodleian Letters." The greater and by far the richest part of these volumes consisting of *Aubrey's Lives*, the volumes themselves sometimes go by that name; and, since they were published, they have been a fresh source of information respecting Milton, nearer to the fountain-head than Wood's Memoir. An edition of Aubrey's sketch of Milton by itself, more correctly taken from the original MS., was appended by Godwin to his "Lives of Edward and John Philips," published in 1815; to which also was appended a reprint of the third original Memoir of Milton in order of time,—that by Milton's nephew and pupil, Edward Philips. This memoir was originally prefixed by Philips to his English edition of Milton's "Letters of State," published, in a small volume, in 1694. The date of the publication, and the relationship of the author to Milton, give *Philips's Memoir* a peculiar value; and it contains facts not related by Aubrey or Wood.

These three memoirs by Aubrey, Wood, and Philips—all of them in brief compass, and therefore cited by me, when there is occasion, simply by the names of their authors—are the earliest published sources of information respecting Milton, apart from his own writings. Toland's Life of Milton, originally prefixed to an edition of Milton's prose works published at Amsterdam in 1698 in two volumes folio, and printed separately, with additions, in 1699 and in 1761, might have added more to our knowledge, had not the author's peculiar ideas of biography prevented him from using the opportunities which he had. He did, however, add something.

Among the subsequent biographies of Milton, and contributions to his biography, it is enough to note those which either added to the stock of facts, or tended, in a conspicuous manner, to increase or vary the impression. The "Explanatory Notes on Paradise Lost" by the two Richardsons, including affectionate details respecting the poet's habits, appeared in 1734. Birch's Memoir was prefixed to his edition

of Milton's Prose Works in 1738, and again to his second edition of the same in 1753. Peck's silly medley of odds and ends, entitled "New Memoirs of the Life and Poetical Works of Mr. John Milton," appeared in 1740. Johnson's memorable Life of the Poet was written in 1779. In 1785, Thomas Warton published his first edition of Milton's Minor Poems, illustrated with notes biographical and critical; and a second edition of the same appeared in 1791. Incorporating Warton's Notes and those of other critics and commentators, Todd produced, in 1801, his standard variorum edition of Milton's Poetical Works, in six volumes, enlarged into seven in the subsequent edition of 1809, and again contracted into six in the last edition of 1826. Prefixed to the first of these editions was Todd's Account of the Poet's Life—modified by new information in the subsequent editions. Almost contemporaneously with Todd's second edition of the Poetical Works appeared a new edition of the Prose Works by Charles Symmons, D.D. (1806), also with a Memoir. Todd's Life, in the edition of 1826, may be said to have been the last formal Biography of the Poet till the publication of Pickering's edition of the complete works in 1851, with the preliminary Life by the Rev. John Mitford. In the same year appeared Mr. C. R. Edmonds's Biography, especially designed to bring out Milton's ecclesiastical principles. There has since been added to the list Mr. Keightley's succinct and clear account of the Life and Writings of the Poet (1856), accompanying his disquisitions on Milton's opinions and the several portions of the poetry. Among the fruits of recent Miltonic inquiries ought also to be mentioned Mr. Hunter's valuable pamphlet entitled *Milton: A Sheaf of Gleanings* (1850), the valuable *Milton Papers* edited for the Chetham Society by Mr. John Fitchett Marsh (1851), and various contributions to *Notes and Queries.*

When Southey, many years ago, spoke of a Life of Milton as "yet a desideratum in our literature," he had in view, among other things, the fact that almost every Life till then published had been written as an introductory memoir to some edition or other of the Poet's works, and on a scale corresponding to that purpose. Useful as such summaries of facts are, they do not answer to the notion that might be formed of a Biography of Milton considered as an independent work. It is surely not consistent with proper ideas of Biography, for example, that such a man as Milton should be whirled on to the thirty-second year of his life in the course of a few pages, the more especially when, in that period of

his life, he had already done much that we now associate with his name, and had shown himself potentially all that he was ever to be.

In preparing the present volume, I have, of course, availed myself of such information as I could find gathered by my predecessors; but, on the whole, from the rapidity with which they pass over this period of the Life, the amount of such information, in addition to that yielded by the original authorities, has not been great. I except the Notes of Warton and Todd in the Variorum Edition, which contain so many particles of biographical material that the substantial Biography of the Poet in that edition may be said, for this period at least, to exist in a scattered state through the Notes, rather than in an organized state in Todd's preliminary Life. I except, also, the results of some of the recent biographical researches alluded to. Mr. Marsh's Papers refer rather to the later parts of the Life, but have not been without their use even in the present part; and Mr. Hunter's Gleanings refer chiefly to this part, and clear up several points in it. Some of Mr. Mitford's references and illustrations have also been of service; and I have studied the Pedigree of the Poet furnished to Mr. Mitford by Sir Charles Young, Garter King.

My own researches, whether for actual facts in the life, or for collateral illustrations, have been very various. By the kindness of the Rev. J. Dix, M.A., rector of Allhallows, Bread-street, I was permitted to inspect the Registers of that parish. My inquiries into the pedigree led me to the Bishop's Registry, in Oxford; where also I found some advantage in looking at the original MS. of Aubrey's Life in the Ashmolean, and at some of Wood's MSS., produced to me in the readiest manner. By the courtesy of the Rev. Dr. Cartmell, Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, I saw the admission book of that College; and I have been materially assisted by extracts from that register, and by answers to my queries respecting them, furnished me by the Rev. Joseph Wolstenholme, M.A., Fellow of the College. To the Registrar of the University, the Rev. J. Romilly, M.A., I also owe my thanks for permission to inspect the University books and to make extracts, as well as for his explanations. Towards the illustration of the same Cambridge period of the poet's life, I have derived much from MSS. in the British Museum, and from one MS. in particular. An examination of the Registers of the Stationers' Company, open to me by the kindness of the authorities, furnished me with many dates, and, altogether, with clearer ideas of Milton's relations to the literature of the reign of Charles I. To my

great surprise I found that, though Milton was known to have lived with his father at Horton in Buckinghamshire for nearly six years of his life after leaving Cambridge—and these years unusually rich in literary results—no one had thought of examining the Registers of Horton parish for traces of the family. On application to the Rev. R. G. Foot, B.A., rector of Horton, I had every facility afforded me; and I have derived from the Registers several new facts, besides much general and local illustration. The Milton MSS. in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, have been examined by me with some care—not for the purpose of noting the various readings furnished by these first drafts of some of the poems (a duty already carefully performed by Todd); but for the purpose, if possible, of determining, by the handwriting, dates and other biographical particulars. Some conclusions thus arrived at will have their natural place in the succeeding volume; but the examination has assisted me somewhat in the present. I have made pretty extensive researches in the State Paper Office, at points where Milton or his connexions might perchance leave their marks in contemporary public documents; and in several cases elucidations of the Biography have thus arisen. It is unnecessary to add to this enumeration of manuscript sources any account of my miscellaneous obligations at every point to printed books. These obligations, as well as some of a private nature, are acknowledged in the notes. I ought to add, however, that, for access to almost all the rare books consulted, I am a debtor to the British Museum.

Although I have sought to indicate the fact in the title of the work, and also in the general announcement, it is right that I should here distinctly repeat that I intend it to be not merely a Biography of Milton, but also, in some sort, a continuous History of his Time. Such having been my plan from the first, there are large portions of the present volume which, though related to the Biography, and in my idea not unnecessarily so, considering what a man of his time Milton was, may yet, if the reader chooses, stand apart as so much attempt at separate contemporary History. The suggestions of Milton's life, have, indeed, determined the tracks of these historical researches and expositions—sometimes through the Literature of the period, sometimes through its Civil and Ecclesiastical Politics; but the extent to which I have pursued them, and the space which I have assigned to them, have been determined by my desire to present, by their combination, something like a connected historical view of British thought and British society in general prior to the great Revolution. In

this portion of British History—much less studied, I think, than the Revolution itself, though actually containing its elements—I have based my narrative on the best materials, printed or documentary, that I could find. The Registers of the Stationers' Company have been among the MS. authorities of greatest service to me in the department of the Literature; and, in all departments alike, the documents in the State Paper Office, both domestic and foreign, have furnished me, here with verifications, there with more exact impressions, and sometimes with facts and extracts.

The Portrait of Milton as a boy is from a photograph taken, by permission, from the original in the possession of Edgar Disney, Esq., of the Hyde, Ingatestone, Essex; of which, and of the other portrait, engraved after Vertue, accounts are given at p. 50, and pp. 277, 278 of the volume. The fac-similes from the Milton MSS. at Cambridge are by the permission of the Master and Fellows of Trinity.

University College, London,
December, 1858.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	Ancestry and Kindred	1
II.	The Spread-Eagle, Bread-Street, Old London: 1608-1620	28
III.	Early Education: St. Paul's School: 1620-1625	49
	English Version of Two Psalms.	
IV.	Cambridge: 1625-1632	87
	Ode on the Nativity and other English Poems.	
	Four Familiar Epistles in Latin.	
	Latin Elegies, Sylvæ, and Epigrams.	
	Seven Academic Exercises.	
V.	Church and Government: Bishop Laud: 1632	289
	English Epistle to a Friend.	
	Latin Poem to his Father.	
VI.	Survey of British Literature: 1632	387
VII.	Horton, Buckinghamshire: 1632-1638	515
	Sonnet to the Nightingale.	
	L'Allegro and Il Penseroso.	
	Arcades.	
	Comus.	
	Lycidas.	
	Three Latin Familiar Epistles.	
VIII.	Continental Journey: 1638-1639	687
	Latin Poems, written abroad.	
	Two Latin Familiar Epistles.	
	Italian Sonnets and Canzone.	

ERRATUM.

RUBENS was admitted to the honorary degree of M.A. at Cambridge, not at the regular "Commencement," July 7, 1629, as stated at p. 185, but on the occasion of the Chancellor's visit, in the following September, mentioned in the succeeding page.

Engraved by Edwd Radclyffe

MILTON, ÆTAT. 21.

After Vertue's engraving in 1731, from the original picture, then in the possession of the Right Hon. Speaker Onslow.

THE

LIFE OF JOHN MILTON.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY AND KINDRED.

JOHN MILTON was born in his father's house, in Bread-street, in the City of London, on Friday, the 9th of December, 1608, at half-past six in the morning.[1] The year of his birth was the sixth of the reign of the Scottish king, James I, in England.

Milton's father, who was also named John, was by profession a "scrivener." He was settled, in the exercise of that profession, in Bread-street, at least as early as 1603. In a manuscript volume in the British Museum,[2] containing miscel-

[1] Aubrey and Wood. In Aubrey's MS. the circumstance is entered in a manner which vouches for its authenticity. Aubrey had first left the date blank thus:—"He was born A° D^{ni} —— the —— day of —— about —— o'clock in the ——;" adding a little farther on in the MS. these words: "Q. Mr. Ch^{r} Milton to see the date of his bro. birth." Then, farther on still, at the top of a new sheet of smaller size than the rest, there are written in a clear hand, *which is certainly not Aubrey's*, these words: "John Milton was born the 9th of December, 1608, *die Veneris*, half an hour after six in the morning." It is to be concluded that Aubrey had, in the interval, seen Christopher Milton, and procured from him the date he wanted. Possibly, indeed, Christopher wrote down the words himself. They seem as if they had been taken from the family Bible. Wood in his *Fasti* makes the time of Milton's birth "between six and seven o'clock in the morning;" but in a MS. of his which I have seen, containing brief notes for biographies of eminent persons (*Ashm.* 8519), he adheres to the more exact statement "half an hour after six." The note about Milton in this MS. contains nothing but the dates and places of his birth and death.

[2] Lansdowne MS. 241, f. 58; first cited, I believe, by Mr. Hunter, in his *Milton Gleanings*, p. 10.

laneous notes relating to the affairs of one John Sanderson, a Turkey merchant of that day, there is a copy of a bond, dated the 4th of March, 1602-3, whereby two persons, styled "Thomas Heigheham of Bethnal-green in the county of Middlesex Esquire, and Richard Sparrow, citizen and goldsmith of London," engage to pay to Sanderson a sum of money on the 5th of May following, the payment to be made "at the new shop of John Milton, scrivener, in Bread-street, London." The name "Jo. Milton, Scriv^{nr}" is appended as that of the witness in whose presence the bond was sealed and delivered. In the same volume there is a copy of another document of nearly the same date, recording another transaction between Sanderson and one of the persons above named. It is a bill of sale, dated April 2, 1603, whereby, for the sum of £50, received from Sanderson, Richard Sparrow makes over to him a certain ornament of gold "set with a great ruby," retaining the right to redeem it by paying to Sanderson £52 10*s.* on the 3d of October following, *i.e.* the principal with five per cent. of interest for the six months' loan. In this case the payment is to be made at Sparrow's own shop in Cheapside; but the witness who attests the transaction is "Peter Jones, servant to John Milton, scrivener."[1] Servant here means clerk or apprentice.

The words "new shop" in the first of the above documents imply that the scrivener had then but recently removed to the particular house in Bread-street, where, some years afterwards, his son was born. The removal took place at an interesting time. On the day on which the scrivener attested the first document, Elizabeth was within twenty days of her death; on the day on which his servant Peter Jones attested the second, the body of Elizabeth was lying in state, and James, already proclaimed in her stead, was preparing to leave Edinburgh to take possession of his new kingdom. The entry into the "new shop" in Bread-street would be associated in the scrivener's memory with the close of Elizabeth's reign and the coming in of her successor.

[1] This document, which has escaped Mr. Hunter's notice, is at f. 363 of the MS.

In those days, houses in cities were not numbered as now; and persons in business, to whom it was of consequence to have a distinct address, effected the purpose by exhibiting over their doors some sign or emblem. This fashion, now left chiefly to publicans, was once common to all trades and professions. Booksellers and printers, as well as grocers and mercers, carried on their business at the Cross-keys, the Dial, the Three Pigeons, the Ship and Black Swan, and the like, in such and such streets; and every street in the populous part of such a city as London presented a succession of these signs, fixed or swung over the doors. The scrivener Milton had a sign as well as his neighbours. It was an eagle with outstretched wings; and hence his house was known as the Spread Eagle in Bread-street.[1]

Most probably, the device of the Spread Eagle was adopted by the scrivener himself with reference to the armorial bearings of his family. Wood expressly tells us that "the arms that John Milton [the poet] did use and seal his letters with were, Argent, a spread eagle with two heads gules, legg'd and beak'd sable;" and there is still to be seen one important document on which an impression of the seal, exactly as it is here described, accompanies the poet's written signature—to wit, the original agreement with the bookseller, Symons, for the publication of "Paradise Lost."[2] There is also extant a small silver seal, which once belonged to the poet, exhibiting the same double-headed spread eagle of the shield, but with the addition of the surmounting crest—a lion's claw, above a helmet, &c. grasping an eagle's head and neck.[3] There is

[1] Aubrey and Wood.

[2] This document, which belonged to Rogers the poet, is now in the British Museum. There is a fac-simile of it in vol. i. of Mr. Mitford's edition of Milton's Works (Pickering, 1851).

[3] This interesting relic is, I believe, in the possession of Edgar Disney, Esq. of the Hyde, Ingatestone, Essex, son of the late John Disney, Esq. F.S.A. by whom it was shown at a meeting of the Archæological Institute, in March 1849. (Archæological Journal, vol. vi. pp. 199—200.) It was one of the articles in a collection of antiquities, paintings, &c. which came to the late Mr. Disney with the estate of the Hyde on the death of his father, the Rev. Dr. Disney, in 1816. Dr. Disney inherited the collection in 1804 from his friend Mr. Thomas Brand Hollis, of the Hyde; who inherited it in 1774 from Mr. Thomas Hollis, whose name he took. Mr. Thomas Hollis, well known as a lover of art and an enthusiast in all that appertained to Milton, bought the seal in 1761 for three guineas, from Mr. John Payne, bookseller, who informed him that it had come into his possession on the death of Thomas

scarcely room to doubt that these arms came to the poet from his father as the recognised arms of the family. The association of the heraldic double-headed spread eagle and of the accompanying crest with the name Milton is traced back through our heraldic authorities as far as Sir William Segar, who was Garter King-at-Arms from 1603 to 1633, after having passed through the previous offices of Portcullis, Somerset Herald, and Norroy King, in the reign of Elizabeth. In a manuscript volume in the British Museum, containing the grants and confirmations of arms made by Segar, there is this entry:—

"Mylton:

"Argent, a double-headed eagle, displayed gules, beaked and membered azure. To . . . Mylton, alias Mytton of Com. Oxon. of ye abovesaid arms and crest: viz. out of a wreath, a lion's gamb couped and erect azure, grasping an eagle's head, erased gules." [1]

The entry, it will be seen, is not dated; the name of the

Foster, of Holloway, who had married Elizabeth Clarke, the poet's granddaughter by his youngest daughter Deborah and her husband Abraham Clarke of Spitalfields. Deborah had married Clarke before 1675, and she died Aug. 24, 1727. Connected with these dates, Mr. J. F. Marsh, of Warrington, the editor of the *Milton Papers* for the Chetham Society, has called attention to a circumstance not yet explained in the history of Mr. Disney's seal. The pedigree of the seal is perfectly satisfactory as far back as 1761, when Mr. Hollis bought it; but Mr. Marsh suspects some incorrectness in the prior account of it given by Mr. Payne. His reason for doing so is that a seal, which he concludes to be the same, was in the possession of Milton's widow at the time of her death at Nantwich, Cheshire, in 1727. In the minute inventory and valuation of the effects of the widow at the time of her death, filed in the Episcopal Registry of Chester, recently discovered there by Mr. Jones of Nantwich, and published by Mr. Marsh in February 1855, the following is one of the entries: "2 teaspoons and one silver spoon, with *a seal* and stopper and bitts of silver, 12*s*. 6*d*." Now as this inventory was taken on the 26th of August 1727, or two days after the death of Deborah Clarke, Mr. Marsh does not see how the seal could thereafter have come into the possession of the Fosters, who were so far away from Nantwich, and between whom and the widow there had been no correspondence. His conclusion is that, "without detracting at all from the authenticity of Mr. Disney's relic, which speaks for itself, it may be conjectured that its early history may have been misrepresented by Mr. Payne or a previous owner"—*i. e.* that Mr. Payne or a previous owner got it not from the Fosters, but from those who obtained it at the sale of the widow's effects. "This," he says, "is perhaps preferable to the supposition of there having been a second silver seal in Mrs. Milton's possession." I fancy, however, that Mr. Marsh will now accept the circumstance referred to in the text as a reason for changing this opinion. The seal with which Milton signed the agreement for his Paradise Lost cannot have been Mr. Disney's seal, for it has the shield only and not the crest. May there not, then, have been two seals—the crestless one with which the poet sealed that agreement, and which came to the widow and has since been lost; and a crested one, which went to Deborah, the poet's daughter, and so to the Fosters and Mr. Hollis?

[1] *Aspidora Segariana:* Add. MS. Brit. Mus. 12,225, f. 162. The reference to this MS. I owe to Mr. Hunter: *Milton Gleanings*, p. 8.

person to whom the grant or confirmation was made is left blank; nor is it stated whether it was a grant or only a confirmation. As we read the entry, however, it purports that some one from Oxfordshire, claiming the arms of Milton in that county, applied to the College of Arms to have his title recognised. The all but perfect identity both of the arms and the crest with those above described as used by the poet makes it not unlikely that the applicant was the poet's father. It may be worth while to note that Segar himself had begun life as a scrivener, and also that the arms of the scriveners as a corporation contained the spread eagle. "Azure, an eagle with wings expanded, holding in his mouth a penner and inkhorn and standing on a book, all or," is the heraldic description.[1] The elder Milton, therefore, might have helped himself to the spread eagle as a sign for his shop, even had it not figured in his own arms. The eagle in that case would not have been double-headed, and would have been all the easier to paint or carve.

The heraldic identification of the name Milton with the seemingly distinct name of Mitton is somewhat curious. "Mylton, alias Mytton of Com. Oxon." is the designation in Segar's entry; there are at this day families of Mittons in Shropshire and in Staffordshire using the double-headed spread eagle in their arms, with heraldic variations; and there were Mittons in London in 1633 using the same arms. Neither the poet nor his father, however, ever wrote or pronounced their name as Mitton. They rather tended the other way; for, on more than one occasion, the elder, at least, is addressed as Melton. Nor, as far back as we can go, do we find the names Milton and Mitton interchangeable. Milton, as we now write it, was a distinct English surname early in the fourteenth century. A William de Milton was one of a list of persons to whom, in 1338, letters of protection were granted prior to their going abroad in the retinue of Queen Philippa, the wife of Edward III;[2] and other Miltons of somewhat later date are to be heard of in different parts of

[1] Seymour's Survey of London (1735), Book IV. p. 386.

[2] Rymer's Fœdera, II. 2, p. 25.

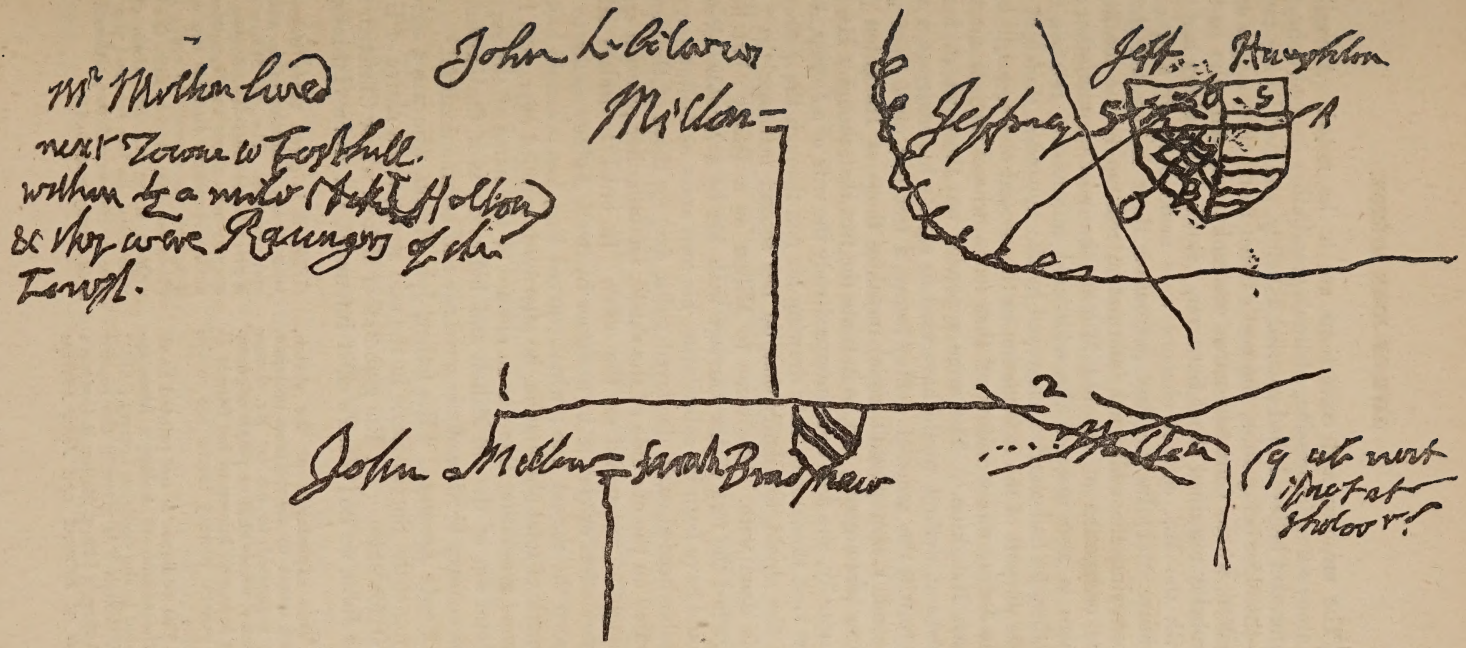
England, quite independent of the contemporary Mittons. It is possible, however, that Milton, Mitton, and Middleton, may originally have been analogous topographical surnames, signifying that the bearers of them had come from the 'mill-town,' 'mid-town,' or 'middle-town,' of their districts. It is corroborative of this view, as regards the name Milton, that, as there are about twenty *places* of this name in different parts of England—two Miltons in Kent, two in Hants, one in Cambridgeshire, one in Northamptonshire, one in Cheshire, one in Somersetshire, one in Berkshire, two in Oxfordshire, &c.—so *families* bearing the name, and yet not tracing any connexion with each other, appear to have been living simultaneously in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in different English counties. There were Miltons in London; there were Miltons in Cheshire; there were Miltons in Somersetshire; and there were Miltons in Oxfordshire, extending themselves into the adjacent counties of Berks and Bucks.

It was from these last—the Oxfordshire Miltons—that the poet derived his pedigree. Indeed, beyond this fact, recognised in Segar's heraldic notice, little is to be known of the poet's genealogy. All that he has himself said on the subject is that he came of an honest or honourable stock (*"genere honesto"*);[1] and what of more detailed information we have is from Aubrey, Wood, and Philips. We quote the three accounts:—

Aubrey's Account. "Mr. John Milton was of an Oxfordshire family: his grandfather (a Rom. Cath.) of Holton in Oxfordshire, near Shotover. His father was brought up in ye Univ^{y} of Oxon at Christ Church; and his gr-father disinherited him because he kept not to the Catholique Religion [q. he found a Bible in English in his chamber]; so thereupon he came to London and became a scrivener [brought up by a friend of his: was not an apprentice] and got a plentiful estate by it."

In addition to this, which occurs at the beginning of Aubrey's MS, there is appended, on the back of the last sheet, a formal pedigree of the poet drawn up by Aubrey so as to make the whole substance of his information on that head finally plain to the eye. For reasons which will appear, we give the first part of this pedigree in fac-simile from the MS, erasures and corrections included.

[1] *Defensio Secunda*: Works, VI. 286.



Mr. Milton lived next Towne to Fosthill within ½ a mile ~~Holton~~ [Holton] and they were Raungers of the Forest. ^

John, he believes.

Q. *Ubi vixit* if not at Shotover

The erasures and corrections are to be noted. According to Aubrey's first impression, Milton's grandfather (named John, as his informant believed) had married a Jeffrey, and had by her two sons —the elder being John, the poet's father; and the younger another Milton, whose Christian name was unknown, and who had most probably remained about Shotover. But before Aubrey had parted with the MS. certain changes were made both by addition and erasure. (1) In the first generation there is inserted the note conveying the additional information relating to the locality and the occupation of the old Milton, the poet's grandfather; and there is also inserted the additional information relating to the Jeffrey he had married, conveyed by the appended sketch of arms. The purport of the information in this second case seems to be that the Jeffrey was a widow of that name whose original name had been Haughton.[1] The arms appended are those which her first husband, Jeffrey, would have used to signify his marriage with her —to wit, the arms of Jeffrey (azure, a fret or; on a chief of the second, a lion passant sable) impaling those of Haughton (sable, three bars argent); and, to indicate the fact that, though a Haughton originally, she *had* been intermediately the wife of a Jeffrey, Aubrey has kept these arms, only drawing his pen through the Jeffrey side of the shield, to signify that, on her second marriage, the "Jeff." was done with. She came to Milton as a Jeffrey; but had he signified the fact of his marriage with her by a heraldic sketch, it would have been by substituting his own arms as Milton (argent, a double-headed eagle displayed gules, &c.) for those of the deceased Jeffrey on the one side of the shield, retaining her paternal arms as Haughton untouched on the other. In order to isolate all this information or put it in a corner by itself, Aubrey seems to have drawn the curved line; which curved line, lest it should look like a mark of total obliteration, he afterwards scrolled over. (2) In the second generation there is an erasure of the name of the supposed second son of the old Milton and his wife; as if the existence of this country brother of the scrivener had become doubtful.[2]

Wood's Account. "His father, Joh. Milton, who was a scrivener living at the Spread-Eagle in the said street, was a native of Halton in Oxfordshire. . . . His grandfather Milton, whose Christian name was John, as he [Wood's chief informant, *i. e.* Aubrey] thinks, was

[1] This explanation of the sketch, which seems to me the most probable, was suggested to me by Mr. James Hannay, whose skill on points of genealogy is as well known to his friends as his general literary merits are to the public.

[2] The pedigree is not printed at all in the edition of Aubrey's Lives appended to the Bodleian Letters (1813); and, though it is given in the reprint of Aubrey's Life of Milton in Godwin's *Lives of Edward and John Philips* (1815), it is given there incorrectly, without any indication of the additions and erasures. The old Milton's wife is given there simply as a Jeffrey, without any note about the Haughton connexion—probably because the copyist imagined the erasure to apply to the whole heraldic sketch, with the words written above it. But then, on the other hand, he has retained the reference to the second son, although that is distinctly cancelled.

an under-ranger or keeper of the Forest of Shotover near to the said town of Halton, but descended from those of his name who had lived beyond all record at Milton near Halton and Thame in Oxfordshire. Which grandfather, being a zealous Papist, did put away, or, as some say, disinherit his son because he was a Protestant; which made him retire to London, to seek, in a manner, his fortune."

Philips's Account. "His father, John Milton, an honest, worthy and substantial citizen of London, by profession a scrivener; to which profession he voluntarily betook himself by the advice and assistance of an intimate friend of his, eminent in that calling, upon his being cast out by his father, a bigoted Roman Catholic, for embracing, when young, the Protestant faith and abjuring the Popish tenets. For he is said to have been descended of an ancient family of the Miltons of Milton near Abingdon in Oxfordshire; where they had been a long time seated, as appears by the monuments still to be seen in Milton Church—till one of the family, having taken the wrong side in the contests between the Houses of York and Lancaster, was sequestered of all his estate but what he held by his wife."

Out of these accounts, several matters arise for further investigation, respecting Milton's pedigree on the father's side.

As to the alleged Miltons of Milton in Oxfordshire, the remote progenitors of the poet, research has been fruitless. There are, as we have said, two places in Oxfordshire named Milton—the village of Great Milton in the Hundred of Thame, some eight miles south-east from Oxford, and giving its name to the two contiguous parishes of Great Milton and Little Milton, both in that Hundred; and a small hamlet, called Milton, about twenty-three miles farther north in the same county, near Banbury, and attached as a curacy to the vicarage of Adderbury. The former is clearly the "Milton near Halton and Thame in Oxfordshire" referred to by Wood; Thame, which gives its name to the Hundred, being about five miles distant, and Halton or Holton about three. The reference of Philips is also to the same village of Great Milton; for, though he says "Milton near Abingdon," and there *is* a Milton near Abingdon, that Milton, like Abingdon itself, is in the county of Berks. That Philips, however, intended the Oxfordshire Milton is clear by his adding the words "in Oxfordshire,"

words which, as they stand, are a blunder arising from his writing from hearsay. His reference to the monuments of the Miltons in Milton Church must also have been from hearsay. Dr. Newton searched in vain, prior to 1749, for any traces of such monuments in the church of Milton near Abingdon in Berkshire;[1] nor has repeated search in all the extant records of the other and far more likely Great Milton in Oxfordshire recovered any traces of the Miltons supposed to have radiated thence.[2] As the registers of Great Milton, however, go back only to 1550, and as Philips assigns the period of the Wars of the Roses (1455—1485) as that of a traditional change for the worse in the fortunes of the family, it might be that in earlier times still Miltons held lands in this locality. Even this Mr. Hunter is disposed to question, on the ground that there is no trace of such a family in more ancient documents, where, had they existed, they would almost necessarily have been mentioned. In short, the conclusion is that there never was a race of persons in Oxfordshire answering exactly to the imposing idea called up by the phrase "Miltons of Milton," and that Philips's tradition of the ruin of the family by the Wars of the Roses is but the repetition of a legend common to many families. Next to having come in with the Conqueror, the most approved certificate of respectability in the history of an English family is its having been ruined in the Wars of the Roses.

Letting go the legendary Miltons of Milton, we do find persons named Milton living, immediately before the Wars of the Roses, in Oxfordshire and the adjoining counties, who *may* have originally radiated from Great Milton, and who, with such property as they had, did have to go through the chances of the York and Lancaster wars. In the twelfth year

[1] Newton's Milton, vol. i. p. 1 of 'Life.'

[2] "In the registers of Milton," says Todd (Life, p. 2, note: edit. 1809), "as I have been obligingly informed by letter from the Rev. Mr. Jones, there are no entries of the name of Milton." Later still we have the assurance of Wood's Editor, Bliss (Fasti I. 480), that he had himself inspected the Register, but "not found the name Milton, as a surname, in any part of it." I may add that there are several MSS. in the Ashmolean and British Museum, giving notes of old monuments and inscriptions in the churches of Oxfordshire, that of Great Milton included, and that I have found no reference in them to the Milton monuments mentioned by Philips. One of these MSS. (Ashm. 8548) is of the date 1574.

of the reign of Henry VI. (1433) a census was taken by appointed commissioners of all persons in the different counties of England that were considered of the rank of gentry. "The outward object was to enable the king's party to administer an oath to the gentry for the better keeping of the peace and observing the laws, though the principal reason was to detect and suppress such as favoured the title of York then beginning to show itself."[1] The returns then made are still extant, for all save ten counties.[2] In some counties the Commissioners included in their lists persons of much meaner condition than in others, and so made their lists disproportionately large. The return for Oxfordshire is perhaps the largest and most indiscriminate of any. "The Commissioners in this county," says Fuller, "appear over-diligent in discharging their trust; for, whereas those in other shires flitted only the cream of their gentry, it is suspicious that here they made use of much thin milk." Whether belonging to the cream or to the thin milk, one of the four hundred persons or thereby returned for Oxfordshire, is a Roger Milton, who was almost certainly the same person as a Roger Milton, reported by Mr. Hunter as having been, four years later (1437), collector of the fifteenths and tenths for the county of Oxford.[3] With the exception of a John Milton of Egham in Surrey, this Oxfordshire Milton is *the only person of the surname Milton returned in the census of* 1433 *of the whole gentry of England.* But Cheshire and Somersetshire, where Miltons were to be expected, are among the counties for which there are no returns; and Mr. Hunter finds a John de Milton in 1428 (possibly the same as the John Milton of Egham) holding the manor of Burnham in Bucks by the service of half a knight's fee.[4] At least, there were two Miltons in all England living immediately before the Wars of the Roses in such circumstances that they could be included among the minor gentry; and both of these were in the circle of country which may be called the traditional Milton neighbourhood—to wit, Oxford-

[1] Sims's Manual for the Genealogist, 1856, pp. 325-6.

[2] They are given in Fuller's Worthies, each return under its proper county.

[3] Milton Gleanings, p. 6.

[4] Ibid.

shire and the adjacent counties, between Oxfordshire and London.

After the Wars of the Roses, Miltons in this neighbourhood became more numerous. There was a William Milton, an inhabitant of the city of Oxford in 1523; there was a William Milton and also a Richard Milton in Berks in 1559; and these, as well as the more distant Miltons of Cheshire and Somersetshire, had their representatives in London, where, in the reign of Philip and Mary, a William Milton was collector of the customs,[1] and where, during the reign of Elizabeth, the name Milton was not very uncommon. It is within this reign that we have to seek for traces of that particular Milton who was the poet's grandfather, and who is said to have lived at Holton.

Holton or Halton is a small parish of about 250 souls, with a village of the same name, about five miles east from Oxford, between which and it lies the tract of wooded land which formed the royal forest of Shotover (*Chateau vert*). It is in the Hundred of Bullington, and the nearest parishes and villages to it in that Hundred in a north-west direction are Forest Hill, Stanton St. John's, Beckley, and Elsfield. Forest Hill is about a mile and a half from Holton; Stanton St. John's is about half a mile from Forest Hill; Beckley and Elsfield are each about two miles from Stanton St. John's; and all are within a radius of six miles from Oxford, and all on the borders of Shotover Forest. The next Hundred to Bullington is Thame, in which, at no great distance from any of the above places, is Great Milton. A family radiating from Great Milton northwards would scatter itself first through the above-named villages and parishes of Bullington Hundred.

The registers of Holton parish begin in 1633, and there is no notice in them of any Milton having lived there since then.[2] In no other known record, apart from Aubrey and Wood, is there any reference to a Milton as having ever lived there. But Mr. Hunter has discovered several Miltons living,

[1] Hunter: Milton Gleanings, pp. 9—10.

[2] Letter to me from the Rev. Thomas Tyndale, late Rector of Holton, and still residing there with his son the present Rector.

in Elizabeth's reign, in the villages of Bullington Hundred immediately around Holton; and he has also discovered one or two contemporary Miltons in Berks, who might conceivably be of the same kin. Here is a list of these, arranged, with explanations, from Mr. Hunter's notes:[1]—

1. A Thomas Milton who, in 1571, was a "sworn Regarder and Preservator of all the Queen's Majesty's woods, within Battell's Bailiwick, parcel of the Park of Windsor," in *Berks;* and who, in 1576, had a grant of a tenement called La Rolfe, with two gardens, in New Windsor.

2. A Nicholas Milton, "gentleman," who was living at Appleton in *Berks*, a few miles to the south-west of Oxford, from 1589 to 1613, and who was a person of some condition, possessing lands not only at Appleton but in other places.

3. A Rowland Milton, "husbandman," at Beckley in *Oxfordshire* (not four miles from Holton), who, in 1591, was fined for having cut down a cart-load of wood in "the Queen's wood called Lodge Coppice," without leave; and who, five years before, had bought some ash-trees from the Regarders of Stowe-wood, which is close to Beckley. He was alive in 1599.

4. A Robert Milton of Elsfield (also about four miles from Holton), who about the same time received, along with others, a sum of forty shillings from the officers of Shotover Forest, "for hedging Beckley Coppice and for gates and iron-work."

5. A Richard Milton of Stanton St. John's (about two miles from Holton), respecting whom there are the following particulars: In the 19th of Elizabeth (1577) he was assessed to the subsidy of that year, as one of the inhabitants of Stanton, "being charged not on lands, but on goods only, as if he had no lands; and the goods being assessed on an annual value of three pounds." As both lands and goods were assessed for the subsidies of that reign at sums immensely below their real value, the condition of a man charged at three pounds a year on goods was higher than might at first appear. At all events, as is proved by the Subsidy-Rolls, this Richard Milton of Stanton St. John's was *the only person of the name of Milton assessed on this occasion in all Oxfordshire.* For many years afterwards nothing is heard of him; but in 1601, a Richard Milton of Stanton St. John's, then designated "yeoman," but to all appearance the same person, is found figuring in another set of Rolls—the so-called Recusant Rolls, now preserved among the records of the Exchequer, "in which are entered, year by year, accounts of the fines levied on those persons who had not acquiesced in the Reformation, for non-attendance at their parish-churches." "Each county," says Mr. Hunter, "is treated apart; and in the Rolls for Oxfordshire of the 43rd of Elizabeth (1601) we find the name of Richard Milton

[1] Milton Gleanings, pp. 1—10.

of Stanton St. John's, yeoman." He is fined £60 for three months of non-attendance at his parish-church, reckoning from the 6th of December 1600—this being in accordance with a law against Recusancy of the 23rd of Elizabeth, which fixed the penalty for non-attendance on the established worship at £20 a month. The fine failed of the intended effect; for a second fine of £60 is imposed upon the same person for other three months of non-attendance reckoning from the 13th of July, 1601, the culprit "neither having made submission nor promised to be conformable, pursuant to the Act." As this Richard Milton is the only person of the name of Milton in all Oxfordshire that appears in the Subsidy-Rolls of 1577, so he is *the only person of the name in all Oxfordshire that appears in these Recusant Rolls.* Other persons in the same neighbourhood were fined as obstinate Catholics; but, so far as record has yet shown, no other Milton.

Not one of these Miltons, it will be observed, corresponds in all points to the description of the poet's grandfather—the Milton of Holton, who was under-ranger of Shotover Forest, and whose name was probably John. The Thomas Milton, who stands first in the list, was indeed a "Regarder or Preservator" of one of the royal forests; but it was of the Forest of Windsor in Berks. The Beckley Milton and the Elsfield Milton were on the edge of Shotover; but the one, instead of being a "regarder" of the forest, was pretty much the reverse, and, though the other helped to preserve the forest, it was not as one of the official "regarders," but as an artificer employed by them. Finally, respecting the Richard Milton of Stanton St. John's, who was still closer to the forest, there is no record of his having any official connexion with it.

Nevertheless, Mr. Hunter is disposed to believe that this last Milton—Richard Milton, of Stanton St. John's, yeoman—was the poet's grandfather. The coincidences in respect of time, locality, general position in life, and, above all, of religious principle, are strong; and the discrepancies are not irreconcilable. We do not positively know that Milton's grandfather's name was John; it may have been Richard. We are told that Milton's grandfather lived at Holton, but we are told so in such a manner as to leave it possible that Aubrey or Wood wrote Holton by inference. "Next town to Fosthill within half a mile [Holton]" is the

description in the Aubrey pedigree, with the word "like" before "Holton" erased, as if Aubrey had only the position of the village indicated to him by his informant and Holton was an afterthought; and in reality Stanton St. John's answers the description more exactly, being the next village to Forest Hill and but about half a mile from it, whereas Holton is a mile and a half. Besides, the Milton of Stanton St. John's may also have lived at Holton; and he may, for aught we know, at some time between 1577 and 1601 (and that the very time when he found it convenient to live at Holton), have been under-ranger of Shotover Forest. Of this there is no evidence; but neither is there any evidence of any other Milton having at that time any such post. "Much as I have seen," says Mr. Hunter, "of documentary evidence relating to Shotover at that period, such as presentments and accounts—which are the kind of documents in which we might expect to find the name—I have seen no mention of any Milton having held any office in the forest, but only" (as in the cases of the Beckley and Elsfield Miltons) "having transactions with those who did hold such offices." Moreover, on the supposition of the existence of a John Milton of Holton, a contemporary of Richard Milton and his co-religionist, we are driven to the extremity of fancying that he was so circumstanced in worldly respects that, in 1577, when his neighbour and namesake was assessed for the subsidy of that year, he escaped it altogether, and also that, if he was alive in 1601, he was then again so circumstanced that, while the same neighbour and namesake fell under the penalties of recusancy, he, though equally recusant in principle and living but a few fields off, escaped all trouble on that account.

If Mr. Hunter's Richard Milton of Stanton St. John's *was* the grandfather of the poet, I am able to go a generation farther back in the pedigree and produce the poet's great-grandfather. The following is the copy of a will which I have found in the Bishop's Registry at Oxford:—

"In the name of God, Amen: the 21st day of November Anno D^{ni} 1558, I Henri Mylton of Stanton-St. John's, sick of body but perfect of mind, do make my last will and testament in manner and

form following: First I bequeathe my soul to God, to our Lady Saint Mary, and to all the holy company of heaven, and my body to be buried in the churchyard of Stanton: I give to Isabell my daughter a bullock and half a quarter of barley, and Richard my son shall keep the said bullock until he be three years old: Item, I give to Rowland Mylton and Alice Mylton, each of them, half a quarter of barley: I give to Agnes Mylton my wife a gelding, a grey mare and two kye, and all my household stuff, whom I make my executrix."

The Richard Milton of this document (which is proved the March following) is clearly Mr. Hunter's Richard Milton. As nothing is left to him but the charge of keeping the bullock for his sister Isabel, it is probable that he was already a sufficient husbandman on his own account. Rowland Milton may be Mr. Hunter's subsequent Rowland Milton of Beckley, who was fined for cutting wood without leave. He was probably a younger brother of Richard, and Alice was probably a younger sister.

Within the next two years there must have been changes in the family by death and marriage; for I have found also the will of Agnes Milton, the widow of Henry, dated March 9, 1560-1, and proved January 14, 1561-2. Bequeathing her soul "to Almighty God and to all the celestial company of heaven," and her body "to be buried in the churchyard of Stanton at the belfry end," she appoints as her executors and chief heirs, her "son Richard" and her "daughter Elizabeth." To Richard she leaves specifically a quantity of barley which he owes her, and some farther debts, also some articles of household furniture, including "two candlesticks;" to Elizabeth she leaves specifically "two kye," some wearing apparel and napery, some "platters and sawters, a bason, three pans, a bottle," &c.; and all the rest of her goods, both moveable and unmoveable, after her debts are paid, she leaves to the said Richard and Elizabeth jointly, with the exception of a little barley to her "son William Howse." I infer that Howse had married the Isabel or the Alice of the former will, and that Elizabeth, the new "daughter," was Richard's wife.[1]

[1] As I find the name Elizabeth written twice in my notes in a contracted form, I will not say but it may be "Isabell" in the original—in which case the supposition in the text is unnecessary.

In the above, it will be seen, there is some additional ground for supposing Mr. Hunter's Richard Milton of Stanton St. John's to be the poet's grandfather. His father Henry Milton and his mother Agnes Milton both die Catholics, after the Protestant reign of Elizabeth had begun. The fact that there is no mention of a John in the family also takes away a supposition for which otherwise there might have been room—to wit, that Mr. Hunter's Richard Milton had a brother John of Holton. We will not say that after all a John may not emerge; but there is certainly a strong case for Richard.

John or Richard, the poet's grandfather, according to our interpretation of Aubrey's account, married the widow of a Jeffrey whose paternal name was Haughton. For such a wife he would not have had far to go. In the same Registry with the former wills, I have found the will, proved March 1595, of a "John Jeffrey of Halton, in com. Oxon. husbandman," who appoints his wife Elizabeth Jeffrey his sole executrix, and bequeathes the bulk of his goods after her decease to his son Christopher Jeffrey, burdened with small money-legacies to a Henry Jeffrey, a Barnaby Byrd, and also to a Margaret Jeffrey styled "kinswoman" of the deceased. From the locality and the occurrence of the name Christopher (which is a name in the poet's family) I am inclined to believe that it was among the previous generation of these Jeffreys of Holton that the poet's grandfather found his wife, about 1560. If he was of Holton, the Jeffreys were probably then his next-door neighbours; if he was Richard of Stanton St. John's, it may have been but a lover's walk of two miles over the fields to find the widow "Elizabeth." Nay, being himself of Stanton St. John's, might not this marriage give him a connexion thereafter with Holton? Even in the required Haughton connexion there would be no difficulty. Haughton or Houghton was, indeed, a name of great pretension—almost all who bore it being fond of tracing themselves, if by any ingenuity they could, to the ancient stem of the Haughtons of Haughton Tower, in Lancashire, the representative of which, from 1502 to 1558, was Sir Richard Haughton, and, from 1558 to 1580, his son

Thomas, who rebuilt Haughton Tower.[1] But, whether connected really with this family or not, there were, in the sixteenth century, Haughtons in very different grades of English society, far scattered away from the supposed tower of their origin, and, if they had any knowledge of its existence, only imagining it respectfully through the haze. Besides Haughtons in Lancashire, Haughtons in Cheshire, Haughtons in Sussex, and Haughtons in London, all of some consequence, there were Haughtons in Oxfordshire, not now heard of in the heralds' books. In 1587, there died at Netherworton, near Deddington, in the north of Oxfordshire, about sixteen miles from Holton, a Thomas Haughton, who was a man of substance, and left, besides goods and leases of lands to his children, Thomas and Ellen, small bequests for bread to the poor and for repairing a bridge.[2] There was another family of Haughtons living in 1571, at Goddington, in the same county, near Bicester, in the Hundred of Ploughley, and not many miles from Holton and Stanton St. John's. In that year there died there an Edmund Haughton, who, besides small bequests to the mother-church in Oxford, and to the poor in Goddington, left £5 each in money to his daughters Jane and Isabel and his son Henry, twenty shillings in money and "a pair of bellows" and other implements to his son Edward, and all the rest of his gear to his son Nicholas.[3] The explanation of "the pair of bellows" is that the deceased was a smith, and that Edward was to continue the business.

The general result of these researches is that, whatever may be the reserved possibility of remote ancestors who were holders of land in Oxfordshire before the Wars of the Roses, the Miltons from whom the poet's father came immediately were persons of that name having no lands of their own, but nestling, more or less substantially, as husbandmen and handicraftsmen, in a set of small villages a few miles to the east of Oxford,[4] and intermarried there with the daughters of their

[1] Collins's Baronetage (1741), I. pp. 15-22.

[2] Will in Bishop's Registry, Oxford.

[3] Will ibidem.

[4] Besides the Miltons mentioned, I have found a John Milton, "fisherman," of Culham, about six miles south of Oxford, who died, apparently young and unmarried, in 1602, and a Robert Milton, "tailor," of Weston, about six miles north of Stanton St. John's, who died in 1610.

neighbours; some of them with the daughters of husbandmen and handicraftsmen, but others perhaps with the daughters of persons sufficiently above that rank to have or to pretend to arms. Of the particular Milton who was the grandfather of the poet, it seems certain that, whether John or Richard, whether of Holton or of Stanton St. John's, he strode about among his kin in that part of Oxfordshire distinctly the most substantial man of them all, better off in worldly respects and of a higher calling than the Miltons of the neighbouring villages, and also, if we may judge from his career, the sternest and most independent of the family in doing what he thought right. His marriage with the widow Jeffrey, who had been a Haughton, may have been one of his distinctions, and he may have counted kin, too, with the contemporary Miltons of Berkshire,—one an officer in a royal forest like himself, and the other a "gentleman" by designation.

At what time there was born to the substantial Catholic yeoman of Oxfordshire and his wife the son who was to grieve them by turning Protestant, and who was to be the father of the poet, can be approximately guessed. The poet's father died in March, 1646-7; and, as Aubrey states, as if on sure information, "that he read without spectacles at eighty-four," he cannot have been born later than 1563, or the fifth year of Elizabeth—the very time, it may be remarked, when, if a former surmise is correct, the Milton of Stanton St. John's might be expected to have a son. If born in 1562 or 1563, the poet's father would be all but exactly a coeval of Shakespeare, who was born in 1564. His course of life, however, was much more deliberate than that of his great contemporary. Assuming that he was for a time at Christ Church, Oxford, (which we need not doubt, although no confirmation of Aubrey's statement to that effect has yet been found,) and that it was during this period that he changed his religion, and was cast off by his father, we may fix the interval between 1585 and 1590 as the probable time of his arrival in London. Received there into the office of some friend or relative, who was a scrivener, he qualifies himself, on easier terms than usual, for

that profession; and some years before the death of Elizabeth he is in business on his own account.

Scriveners, as the name implies, were originally penmen of all kinds of writings,—literary MSS. as well as charters and law-documents. Chaucer has an epigram in which he blames his "scrivener" Adam for negligent workmanship. In process of time, however, and especially after the invention of printing, the business of the scrivener had become very much that of a modern attorney, or of an attorney in conjunction with a law-stationer. Scriveners "drew up wills, leases, and such other assurances as it required but little skill in law to prepare."[1] In Middleton's "Michaelmas Term" (1607), Dustbox, a scrivener, comes in with a bond drawn, to see it executed between Mr. Easy and Quomodo, a rascally woollen-draper;[2] and in the "Taming of the Shrew," a boy is sent for the scrivener to draw up a marriage-settlement:—

> "We 'll pass the business privately and well.
> Send for your daughter by your servant here:
> My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently."

We have also had specimens of the scrivener's business in the two transactions in which the scrivener Milton was engaged in 1603 between the merchant Sanderson and the goldsmith Sparrow. The following form of oath, however, required of every freeman of the Scriveners' Company, will give the best idea of the nature of the profession in the reigns of Elizabeth and James:—

"I, N. D., do swear upon the Holy Evangelists, to be true and faithful unto our sovereign lord the King, his heirs and successors, kings and queens of England, and to be true and just in mine office and service, and to do my diligence that all the deeds which I shall make to be sealed shall be well and truly done after my learning, skill, and science, and shall be duly and advisedly read over and examined before the sealing of the same; and especially I shall not write nor suffer to be written by any of mine, to my power or knowledge, any deed or writing to be sealed wherein any deceit or falsehood shall be conceived, or in my conscience subscribe to lie, nor any deed bearing any date of long time past before the sealing

[1] Hawkins's History of Music, III. 367.

[2] Dyce's Middleton, I. 457.

thereof, nor bearing any date of any time to come. Neither shall I testify nor suffer any of mine to testify, to my power or knowledge, any blank charter, or deed sealed before the full writing thereof; and neither for haste nor covetousness I shall take upon me to make any deed, touching inheritance of lands or estate for life or years, whereof I have not cunning, without good advice and information of counsel. And all the good rules and ordinances of the Society of Scriveners of the City of London I shall well and truly keep and observe to my power, so far as God shall give me grace: So help me God and the holy contents of this book."[1]

This oath was sanctioned by Lord Chancellor Bacon and the two Chief Justices in 1618, when the regulations of the Scriveners' Company were revised by them. But the oath, or a similar one, had long been in use; and the scriveners, though not formally incorporated till 1616, had for a century or more been recognised as one of the established city-companies, governed, like the rest, by a master, wardens, and other office-bearers, and entitled to appear at the city-feasts and ceremonies.[2] They were a pretty numerous body. Though liable to be "sent for," as in the "Taming of the Shrew," much of their business was carried on in their own "shops," the furniture of which was much the same as that of modern lawyers' offices—a pew or chief desk for the master, inferior desks for the apprentices, pigeon-holes and drawers for papers and parchments, and seats for customers when they called. A scrivener who had money could find good opportunities for lending it at a profit.

Being "a man of the utmost integrity" (*viro integerrimo*), as his son takes pride in saying,[3] and conspicuous also, as his grandson Philips informs us, for "industry and prudent conduct of his affairs," the scrivener Milton prospered rapidly. In the end, says Aubrey, he had a "plentiful estate," and was possessor not only of the Spread-Eagle in Bread-street, but also of "another house in that street, called the Rose, and other houses in other places." The Rose may have been his place of business in Bread-street before his removal to the Spread-Eagle.

[1] "Sundry Papers relating to the Company of Scriveners:" Harl. MS. 2295.
[2] Stow's London, edit. 1603, p. 541. [3] *Defensio Secunda*: Works, VI. 286.

Before that removal,—apparently in the year 1600, and when, if our calculation is correct, he was about thirty-seven years of age,—he had married. His wife's Christian name was Sarah; but respecting her surname there is some uncertainty. Here are the data whence a conclusion on the point must be drawn:—

1. In the parish registers of Allhallows, Bread-street, there is this entry: "The 22d day of February, A° 1610, was buried in this parish Mrs. Ellen Jefferys, the mother of Mr. John Mylton's wife, of this parish."[1] The Spread-Eagle is in Allhallows parish; and the probability is that, at the time of the old lady's death, which occurred when her grandson the poet was a child of two years, she was residing as a widow with her daughter and her son-in-law. Had this been the sole authority, we should at once have concluded that the maiden name of Milton's mother was Jefferys.

2. Aubrey, in the text of his MS., distinctly writes, "His mother was a Bradshaw," inserting the words with an appended sketch of arms (argent, two bendlets sable), as a bit of information procured by recent inquiry; and in the pedigree at the end, he repeats the same thing more distinctly by introducing the name in full, "Sarah Bradshaw," accompanied by another sketch of the same arms of Bradshaw (see facsimile, p. 7). Wood adopts this account, and says, "His mother Sarah was of the ancient family of the Bradshaws."

3. Philips has a different account. He speaks of Milton's mother (his own grandmother) as "Sarah, of the family of the Castons, derived originally from Wales."

4. The antiquary Peck, in his *Memoirs of Milton*, published in 1740, questions the statements both of Wood and Philips: "I have great reason," he says, "to believe both these gentlemen under a mistake. Mr. Milton's mother, I am informed, was a Haughton, of Haughton Tower, Lancashire, as appears by the arms of his father and mother, in pale upon a board, a quarter of a yard square, some time since in the possession of his widow—where under his father's arms is wrote 'Milton in com. Oxon,' and under his mother's 'Haughton of Haughton Tower in com. Lanc.'" Peck gives as his authority for this statement, "A letter of Roger Comberbach of Chester, Esq. to William Cowper, Esq. Clerk of the Parliament, dated 15th December, 1736."[2]

The last of these accounts may be disposed of first. Peck was so foolish a person in the main that very naturally little

[1] Quoted (but with a misprint of the date) in a pedigree of Milton by Sir Charles Young, Garter King, prefixed to Mr. Mitford's edition of Milton's Works.

[2] New Memoirs of the Life and Poetical Works of Mr. John Milton, &c. by Francis Peck, M.A. 1740, p. 1.

attention has hitherto been paid to his statement. Yet it is given *bonâ fide*. Roger Comberbach was Roger Comberbach the younger, son of an elder of that name, who was born in 1666, and became recorder of Chester and author of some legal works. Both father and son were interested in the antiquities of Cheshire, and both knew Nantwich well, where the elder had been born.[1] Milton's widow died at Nantwich in 1727, and might have been known to both. If she had a coat of arms that had belonged to her late husband, they were likely to examine it. But she did have such a coat of arms. "Mr. Milton's pictures and coat of arms" is one of the entries in the inventory of her effects at her death.[2] Some such board as Peck describes did, therefore, exist. But may not the arms on the board have been, not those of the poet's father and mother, but of his paternal grandfather and grandmother,—*i. e.* of old Milton, of Holton or Stanton St. John's, and the Haughton (intermediately Jeffrey) whom he had married? Had that union been represented heraldically, it would have heen precisely as described by Comberbach,—the arms of Milton in pale with those of Haughton; and, had such a board been in the scrivener's possession, might it not have descended to his eldest son and so to his widow? And thus, while the pedigree of the Aubrey MS. would explain Peck's statement, that statement in return would become an independent proof of what is alleged in Aubrey's pedigree, that there was a Haughton in the poet's ancestry.[3]

With respect to the "Jefferys" there needs be no difficulty. The mother of the scrivener's wife may have become a Jefferys by a second marriage, after having been a Caston or a Bradshaw by the first. There would then be the coincidence, it is true, of both grandmothers of the poet having during portions of their lives borne the same or similar names. But, though curious, the coincidence would not be perplexing. The names Jeffrey and Jefferys were usually distinguished then as now,[4] so

[1] Ormerod's Cheshire, and Comberbach pedigree in Harl. MS. 2153, f. 141.

[2] Inventory published by J. F. Marsh, Esq. 1855 (see previous note page 4).

[3] The board described by Peck may still be in existence; and, if discovered, it might explain itself.

[4] In wills of the period I have found them distinguished more constantly than I should have expected.

that it would not be necessary to suppose the husbands of the two grandmothers to have been relations; and, were that supposition true, it would but furnish a bond bringing the poet's father as the stepson of a dead Jeffrey, and his mother as the stepdaughter of a living Jefferys, within easier marrying distance.[1]

The alternative, therefore, is Caston or Bradshaw. On the principle that a man ought to know his grandmother's maiden name, Philips's account might be preferred. But, besides that Philips's words are somewhat vague, "Sarah, of the family of the Castons, originally derived from Wales," Philips was but a child when his grandmother died, and one of his characteristics is extreme inaccuracy wherever he mentions dates, names, and places. Thus he makes Abingdon in Oxfordshire; he makes 1606 the year of the poet's birth, &c. Aubrey, though rambling enough in other cases, collected his jottings about Milton with peculiar diligence, and at a considerably earlier period than that at which Philips wrote. Now Aubrey twice sets down the name Bradshaw as that of the poet's mother, and twice appends to it the sketch of the arms of Bradshaw. Almost certainly his authority was Christopher Milton; and, if so, we should have the authority of the son for "Bradshaw" against that of the grandson for "Caston."[2] Moreover, Wood adopts Aubrey's account, and Wood was a man who set down nothing hastily. Altogether, whatever connexion there may have been, in fact as well as in Philips's head, with a family of Castons, the evidence seems decisive that the poet's mother was a Bradshaw.

All the Bradshaws in England prior to the year 1647, it was the common belief of genealogists, had come of one stock—that of Sir John Bradshaw, of Bradshaw in Lancashire, a

[1] I have had in my mind the possibility that Aubrey, having heard of the Mrs. Ellen Jefferys, the poet's *maternal* grandmother, made a blunder by transferring her as "Jeffrey" to the wrong side of the pedigree. But I have found the supposition untenable—irreconcilable with the "Jeff: Haughton," and the other facts of the case.

[2] Aubrey all but says that Christopher Milton was his authority for this particular fact. In the very same line of the MS. where he has written "His mother was a Bradshaw," he writes, a little way off on the paper, the words "Xpher Milton [his broth. Inner Temple] Bencher." Godwin in his reprint of Aubrey's life runs the two jottings together, as if the second were the appended authentication of the first. Perhaps it is.

Saxon landowner, who was repossessed after the Conquest. The arms of these original Bradshaws of Bradshaw were, "Argent, two bends sable," exactly as in Aubrey's sketch of the arms of Milton's mother, unless the bends there are bendlets. But from this main stock there had been many ramifications. Chief of these were the Bradshaws or Bradshaighs, of Haigh in Lancashire, respecting whom the legend was that they had issued from the marriage of a younger Bradshaw in the Crusading times with the heiress of Haigh. The arms of these Bradshaws (who remained zealous Catholics till the reign of Charles I.) were those of the original Bradshaws with a difference, being "Argent, two bendlets between three martlets sable;" but this difference, it appears, as well as the name Bradshaigh for Bradshaw, had been assumed first about 1568. Besides these Bradshaws or Bradshaighs of Haigh, there were the Bradshaws of Wendley in Derbyshire, the Bradshaws of Marple in Cheshire, and still other families of Bradshaws in Cheshire, Leicestershire, &c.

The known friendship that there was between Milton and the famous President Bradshaw, has led to the belief of some relationship between the poet and the line of Cheshire Bradshaws of whom the President was born in 1602, and who in 1606 became Bradshaws of Marple. There is, however, a difference in the traditional arms of these Cheshire Bradshaws as compared with those assigned by Aubrey to the poet's mother; nor would it be easy to find a place for the necessary link in the pedigree of the Marple family as far as that has been investigated.[1] The difficulties would be greater with most of the other known lines of Bradshaws. On the whole —except for some reasons which point vaguely to the possibility of an unascertained connexion with the Bradshaws of Haigh, at a point of their history prior to the assumption of the name Bradshaigh and the difference of martlets in the family shield—we must be content with imagining a connexion with yet unknown Bradshaws in Lancashire or elsewhere, purporting to be directly descended from the original stock. "Argent, two bends sable," are the arms of still existing

[1] Pedigree of the Bradshaws of Marple in Ormerod's Cheshire, III. 408.

Bradshaws in Lancashire and Kent; and one family of Bradshaws in Lancashire—that of Darcy Lever—bears arms, "Argent, two bendlets sable."[1] There may have been Bradshaws in London about 1600, living plainly enough and yet claiming those arms.[2]

Bradshaw or not, Milton's mother appears to have been a very suitable wife for the prosperous scrivener. She may have been considerably younger than her husband, but in one respect he had the advantage of her. His sight, as Aubrey has told us, was so good that he could read without spectacles in extreme old age; but "she had very weak eyes, and used spectacles presently after she was thirty years old." The poet speaks of her as "a most excellent mother, and particularly known for her charities in the neighbourhood (*matre probatissimâ et eleemosynis per viciniam potissimùm notâ.*)"[3]

To the worthy pair, thus wedded in or about 1600, there

[1] Burke's Armory.

[2] It may be worth while to indicate the reasons referred to in the text as vaguely suggesting the possibility of a connexion with the Bradshaws of Haigh. From the later and more authentic part of the Bradshaw pedigree (Collins's Baronetage, &c.) the following facts appear:—

William Bradshaw of Haigh married Maud, daughter of Christopher Standish, of Duxbury, co. Lanc. and died about 1539.

Roger Bradshaw, son and heir of the preceding, married Jane, daughter of Alexander (or Ralph) Standish, of Standish, co. Lanc. in 1567; shortly thereafter (as I am informed) he assumed, by grant, the name of Bradshaigh and the difference of martlets in the family-shield; and he died in 1599, having had eight sons and five daughters. The eldest of the sons, James Bradshaigh, heir of Haigh, had married, before his father's death, *Jane, sole daughter and heiress of Thomas Haughton of Haughton Tower*, and had a long lawsuit with her uncles for the Haughton Tower property; and one of the daughters, Ellen Bradshaigh, married a *Ralph Haughton of Kirklees, Cheshire*, of the same Haughton race.

James Bradshaigh, succeeding his father in 1599, continued the main line.

The fact of interest to us in the foregoing is the double intermarriage of Bradshaighs and Haughtons towards the end of Elizabeth's reign. Other intermarriages of Bradshaws and Haughtons are referred to in the pedigree; insomuch that, could we attach also to the pedigree the Milton ancestry with *its* contained conjunction of the same names, we should be entitled to say that there was for the time a natural tendency for Bradshaws and Haughtons to come together. To complete the hypothesis, we may find the point at which the link with Milton's ancestry could be most easily attached. If we suppose Milton's mother's father to have been a younger son of the William Bradshaw who stands first in the above list, we place him in circumstances where he would have Bradshaw in its old form for his name, and the Bradshaw arms without the difference. There also we should be in close contact with the name *Christopher*. Mr. Henry Bradshaw, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, who has conveyed this conjecture to me, with other information respecting the Bradshaw pedigree, adds, "I can readily understand how in the reign of Charles II. when the pedigree was drawn up, younger brothers of a century or more back, who had perhaps gone to London and lost sight of their relations or turned Puritan [the main stem continuing Catholics], came to be omitted." All, however, is conjecture.

[3] *Defensio Secunda:* Works, VI. 286.

were born, in the course of the next fifteen years, six children, as follows:—

1. A "chrisom child"—*i. e.* a child who died before it could be baptized[1]—respecting whom there is this entry in the Register of Allhallows Bread Street: "The 12th of May A° 1601 was buried a Crysome Child of Mr. John Mylton's of this parish, scrivenor."[2]

2. Anne, the register of whose baptism has not been found, but who may be supposed to have been born between 1602 and 1607.

3. John, born Dec. 9, 1608, and baptized Dec. 20, as appears from the Allhallows Register: "The 20th daye of December 1608 was baptized John, the sonne of John Mylton, scrivenor."

4. Sarah, baptized at Allhallows July 15, 1612, and buried there Aug. 16 in the same year.

5. Tabitha, baptized in the same place Jan. 30, 1613–14, and buried elsewhere at the age of two years and six months.

6. Christopher, baptized at Allhallows Dec. 3, 1615.[3]

By the death of three of these children in infancy the family of the scrivener and his wife was reduced to three—a daughter Anne, the eldest, and two sons, John and Christopher. The poet, therefore, grew up with one sister and one brother; the sister several years older than himself, and the brother exactly seven years younger.[4]

[1] "The 'chrisom' was a white vesture which in former times the priest used to put upon the child at baptism. The first Common Prayer Book of King Edward orders that the woman shall offer the chrisom when she comes to be churched; but, if the child happened to die before her churching, she was excused from offering it, and it was customary to use it as the shroud in which the child was buried." Properly, therefore, a "chrisom child" was one that died, after baptism, before the churching of the mother; but the term had come in practice to mean a child that died before baptism. (See Hook's Church Dictionary.)

[2] This entry, it will be seen, proves that the elder Milton was in business as a scrivener in or near Bread-street, if not in the Spread-Eagle, as early as 1601.

[3] The date of Tabitha's death is from the Pedigree of Milton by Sir Charles Young, Garter King. As usual, Philips makes an error in his account of the number of the scrivener's children. He says "three he had and no more," whereas there were six, of whom three died in infancy. It is *possible* there were others who also died early.

[4] In this chapter I have been purposely excursive in discussing the poet's pedigree, in the hope that, by multiplying indications to the utmost, I may make farther information possible. From the position in life of the poet's father and mother I expect more from examination of wills than from search in Heralds' Visitations and the like. I have myself turned over many wills of Miltons, Jeffreys, Haughtons, and Bradshaws, at Oxford and at Doctors' Commons; but lucky hits may be made by others. A search in a Registry of Wills is like fishing—twenty throws for one bite; and at Doctors' Commons it costs a shilling a throw.

CHAPTER II.

THE SPREAD-EAGLE, BREAD-STREET, OLD LONDON.

1608—1620.

In vain now will the enthusiast in Milton step out of the throng of Cheapside and walk down Bread-street, to find remaining traces of the house where Milton was born. The Great Fire of 1666 destroyed this with so many other of the antiquities of old London. Bread-street, indeed, stands almost exactly in the centre of the space over which the Fire extended. Nevertheless, as the city was rebuilt after the Fire with as strict attention to the old sites as the surveyor's art of that day could ensure, the present Bread-street occupies relatively the same position in the map of London as the old one did. Exactly where the present Bread-street strikes off from the present Cheapside did old Bread-street strike off from old Cheapside; and, allowing for recent improvements, with the same arrangement of streets right and left, north and south. If, therefore, nothing of the material fabric of the house where Milton was born, nor of the objects which once lay around it in that spot, now remains, at least the ghosts of the old tenements still hang in the air, and may be discerned by the eye of vision.

Till lately, more remained. Describing Bread-street as it was in 1720, or more than fifty years after the Fire, Strype[1] enumerates several courts in it, and among these, one called "Black Spread-Eagle Court." It was the first court on the left, going from Cheapside. He describes it as "small, but with a free-stone pavement, and having a very good house at the upper end." The information is repeated in the last edition of his work in 1754; and in the map of Bread-street Ward in that edition, "Black Spread-Eagle Court" is very distinctly marked. There can be no doubt that this "Black

[1] Strype's Stow: 1720.

Spread-Eagle Court" was a commemoration of the house which had been occupied by Milton's father. We know, from Aubrey, that the house had acquired celebrity as the poet's birthplace while he was yet alive, and that foreigners used to go and see it up to the very year of the Fire; and it is not likely that, when Bread-street was rebuilt, the honour of the name was transferred to another spot.

The court itself remains—the first on the left hand going from Cheapside, and at the depth of three houses back from that thoroughfare. It no longer, however, bears any name—neither "Black Spread-Eagle Court" nor any other; the warehousing firms who occupy it not finding any such name necessary to ensure the safe delivery of their goods and letters. The name probably fell out of use soon after 1766, when the house-signs were taken down over London, and houses began to be designated by numbers. Walk down Bread-street, therefore, on the left hand from Cheapside; single out the now anonymous little court which lies at the depth of three houses from that thoroughfare; realize that as having been Strype's "Black Spread-Eagle Court" of 1720 and 1754; then again demolish in imagination this little "Black Spread-Eagle Court," and rear in its room an edifice chiefly of wood and plaster; finally, fancy this house with its gable end to the street, ranging with others of similar form and materials on one side, and facing others of similar form and materials opposite; and you have the old Spread-Eagle in which Milton was born as vividly before you as it is ever likely to be!

This house, as we have said, was as much in the heart of the London of that day as the houses in the same site are in the heart of the London of this. The only difference is that, whereas the population of London now exceeds two millions, it was then perhaps not more than 200,000 souls.[1] The future poet, then, was not only a Londoner, like his predecessors Chaucer and Spenser, but a Londoner of the innermost circle, a child of the very heart of Cockaigne. Bow

[1] In 1603 the population of London was estimated at little over 150,000, which I suspect was under the truth. (See Cunningham's Handbook of London, p. xxiv.)

Church stood at the back of the Spread-Eagle, and so close that, had the famous bells fallen, they might have crushed the infant in his cradle. This circumstance is to be distinctly conceived. A great part of the education of every child consists of those impressions, visual and other, which the senses of the little being are taking in busily though unconsciously amid the scenes of their first exercise; and though all sorts of men are born in all sorts of places—poets in towns, and prosaic men amid fields and woody solitudes—yet, consistently with this, it is also true that much of the original capital on which all men trade intellectually through life consists of that mass of miscellaneous fact and imagery which they have acquired imperceptibly by the observations of their early years. If then, though it is above our meagre science to say how much of the form of Shakespeare's genius depended on his having been born and bred amid the circumstances of a Warwickshire village, we still follow the boy in his wanderings by the banks of the Avon, hardly the less is it necessary to remember that England's next great poet was born in the middle of old London, and that the sights and sounds amid which his childhood was nurtured were those of crowded street-life.

Bread-street, like its modern successor, stretched southward from Cheapside, athwart Watling-street, in the direction of the river. "So called," says Stow, "of bread anciently sold there," it was, in Milton's childhood, one of the most respectable streets in the city, "wholly inhabited by rich merchants," who had their shops below and their dwelling-houses above, and with two parish-churches in it, and "divers fair inns for good receipt of carriers and other travellers."[1] Going down from his father's house on the same side and passing the neighbours' houses, the boy would come first to the Star Inn with its court. Passing it and another row of merchants' shops and houses beyond it, he would cross Watling-street, inhabited by "wealthy drapers, retailers of woollen cloth, both broad and narrow, of all sorts, more than any one street in the city."[2] On the opposite corner of Watling-street

[1] Stow's Survey: 1603. p. 348. [2] Ibid. p. 348.

stood the parish-church of Allhallows, where he sat every Sunday with his father and mother, and where he had been christened. Continuing the walk on the same side, and passing Salters' Hall, an old foundation of "six alms-houses builded for poor decayed brethren of the Salters' Company," he would come upon the second parish-church in the street, that of Saint Mildred the Virgin. A little farther on, after crossing Basing-lane, he would come upon the greatest curiosity in the whole street—the famous Gerrard's Hall. "On the south side of Basing-lane," says Stow, "is one great house of old time builded upon arched vaults, and with arched gates of stone brought from Caen in Normandy. The same is now a common hostrey for receipt of travellers, commonly and corruptly called Gerrard's Hall, of a giant said to have dwelled there. In the high-roofed hall of this house sometime stood a large fir-pole, which reached to the roof thereof and was said to be one of the staves that Gerrard the giant used in the wars to run withal. There stood also a ladder of the same length, which, as they say, served to ascend to the top of the staff. Of later years this hall is altered in building, and divers rooms are made in it. Notwithstanding, the pole is removed to one corner of the hall, and the ladder hanged broken upon a wall in the yard. The hosteler of that house said to me the pole lacked half a foot of forty in length; I measured the compass thereof and found it fifteen inches."[1] Stow's own researches enabled him to inform the hosteler that the Hall was properly not "Gerrard's Hall," but "Gisor's Hall," so called from a wealthy London family, its original owners, who had dwelt there in the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I. For this information he got no thanks; and the story of Gerrard the Giant remained one of the popular myths of Bread-street. Beyond Gerrard's Hall, there was little to be seen on that side of Bread-street; and, unless the boy continued his walk towards Thames-street and the river, he might return home by the other side of the street, seeing such other objects as the Three Cups Inn, and the Bread-street compter or prison.

[1] Stow's Survey: 1603. p. 350.

There were, however, other objects of interest, either in Bread-street or so close to it as to be accessible from it. One was the Mermaid Tavern, famous as the resort of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and the other literary celebrities of those days.[1]

> "What things have we seen
> Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
> So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
> As if that every one from whence they came
> Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
> And had resolved to live a fool the rest
> Of his dull life; then, when there hath been thrown
> Wit able enough to justify the town
> For three days past—wit that might warrant be
> For the whole city to talk foolishly
> Till that were cancell'd; and, when that was gone,
> We left an air behind us, which alone
> Was able to make the two next companies
> Right witty, though but downright fools."[2]

The date of the merry meetings thus alluded to, with such a sense of after-relish, by one who so often figured in them, corresponds with the time with which we are now concerned. Sir Walter Raleigh, it is said, had begun a kind of club there before the close of Elizabeth's reign;[3] during the latter years of that reign and the first of James's, while Shakespeare was still in town to make one of the company, the meetings were at their best; but even after that time they were kept up by the rest of the fraternity. Any time, therefore, between 1608 and 1614, while Milton was a child, we may fancy those meetings going on close to his father's house, at which, over a board covered with cups of Canary, and in a room well filled, surely, with tobacco-smoke, the seated gods exchanged their flashes. Nay, and if we will imagine the precise amount of

[1] Gifford, in his Life of Ben Jonson, places the Mermaid in Friday-street, the next parallel to Bread-street. But Ben's own lines seem to show that the tavern was in Bread-street:

> "At Bread-street's Mermaid having dined and merry,
> Proposed to go to Holborn in a wherry." (*Epigr.* 133.)

Oldys in his MS. notes on Langbaine (annotated copy of Langbaine's Dramatic Poets in British Museum, p. 286) speaks as if there were two Mermaids, one in Bread-street and one in Friday-street; but fixes on that in Bread-street as *the* Mermaid.

[2] Francis Beaumont to Ben Jonson, before 1616.

[3] The first authority for this tradition, I believe, is Oldys (1686—1761), in his MS. notes as above.

personal contact that there was or could have been between Shakespeare and our poet, how else can we do so but by supposing that, in that very year 1614 when the dramatist paid his last known visit to London, he may have spent an evening with his old comrades at the Mermaid, and, going down Bread-street with Ben Jonson on his way, may have passed a fair child of six playing at his father's door, and, looking down at him kindly, have thought of a little grave in Stratford churchyard, and, the face of his own dead Hamnet? Ah! what an evening in the Mermaid was that; and how Ben and Shakespeare betongued each other, while the others listened and wondered; and how, when the company dispersed, the sleeping street heard their departing footsteps, and the stars shone down on the old roofs!

But, if Bread-street itself was rich in objects and associations, the great thoroughfare of Cheapside or West Cheap, into which it opened, was still more attractive. The boy had only to go a few paces from his father's door, to see the whole of this great street at one glance—eastward, till it branched off into the Poultry and Bucklersbury; and westward, till, split by the Church of St. Michael in the Querne, it branched off into Paternoster-row and Newgate-street. In Old Cheap, as in its modern successor, the traffic and bustle of the city was at its thickest. Here the mercers and goldsmiths had their shops; here were some of the most noted taverns of the city; here there was a constant throng of foot-passengers, going and coming, with horsemen and dray-carts among them, and now and then also a coach—for of late years these vehicles had come into fashion, and the world, as Stow complains, was "running on wheels with many whose parents had been glad to go on foot." Whenever there was a procession or other city-pageant, it was sure to pass through West Cheap. The aspect of the street itself, with its houses of various heights, nearly all turned gable-wise to the street, and all with projecting upper stories of woodwork and latticed windows, was far more picturesque than that to which we are accustomed. Some of the houses were as handsome, according to the ideas of the time, as any in London. Eastward was a row of many

"fair and large houses, for the most part possessed of mercers;" and westward, beginning from the very corner of Bread-street, was another row—"the most beautiful frame of fair houses and shops," says Stow, "that be within the walls of London or elsewhere in England." This frame of houses, called Goldsmiths' Row, had been built in 1491 by Thomas Wood, goldsmith. "It containeth," says Stow, "in number ten fair dwelling-houses and fourteen shops, all in one frame, uniformly builded four stories high, beautified towards the street with the goldsmith's arms and the likeness of woodmen in memory of his name, riding on monstrous beasts; all which is cast in lead richly painted over and gilt." But the most conspicuous difference between old and modern Cheapside consisted in certain prominent objects seen along the middle of the old street. Far to the east, and just where Cheapside passes into the Poultry, stood the Great Conduit, a castellated stone-edifice with a lead cistern, built in 1285 and rebuilt in 1479, for supplying that part of the city with sweet water by means of pipes from Paddington. Then, just at the top of Bread-street, and therefore associated perhaps more than any other object of the kind with Milton's early recollections, was the "Standard in Cheap"—a monument of unknown antiquity, in the shape of a hexagonal shaft of stone with sculptures on each side, and on the top the figure of a man blowing a horn. Here Wat Tyler had beheaded some of his prisoners in 1381, and here Jack Cade had beheaded Lord Say in 1450. Far finer architecturally, and only a little distance west, was the famous Cross in Cheap, a Gothic edifice surmounted by a gilt cross—one of the nine crosses erected by Edward I. in 1290 in memory of his Queen Eleanour. Last of all there was the Little Conduit, set up in 1431, at the end of St. Michael's in the Querne.

The streets and lanes going off from old Cheapside on both sides were the same in number and in name as those going off from its successor. On the one side were Ironmonger-lane, St. Lawrence-lane, Milk-street, Wood-street, Guthrun's or Gutter-lane, and Foster-lane; on the other side, right and left from Bread-street, were Bow-lane, Soper-lane, Friday-street,

and Old Change. Bow-lane and Friday-street, as the next parallels to Bread-street, would be those with which the boy was soonest familiar.

Walking westward along Cheap, only a pace or two past the Little Conduit, one came to St. Paul's Gate—a narrow archway opening from Paternoster-row into St. Paul's Churchyard. Here, in all its vastness, stood Old St. Paul's, then shorn of the greater part of its enormous steeple, which had towered into the sky more than five hundred feet, but still of such dimensions that its present successor can give but a reduced idea of it. The middle aisle of the church—"Duke Humphrey's Walk," as it was called—was open to all, and was used as a common thoroughfare. Here, every forenoon and afternoon, the courtiers, the wits, the lawyers, and the merchants of the city, met as in a kind of exchange ; and here on the pillars of the church used to be posted advertisements of servants out of place and the like. Outside, in the churchyard, there were trees shadowing the gravestones ; and all round the churchyard were the shops of the booksellers. On the north side was the famous Paul's Cross—a covered pulpit of timber on stone steps, from which every Sunday forenoon open-air sermons were preached by bishops and other eminent divines. On the east side of the churchyard was St. Paul's School.

Farther than this we need not extend the boy's ideal rambles. Walks farther in his father's company there might, of course, be—walks westward, beyond St. Paul's Churchyard, down Ludgate-hill to Fleet-street and the then "luxurious" Strand, or, again, in the same direction, to Holborn or Oldbourne, then built as far as Lincoln's Inn Fields ; walks northward as far as Cripplegate and the favourite suburbs of Moorfields and Finsbury ; or walks eastward, through more bustling thoroughfares, to Whitechapel or the Tower. If the excursion was southwards, then, unless they walked round by London Bridge, they would have to take a boat at Queenhithe, and so cross the river. Having crossed, they would be in the neighbourhood of the Globe, the Beargarden, and other playhouses, standing in open spaces amid trees on Bankside ; and from this spot, looking back across the clear stream with the

various craft upon it to the populous opposite bank which they had left, they could distinctly see, over the dense built space, the open country to the north—Hackney a little to the right; in the centre, and just over St. Paul's, Highgate; and more to the left, over the Temple and Fleet-street, the heights of Hampstead with their windmills.

Something of all this,in some order of succession or another, the boy did see. After all, however, Milton must have been but moderately sensitive from the first to impressions of this kind. More important in his case than contact with the world of city-sights and city-humours lying round the home of his childhood, was the training he received within that home itself. Pass we, then, within the threshold of the Spread-Eagle in Bread-street; and let the roar of Cheapside and the surrounding city be muffled in the distance.

It is a warm and happy home. Peace, comfort, and industry reign within it. During the day the scrivener is busy with his apprentices and clients; but in the evening the family are gathered together—the father on one side, the mother on the other, the eldest girl and her brother John seated near, and little Kit lying on the hearth. A grave Puritanic piety was then the order in the households of most of the respectable citizens of London; and in John Milton's house there was more than usual of the accompanying affection for Puritanic habits and modes of thought. Religious reading and devout exercises would be part of the regular life of the family. And thus a disposition towards the serious, a regard for religion as the chief concern in life, and a dutiful love of the parents who so taught him, would be cultivated in Milton from his earliest years. Happy child to have such parents; happy parents to have such a child!

But the scrivener, though a serious man, was also a man of liberal culture. "He was an ingeniose man," says Aubrey; and Philips, who could recollect him personally, says that while prudent in business, "he did not so far quit his generous and ingenious inclinations as to make himself wholly a slave to the world." His acquaintance with literature was

that of a man who had been some time at college. But his special faculty was music. It is possible that, on being cast off by his father, he had thought of music as a profession. At all events, after he had settled as a scrivener, he had such a passion for the art as to acquire a reputation in it above that of an ordinary amateur. Thus, in a collection of madrigals which was published in 1601, and long afterwards retained its celebrity, he is found associated, as a contributor, with twenty-one of the first English composers then living. The volume consists of twenty-five madrigals, entitled *The Triumphes of Oriana,* each composed for five or six voices, but all originally intended to be sung at one entertainment, in compliment to Queen Elizabeth and perhaps in her presence. "Oriana" was one of the Arcadian court-names for the aged virgin, and the notion of getting up the madrigals had originated with the Earl of Nottingham. Thomas Morley, whose compositions are still in repute, edited the collection; and among the contributors are Ellis Gibbons, John Wilbye, Thomas Weelks, and John Bennet. Milton's madrigal is the eighteenth in the series; and its admission proves that he was at that time—seven years before his son was born—well known in musical circles. Nor had he since then forsworn his favourite art. An organ and other instruments were part of the furniture in the house in Bread-street; and much of his spare time was given to musical study. Not to speak of compositions of his not now to be recovered—among which, according to Aubrey and Philips, the most notable was an "*In Nomine,* in forty parts," presented by him to a Polish prince, and acknowledged by the gift of a gold chain and medal—we trace his hand here and there in the preserved music of the time. In the *Teares and Lamentations of a Sorrowfull Soule*—published in 1614 by Sir William Leighton, Knight, one of his Majesty's Honourable Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, and consisting of dolorous sacred songs, both words and music, after a fashion then much in vogue—Milton appears along with Byrd, Bull, Dowland, Orlando Gibbons, Wilbye, Ford, and other "famous artists," as the editor styles them, "of that sublime profession." Three of the "Lamentations" are to Milton's music. Again, in

Thomas Ravenscroft's compendium of Church-music published in 1621 under the title of *The Whole Book of Psalmes, with the Hymns Evangelicall and Songs Spiritual, composed into four parts by sundry authors to such severall tunes as have beene and are usually sung in England, Scotland, Wales, Germany, Italy, France, and the Netherlands,* Milton's name figures along with those of other masters, living and dead, including Tallis, Dowland, Morley, Bennet, and Ravenscroft himself. The airs in this collection harmonised by Milton are the two known in books of psalmody as Norwich and York tunes; and of the whole Hundred and Fifty Psalms printed in the old collection after the version of Sternhold and Hopkins, Ravenscroft has fitted six—viz. Psalms V, XXVII, LV, LXVI, CII, and CXXXVIII—to the tunes so harmonised. From that time forward we are to fancy that frequently, when the above psalms were sung in churches in London or elsewhere, it was to music composed by the father of the poet Milton. Norwich and York are still familiar tunes. "The tenor part of York tune," according to Sir John Hawkins, was so well known in his days, "that within memory half the nurses in England were used to sing it by way of lullaby," and the chimes of many country-churches had "played it six or eight times in four-and-twenty hours from time immemorial." And so, apart from all that he has given us through his son, there yet rests in the air of Britain, capable of being set loose wherever church-bells send their chimes over English earth, or voices are raised in sacred concert round an English or Scottish fireside, some portion of the soul of that admirable man, and his love of sweet sounds.

That his father was a man so gifted was very material to Milton. Afterwards, in his own scheme of an improved education for children, he gave a high place to music. The intervals of more severe labour, he said, might "both with profit and delight be taken up in recreating and composing their travailed spirits with the solemn and divine harmonies of music, heard or learnt—either while the skilful organist plies his grave and fancied descant in lofty fugues, or the whole symphony with artful and unimaginable touches adorn and grace the well-studied chords of some choice composer; sometimes the lute

or soft organ-stop waiting on elegant voices, either to religious, martial, or civil ditties, which, if wise men and prophets be not extremely out, have a great power over dispositions and manners to smooth and make them gentle." Of this kind of education Milton had the full advantage. Often must he, as a child, have bent over his father while composing, or listened to him as he played. Not unfrequently of an evening, if one or two of his father's musical acquaintances dropt in, there would be voices enough in the Spread-Eagle for a little household concert. Then might the well-printed and well-kept set of the *Orianas* be brought out; and, each one present taking a suitable part, the child might hear, and always with fresh delight, his father's own madrigal:—

> Fair Oriana, in the morn,
> Before the day was born,
> With velvet steps on ground,
> Which made nor print nor sound,
> Would see her nymphs abed,
> What lives those ladies led:
> The roses blushing said,
> "O, stay, thou shepherd-maid;"
> And, on a sudden, all
> They rose and heard her call.
> Then sang those shepherds and nymphs of Diana,
> "Long live fair Oriana, long live fair Oriana."

They can remember little how a child is affected who do not see how from the words, as well as from the music of this song, a sense of fantastic grace would sink into the mind of the boy—how Oriana and her nymphs and a little Arcadian grass-plat would be before him, and a chorus of shepherds would be seen singing at the close, and yet, somehow or other, it was all about Queen Elizabeth! And so, if, instead of the book of Madrigals, it was the thin large volume of Sir William Leighton's "Tears and Lamentations" that furnished the song of the evening. Then, if one of his father's contributions were selected, the words might be,

> "O, had I wings like to a dove,
> Then should I from these troubles fly;
> To wilderness I would remove,
> To spend my life and there to die."

How, as he listened, the lonely dove would be seen winging through the air, and the wilderness, its destination, would be fancied as a great desolate place, somewhere about Moorfields! Nor would the opening words of the 27th Psalm, doubtless often sung in the family to York tune, be without a deeper significance:

"The Lord is both my health and light;
Shall man make me dismayed?
Sith God doth give me strength and might,
Why should I be afraid?
While that my foes with all their strength
Begin with me to brawl,
And think to eat me up at length,
Themselves have caught the fall."

Joining with his young voice in these exercises of the family, the boy became a singer almost as soon as he could speak. We see him going to the organ for his own amusement, picking out little melodies by the ear, and stretching his tiny fingers in search of pleasing chords. According to Aubrey, his father taught him music, and made him an accomplished organist.

But, in the most musical household, music fills up but part of the domestic evening; and sometimes it would not be musical friends, but acquaintances of more general tastes that would step in to pass an hour or two in the Spread-Eagle.

For example, the minister of the parish of Allhallows, Bread-street, at that time was the Rev. Richard Stocke. A Yorkshireman by birth, and educated at Cambridge, he had been settled in the ministry in London ever since 1594, and in the church in Bread-street since March 1610.[1] A "constant, judicious, and religious preacher," a "zealous Puritan," and the most intimate friend of that great light among the Puritans, the Rev. Mr. Thomas Gataker, minister of Rotherhithe, there was no man in London more respected than Mr. Stocke. "No minister in England," says Fuller, "had his pulpit supplied by fewer strangers;" and there were young men, afterwards high in the church, who made a point of

[1] Fuller's Worthies, under Yorkshire; Wood's Fasti under the year 1595; also Gataker's Funeral Sermon on Stocke, published 1627.

never missing one of his sermons. As he was peculiarly strict in his notions of Sabbath observance, some of the city companies, who had their halls in his neighbourhood, actually altered their feast-days from Mondays to Tuesdays, in deference to his advice, that there might be the less risk of infringing on the day of rest by the necessary preparations. Once, in the early period of his ministry, having been appointed to preach the open-air sermon at St. Paul's Cross, he had spoken rather freely of the inequality of rates in the city; and, as this was thought injudicious, he had been called a "greenhead" for his pains. He had not forgotten this; and long after, having to preach a public sermon before the Lord Mayor, he reverted to the old topic, saying that "a greyhead could now repeat what a greenhead had said before." But his delight was in his own parish, where the fruits of his labours, "in converting many and confirming more in religion," were abundantly seen. It was "more comfortable for him," he used to say, "to win one of his own parishioners than twenty others." In one part of a pastor's duty—that of interesting the young—he was believed to have a peculiar faculty. Little wonder, then, that the merchants and others who were his parishioners all but adored him, and that, when he died in 1626, a number of them subscribed for a monument to be erected to his memory in Allhallows Church. The inscription on his monument was partly in Latin and partly in English; and here, the better to characterise him and his congregation, are the English verses:—

"Thy lifelesse Trunke, (O Reverend Stocke,)
Like Aaron's rod sprouts out again,
And, after two full winters past,
Yields blossomes and ripe fruite amaine.

"For why? This work of piety,
Performèd by some of thy flocke
To thy dead corpse and sacred urne,
Is but the fruit of this old Stocke."[1]

One of the scrivener's co-parishioners, and his very near neighbour, was Humphrey Lownes, a printer and publisher,

[1] Description of Old Allhallows Church in Strype's Stow, edit. 1720, vol. I. p. 200.

residing at the sign of the Star in Bread-street-hill—one of a family then and since well-known in the bibliopolic world, and himself a man of ingenuity and worth.[1] It has been usual with Milton's biographers to state it as an ascertained fact that this Humphrey Lownes was an acquaintance of his father's. The acquaintanceship, however, is only matter of plausible conjecture.[2] But if there was not a publisher among the acquaintances of the elder Milton, there was certainly one author. This was John Lane, utterly unknown to English literature now, but to whom Milton's nephew Philips, who afterwards knew him, assigns a niche in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, published in 1674. He there describes Lane as "a fine old Queen Elizabeth gentleman" living within his remembrance, "whose several poems, had they not had the ill fate to remain unpublished, when much better meriting than many that are in print, might possibly have gained him a name not much inferior, if not equal, to Drayton and others of the next rank to Spenser."[3] Philips must have strained his conscience a little to write this. The old gentleman's poetry remains in manuscript to this day, and will probably do so as long as the world lasts. Besides a *Poetical Vision* and an *Alarm to Poets*, not now to be recovered, he wrote a continuation of the *Squire's Tale* in Chaucer, thus finishing that "story of Cambuscan bold," which, as Milton afterwards noted, had been left "half-told" by the great original. There are manuscript copies of this performance in the British Museum and the Ashmolean at Oxford. Another still more laborious attempt of Lane's, of which there is also a fair manuscript copy in the Museum, dated 1621, was a continuation of Lydgate's metrical romance of *Guy, Earl of Warwick*, in twenty-six cantos. Besides these, there remains, as evidence of his perseverance, a long manuscript poem in the Museum, dated 1621, and entitled *Triton's Trumpet to the Twelve Months, husbanded and moralized.* In it there is a distinct allusion to the scrivener

[1] Nichols's Literary Anecdotes.

[2] Todd and others assume as a fact what appears first as a conjecture in Mr. Charles Dunster's "Essay on Milton's Early Reading," published in 1800.

[3] Philips's *Theatrum Poetarum*, 1674, pp. 111—112.

Milton, in his capacity as a musical composer. Here it is—specimen enough of all Lane's poetry!—

> "Accenting, airing, curbing, ordering
> Those sweet sweet parts Meltonus did compose,
> As wonder's self amazed was at the close,
> Which in a counter-point maintaining *hielo*
> 'Gan all sum up thus ÷ *Alleluiah Deo.*" [1]

But, more interesting still, another of Lane's manuscripts—that of "Guy of Warwick"—furnishes us with a specimen of the musician's powers in returning the compliment. This manuscript had evidently been prepared for the press; and on the back of the title-page is a sonnet headed "*Johannes Melton, Londinensis civis, amico suo viatico in poesis laudem;*" that is, "John Milton, citizen of London, to his wayfaring friend in praise of his poetry." The sonnet is so bad that Lane might have written it himself; but, bad or good, as a sonnet by Milton's father the world has a right to see it. So, here it is:—

> "If virtue this be not, what is? Tell quick!
> For childhood, manhood, old age, thou dost write
> Love, war, and lusts quelled by arm heroic,
> Instanced in Guy of Warwick, knighthood's light:
> Heralds' records and each sound antiquary
> For Guy's true being, life, death, eke hast sought,
> To satisfy those which *prævaricari;*
> Manuscript, chronicle, if might be bought;
> Coventry's, Winton's, Warwick's monuments,
> Trophies, traditions delivered of Guy,
> With care, cost, pain, as sweetly thou presents,
> To exemplify the flower of chivalry:
> From cradle to the saddle and the bier,
> For Christian imitation all are here." [2]

In excuse for the quality of this sonnet, we may charitably suppose that it was the scrivener's first and last. But only fancy Humphrey Lownes's horror, if the scrivener, in his anxiety to see his friend's poem printed, ever went so far as to invite him and Lane to his house together, that they might arrange as publisher and author. For the child there might

[1] Royal MS. 17. B. xv. f. 179. b.

[2] Harl. MS. 5243. Mr. Hunter was the first to print this sonnet; and also, so far as I am aware, to refer, in connexion with Milton, to Lane's MSS. generally. I have looked at the MSS. in the Museum for myself.

be a fascination in the sight of the only real author within the circle of his father's acquaintance; and he may have had all his life a kindly recollection of this "fine old Queen Elizabeth gentleman," the first poet he had known!

If Mr. Stocke, Humphrey Lownes, and John Lane ever met at the scrivener's, and kept off the subject of Lane's poetry, there were other and more general subjects about which they could talk. Ever since the famous Hampton-Court Conferences of 1603-4, at which both the great parties of the English Church had appeared before the king to plead their views and endeavour at the outset of his reign to secure his favour, the hopes entertained by the Puritan party had been more and more disappointed. The Scottish sovereign had become, as decidedly as his predecessor, the supporter of prelacy in the Church, and the maintainer of royal prerogative in the state. High Church principles were in the ascendant; and the Puritan or Presbyterian party existed as an aggrieved minority within the Church, secretly acquiring strength, and already throwing off, now and then, to relieve itself of its most peccant spirits, a little brood of dissenters or sectaries. The "Brownists" or Independents, the Anabaptists, and the Familists, all began to be distinguished from the general body of the Puritans about 1616, in which year Henry Jacob set up the first Independent congregation in England.[1] Many of those who, if they had been at home, would have swelled these sects, were exiles in Holland. Moreover, in addition to the general Puritan body within the Church, and the incipient sects of Independents and the like who were starting out of that body, there was also throughout England a sprinkling of doctrinal heretics. They were chiefly either of the Arminian sort, or of that new sect of Arians, of which Conrad Vorstius, the successor of Arminius in the theological chair at Leyden, was regarded as the chief. They were under the ban of High Churchmen, Puritans, and orthodox sectaries alike; and there was nothing in which King James was more zealous than in defending the faith against the "wretches" in his own dominions, and calling upon his allies the Dutch to do God and

[1] Neal's Puritans, II. 100—101.

him the favour of clearing their country of them. The opinions of Vorstius in particular roused all James's theology. He made his ambassador in Holland inform the States how shocked he was to find them allowing "such a monster" to be professor in one of their universities, and how infinitely he should be displeased if they gave him any farther promotion.[1] Even the Catholics—though, ever since the Gunpowder Plot, they had been well looked after in England—were less objects of aversion to his majesty than these rare heretics developed out of ultra-Protestantism. The doctrine of allegiance to a potentate living far away in Central Italy was less troublesome politically than the doctrine, slowly breaking out among the Puritans, of the right of every man to think for himself on the exact spot of earth which he chanced to occupy.

In addition to all this, we have to fancy James getting on but ill with his parliaments; trying hard to insinuate his notions of prerogative, and always finding resistance at a certain point; obtaining what money he could from the Commons, and, where that was deficient, raising more by the sale of peerages, the creation of baronets at so much a-head, and other such devices; and finally, lavishing away the money thus obtained in those jocosities of his private court-life which, with all his reputation as a kind of shambling Solomon with a Scottish accent, lost him, almost from the first, the real respect of a people who knew what respect was, and had ere now had sovereigns to whom they did not refuse it. Let the following stand as a sample of the kind of events that were taking place during the poet's childhood, and that would necessarily be talked over in English households like that of the elder Milton.

1611 (the Poet aged 3). The present authorised version of the Bible published, superseding the version called the Bishops' Bible.

1612, *Nov.* 6 (the Poet aged 4). Prince Henry died in his nineteenth year, to the great grief of the nation, leaving the succession to his brother Prince Charles, who was not so much liked. Not long after, James's daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, was married amid universal rejoicings to the Elector-Palatine Frederick, the most Protestant of the German Princes.

[1] Fuller's Church Hist. Book X. Section 4.

1613-14, *March* 13 (the Poet aged over 5). Bartholomew Legate, an Essex-man, aged about forty, "person comely, complexion black, of a bold spirit, confident carriage, fluent tongue, excellently skilled in the Scriptures," was burned to death at Smithfield for Arianism. He had been in prison two years, during which the clergy and the King himself had reasoned with him in vain. Once the King, meaning to surprise him into an admission involving the Divinity of Christ, asked him whether he did not every day pray to Christ. Legate's answer was "that indeed he had prayed to Christ in the days of his ignorance, but not for these last seven years;" which so shocked James that he "spurned at him with his foot." At the stake he still refused to recant, and so was burnt to ashes amid a vast conflux of people—"the first," says Fuller, "that for a long time suffered death in that manner, and oh, that he might be the last to deserve it!" The very next month another Arian, named Whiteman, was burnt at Burton-on-Trent.

1615 (the Poet aged 7). The trial of the favourite Carr, Earl of Somerset, his wife, and their agents, for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower. The issue, as regarded the favourite, was his disgrace from court. George Villiers takes his place and becomes the ruling minister of James, first as Viscount Villiers (1616), and next as Earl of Buckingham (1617), which title was afterwards raised to that of Marquis, and finally to that of Duke.

1616, *April* 23 (the Poet aged over 7). Shakespeare died at Stratford-on-Avon.

1617 (the Poet aged over 8). The King visits Scotland, where, after much difficulty with the Scottish Parliament and General Assembly, he succeeds in settling the modified Episcopacy he had been long trying to introduce.

1618, *Oct.* 29 (the Poet aged nearly 10). Sir Walter Raleigh beheaded—"more to please the Spanish Court," people said, "than for any other reason."

1618, *Nov.* 13. The Synod of Dort in Holland met to settle matters in the Dutch Church, particularly the controversy between the Calvinists and the Arminians. There was much interest in its proceedings in England, and five English Divines sat in it as deputies. The Calvinists were greatly in the majority, and Arminianism was condemned.

1618-19, *March* 2. The death of Queen Anne leaves James a widower.

1620 (the Poet aged 12). Great murmuring on account of the King's subserviency to the Catholic Power of Spain, as shown in his lukewarmness in the cause of his son-in-law, the Elector Frederick. The Bohemians, after having been in revolt against their King, the German Emperor Matthias, on account of his attempt to subvert Protestantism among them, had seized the opportunity afforded by his death (March 1619) to renounce their allegiance to his successor in the Empire, Ferdinand II., and to

provide themselves with a true Protestant sovereign. Their choice had fallen on the Elector Palatine. Frederick accepted the throne; and thus there began a war—as it proved, the great Thirty Years' War—in which the Emperor, the Pope, and the King of Spain were leagued against the Bohemians, Frederick, and the Protestant Union. All Europe looked on. In Britain, it seemed shocking that James should permit the Pope, the Emperor, and the Spaniard to carry all before them against his own son-in-law and daughter and the Protestant Religion to boot. The British Protestant Lion longed to leap into the quarrel; and James was compelled at last to send some money and men. But it was too late. In November 1620, the Protestants were shattered in one decisive battle; and Frederick and his Queen, losing both Bohemia and the Palatinate, became refugees in Holland. The unpopularity of James and his favourite Buckingham was greatly increased by this affair,—the more because it was known that their truckling arose from a design to secure the Spanish Infanta, with her dowry of two millions, for the young Prince Charles.

In addition to these greater matters of national politics, which must have interested the poet's father as a man and an Englishman during the period of his son's childhood, there were other matters which interested him as the head of a family and a scrivener. In the latter half of the year 1616, for example, there was some commotion among the scriveners of London, ending in a reorganization of their body. Like the other city-companies, the Scriveners had always been liable to taxes and other charges, and had duly paid the same by assessment among themselves. Of late, however, an assessment towards a "general plantation" of Coleraine and Londonderry in Ireland—*i.e.* towards the settlement of English and Scotch Protestants in those parts—had provoked opposition. Some refused to pay on the ground that the Company, not being regularly incorporated by charter, could not be legally taxed for such a purpose. The Company, therefore, fell into arrears, which the master, wardens, and other chief men paid out of their own private purses. In these circumstances, the remedy was to procure a charter of incorporation, vesting full legal powers in the office-bearers to assess, hold meetings, compel the payment of "quarterage," &c. A petition for such a charter, drawn up in the names of William Todd, the Master, and Francis Kemp and Robert Griffiths the

Wardens, of the Company, was presented to the King; and the charter was granted. By this charter (1616) the Scriveners or Writers of the Court-Letter of the City of London, being, as the preamble declares, an ancient and highly honourable society and fraternity, and then more numerous than ever and engaged in affairs of great moment and trust, are constituted into a regular corporation, and power is vested in William Dodd, Master, Francis Kemp and Robert Griffiths, Wardens, and twenty-four liverymen named, to perform all acts necessary and to transmit the same right to their successors. In pursuance of the powers thus granted, the Scriveners prepared a revised set of regulations for the government of their craft, which (Jan. 1618-19) received the sanction of Lord-Chancellor Bacon and the Chief Justices.

It is worthy of notice that, though the poet's father was one of the most prosperous men in his profession, his name does not occur in the list of twenty-seven scriveners who are named in the Charter of 1616 as the first office-bearers of the Company in its new shape. It is possible that he stood aloof from the movement for incorporation. That he must have complied, however, with the new regulations, is evident from the fact that he continued in the practice of his craft. He was in active business as late as May 1623, on the 26th day of which month "Thomas Bower and John Hutton, servants to John Milton, Scrivener," set their names as witnesses to an indenture, connected with the conveyance of a messuage and some lands near Boston in Lincolnshire, from an Edward Copinger, of Nottinghamshire, gentleman, to two persons named Randolph, both "gentlemen," and both of London. The original is in the State Paper Office—a very neat, carefully penned, and carefully drawn parchment, highly creditable to the "shop" whence it issued. The scrivener had then been at least twenty-two years in business.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY EDUCATION: ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

1620—1625.

ALTHOUGH nothing has been yet said respecting that part of Milton's early education which consisted in his gradual training in the knowledge of books, the reader will have taken it for granted that this was not neglected—that the child was duly taught his letters; that, as he grew up, he was farther and more formally instructed; and that he was provided with books to his desire, and with other means of turning his accomplishments to account.

To all this let it now be added, that Milton was from the very first the pride of his parents, and the object of their most sedulous care. There is evidence that, in quite a different sense from the ordinary one of compliment, he was a child of "unusual promise," and that his father's fondness for him was more than the common feeling of rather late paternity. "*Anno Domini* 1619," says Aubrey, "he was ten years old, as by his picture; and was then a poet." That is to say, according to the information given by Christopher Milton, his brother John was, even in his eleventh year, a prodigy in the household, and a writer of verses. What more natural than that such a boy should have every advantage of education, in order that he might one day be an ornament of the Church? "The Church to whose service, by the intentions of my parents and friends, I was destined of a child," is one of his own sayings in later life;[1] and there can be little doubt that the intention existed as early as the time under notice.

The circumstance mentioned by Aubrey, that the scrivener had his son's portrait painted when he was but ten years old,

[1] The Reason of Church Government, Book II. Works, III. 150.

is worth noting. The facts are these: About the year 1618 Cornelius Jansen, a young Dutch painter, came over from his native city of Amsterdam, with the hope of finding employment in England. He took up his residence in Blackfriars, London; and, being really an able artist,—"very clear and natural in his colouring," say the connoisseurs, "and equal to Vandyck in all except freedom of hand and grace,"—he soon had as much work as he could do, in painting portraits at five broad pieces a head. He painted usually on small panel with black draperies. Among his works that survive are several portraits of James I. and his children, and not a few of noblemen and ladies of the Courts of James and Charles I. But one of his first works in England, if the connoisseurs are right in pronouncing it his, was a portrait of the scrivener's son of Bread-street, painted in 1618. The portrait still exists,[1] conveying a far more life-like image of little Johnny Milton, as he used to look in his neat lace frill and with his black braided dress fitting close round his little chest and arms, than any of the ideal portraits of the poetic child. The face is, indeed, that of as nice a boy as one would wish to see. The head, from the hair being cut close all round it (and here the reader must supplement what hardly appears in the engraving and imagine the hair a light auburn, and the complexion a delicate pink or clear white and red), has a look of fine solidity, very different from those fantastic representations, all

[1] It is now in the possession of Edgar Disney, Esq., at the Hyde, Ingatestone, Essex, to whom it has descended from Mr. Thomas Hollis (see former note, p. 3). Mr. Hollis purchased it on the 3rd June, 1760, for thirty-one guineas, at the sale of the effects of Charles Stanhope, Esq. then deceased. He "had seen the picture at Mr. Stanhope's about two months before, when that gentleman told him that he bought it of the executors of Milton's widow for twenty guineas." (Memoirs of Thomas Hollis, Esq. London, 1780.) This authenticates the picture as having been one of those which belonged to the widow, and are mentioned in the inventory of her effects, at Nantwich, in 1727. It is consequently the one referred to by Aubrey. Lord Harrington, Mr. Stanhope's relative, wishing to have the lot returned after the sale, was told by Hollis that "his Lordship's whole estate should not repurchase it;" and once, when Mr. Hollis's lodgings in Covent Garden were on fire, he "walked calmly out of the house with this picture by Jansen in his hand, neglecting to secure any other portable article of value." (Todd's Life of Milton, edit. 1809, p. 142.) Mr. Hollis had the portrait engraved by Cipriani in 1760; and a copy of this engraving is given among the illustrations in Mr. Hollis's memoirs, 1780. There is another engraving by Gardiner, published by Boydell in 1794. Neither does justice to the original, which is a very interesting picture—about 27 inches by 20 in size, with the frame; the portrait set in a dark oval; and with the words, "John Milton, ætatis suæ 10, Anno 1618," inscribed on the paint in contemporary characters, but no painter's name.

aerial and wind-blown, offered as the heads of embryo-poets. In fact, the portrait is that of a very grave and intelligent little Puritan boy with auburn hair. The prevailing expression in the face is a loveable *seriousness;* and, in looking at it, one can well fancy that those lines from "Paradise Regained," which the first engraver ventured to inscribe under the portrait, were really written by the poet with some reference to his own recollections of himself as a child:—

> "When I was yet a child, no childish play
> To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
> Serious to learn and know, and thence to do,
> What might be public good: myself I thought
> Born to that end, born to promote all truth
> And righteous things."

Writing in 1641, while his father was still alive, Milton describes his early scholastic education in these words:—"I had, from my first years, by the ceaseless diligence and care of my father (whom God recompense), been exercised to the tongues and some sciences, as my age would suffer, by sundry masters and teachers both at home and at the schools."[1] And again, in another publication after his father was dead:—"My father destined me, while yet a little child, for the study of humane letters. . . . Both at the grammar-school and under other masters at home he caused me to be instructed daily."[2] These sentences describe summarily the whole of Milton's literary education prior to his seventeenth year, when he went to the University; and it is not so easy to distribute the process into its separate parts.

Immediately after the statement, "*Anno Domini* 1619, he was ten years old, as by his picture; and was then a poet," Aubrey adds, "His schoolmaster then was a Puritan in Essex who cut his hair short."[3] This would seem to imply that the

[1] The Reason of Church Government, Book II. Works, III. 144.

[2] *Defensio Secunda:* Works, VI. 286, 287.

[3] These words, I think, have been usually understood to mean that the Puritan schoolmaster of Essex wore his own hair short—that is, was a Puritan of the most rigid sect. Todd even remarks on it as strange that Milton, though educated by such a master, should have all his life kept his clustering locks, and so avoided one outward sign of Puritanism. But, as we have just seen, Milton did not *always* wear his hair long. In Jansen's portrait he is a boy with light hair cut very short. May not Aubrey's words then have been meant by him to tell, not that the schoolmaster wore his own hair short,

schoolmaster lived in Essex, and that the boy was sent to him there. Except from Aubrey, however, we hear nothing of such a schoolmaster in Essex. The only teacher of Milton of whom we have a distinct account from himself as one of his masters before he went to a regular grammar-school, or who taught him privately while he was attending such a school, was a different person. This was Thomas Young, afterwards a Puritan minister, not in Essex but in Suffolk, and well known in his later life as a prominent divine of the Puritan party. Respecting the earlier life of this not uninteresting man I have been able to recover a few particulars.

He was a Scotchman by birth. In one of his subsequent publications, at a time when it was not convenient for a Puritan minister of Suffolk to announce his name in full, he signed himself "*Theophilus Philo-Kuriaces, Loncardiensis*," which may be translated "Theophilus Kirklover, native of Loncardy."[1] The disguise was effectual enough, for it might have puzzled his readers to find where Loncardy was. There *is*, however, a place of that name in Britain—Loncardy, more frequently written Loncarty or Luncarty, in Perthshire. The place is celebrated in Scottish History, as the scene of a great battle early in the eleventh century between the Scots and the Danes. According to the legend, the Danes were conquering and the Scots were flying, when a husbandman named Hay and his two sons, who were ploughing in a field near, rallied their countrymen by drawing their ploughs and other implements across the narrow passage where the fugitives were thickest, at the same time cheering and thrashing them back to renew the fight. The Scots, thus rallied, gained the battle; Scotland was freed from the Danes; and the peasant Hay and his sons were ennobled by King Kenneth, had lands given

but that he it was who cut his pupil's hair short, as seen in the picture? In fact, from the close conjunction of the two sentences—the one referring to the portrait, and the other to the Puritan schoolmaster—it is likely that the one suggested the other, and that Aubrey, with Jansen's portrait in his mind's eye (and he took much interest in Milton's portraits), brought in the reference to the Puritan schoolmaster at that point precisely to explain how it was that, in that portrait, the poet was made into such a sweet little Roundhead.

[1] The work was a treatise on the Sabbath, entitled *Dies Dominica*, published in 1639, place not named. See Warton's notes to Milton's 4th Latin elegy (Todd, VII. 202).

them, and became the progenitors of the noble family of Errol and the other Scotch Hays.[1] In the place made famous by their exploit there was settled, I find, in the year 1612, as parson of the parish of Loncardy, but doing duty also in the adjoining parishes of Pitcairne and Redgorton, a Mr. William Young,[2] whom I take to have been the father or brother of our Thomas Young. At all events Thomas Young was born at Loncardy, in 1587 or 1588.[3] He was sent thence to the University of St. Andrew's, where his name is found among the matriculations at St. Leonard's College in 1602.[4] After completing his education in Arts there, and probably also becoming a licentiate of the Scottish Kirk, he migrated into England in quest of occupation—about the very time, it would seem, when the efforts of King James to establish Episcopacy in Scotland ere causing commotion among the Scottish Kirkmen. He settled in or near London, and appears to have supported himself partly by assisting Puritan ministers, and partly by teaching. It is not unlikely that he is the "Mr. Young" mentioned with other persons, afterwards of note in the English Church, who had at one time or another been pulpit-assistants of Mr. Gataker of Rotherhithe.[5] If so, his introduction to Mr. Stocke would have been easy. Certain it is that, by some means or other, he was introduced to Mr. Stocke's parishioner, the scrivener of Bread-street, and employed to teach his son. By the chances of the time, and the search after a livelihood, it had fallen to

[1] Buchanan's Scottish History, Book VI. chap. 32.

[2] Selections from the minutes of the Synod of Fife from 1611 to 1687, published by the Abbotsford Club, 1837, pp. 43—52; where an account is given of proceedings of the Synod in April 1612, relative to the "hinderance to the Gospel brought be the pluralitie of kirks servet by ane persone," and Young is mentioned, with many others, as in the condition of a man overworked by having two parishes, besides his own, in his care.

[3] This date is ascertained from his epitaph, which states that he died in 1655, aged 68.

[4] As Young became afterwards master of Jesus College, Cambridge, it occurred to me to look for his name in an alphabetical list of Cambridge incorporations from 1500 to 1744, preserved among the Cole MSS. in the British Museum (Add. MS. 5884). Here I found "Younge Tho." among those incorporated in 1644, and opposite his name the words "St. Andr." to designate St. Andrew's as the University whence he had been incorporated. Through the kindness of Mr. Romilly, Registrar of Cambridge University, I have since seen the record of the grace, dated April 12, 1644, for Young's incorporation into the same degree at Cambridge—that of M.A.—as he had attained "apud St. Andrianos." An application to Professor Day of St. Andrew's led to a search of the University Records there by the Rev. James M'Bean, the University Librarian, to whom I owe the date of Young's matriculation and a facsimile of his signature.

[5] Memoir of Gataker, appended to his Funeral Sermon by Simeon Ashe, 1655.

a wandering Scot from Loncardy, bred to hardy literature amid the sea-breezes of St. Andrew's, to be the domestic preceptor of the future English poet! He seems to have been already a married man. It is probable, therefore, that he did not reside with his pupil, but only visited him daily.

From Young's subsequent career, and from the unusually affectionate manner in which Milton afterwards speaks of him, it is clear that, however his gait and accent may have at first astonished Mrs. Milton, he was a man of many good qualities. The poet, writing to him a few years after he had ceased to be his pupil, speaks of the "incredible and singular gratitude he owed him on account of the services he had done him," and calls God to witness that he reverenced him as a father.[1] And, again, more floridly in a Latin elegy, in words which may be translated thus :—

"Dearer he to me than thou, most learned of the Greeks (Socrates), to Cliniades (Alcibiades), who was the descendant of Telamon; and than the great Stagirite to his generous pupil (Alexander the Great) whom the loving Chaonis bore to Libyan Jove. Such as Amyntorides (Phœnix) and the Philyreian hero (Chiron) were to the king of the Myrmidones (Achilles, the pupil, according to the legend, of Phœnix and Chiron), such is he also to me. First, under his guidance, I explored the recesses of the Muses, and beheld the sacred green spots of the cleft summit of Parnassus, and quaffed the Pierian cups, and, Clio favouring me, thrice sprinkled my joyful mouth with Castalian wine."

The meaning of which, in more literal prose, is that Young grounded his pupil well in Latin, gave him perhaps also a little Greek, and at the same time awoke in him a feeling for poetry, and set him upon the making of English and Latin verses.

How long Young's preceptorship lasted cannot be determined with precision. It certainly closed about 1622, when Young left England at the age of thirty-five, and became pastor of the congregation of English merchants settled in Hamburg.[2] But, if Young continued to teach Milton till the time of his

[1] *Epist. Famil.*, No. 1.

[2] *Ibid.* Where Milton, writing to Young in Hamburg, on the 26th of March, 1625, says that it is "more than three years" since he last wrote to him.

departure for Hamburg, then, during the latter part, at least, of his engagement, he was not Milton's sole teacher. From the first it had been the intention of Milton's father to send his son to one of the public schools in town, and before 1620 this intention had been carried into effect.

London was at that time by no means ill provided with schools. Besides various schools of minor note, there were some distinguished as classical seminaries. Notable among these was St. Paul's School in St. Paul's Churchyard, a successor of the old Cathedral School of St. Paul's, which had existed in the same place from time immemorial. Not less celebrated was Westminster School, founded anew by Elizabeth in continuation of an older monastic school which had existed in Catholic times. Ben Jonson, George Herbert, and Giles Fletcher, all then alive, had been educated at this school; and the great Camden, after serving in it as under-master, had held the office of head-master since 1592. Then there was St. Anthony's free-school in Threadneedle-street, where Sir Thomas More and Archbishop Whitgift had been educated—once so flourishing that, at the public debates in logic and grammar between the different schools of the city, St. Anthony's scholars generally carried off the palm. In particular there was a feud on this score between the St. Paul's boys and the St. Anthony's boys —the St. Paul's boys nicknaming their rivals "Anthony's pigs," in allusion to the pig which was generally represented as following this Saint in his pictures; and the St. Anthony's boys somewhat feebly retaliating by calling the St. Paul's boys "Paul's pigeons," in allusion to the pigeons that used to hover about the Cathedral.[1] Though the nicknames survived, the feud was now little more than a tradition—St. Anthony's school having come sorely down in the world, while the pigeons of Paul's fluttered higher than ever. A more formidable rival in the city now to St. Paul's was the free-school of the Merchant Tailors' Company, founded in 1561. Finally, besides these public day-schools, there were schools of note kept by speculative schoolmasters on their own account; of which by

[1] Stow's London, edit. 1603, p. 75.

far the highest in reputation was that of Thomas Farnabie, in Goldsmith's Rents, near Cripplegate.[1]

Partly on account of its nearness to Bread-street, St. Paul's school was that chosen by the scrivener for the education of his son. The records of the admissions to the school do not reach so far back as the beginning of the seventeenth century, but the date of Milton's admission cannot have been later than 1620, when he was in or just over his twelfth year. Fortunately we are able to give a pretty distinct account of the school and its arrangements at this particular time.

The school was founded in 1512, the fourth year of the reign of Henry VIII, by Dr. John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, the son of Sir Henry Colet, mercer, who had been twice mayor of London. It was originally dedicated to the Child Jesus; but "the Saint," as Strype says, "had robbed his master of the title." The declared purpose of the foundation was the free education, in all sound Christian and grammatical learning, of poor men's children, without distinction of nation, to the exact number of 153 at a time—this number having reference to the number of fishes which Simon Peter drew to land in the miraculous draught (John xxi. 11). For this purpose, Colet, besides building and furnishing the school in a very handsome manner, endowed it with lands, sufficient to provide salaries in perpetuity for a head-master, a sur-master or usher, and a chaplain. He himself chose and appointed the first head-master, who was no other than the celebrated grammarian William Lilly; and, during the remainder of Colet's life, he and Lilly cooperated most zealously in bringing the school to perfection. Colet prepared an English Catechism which all the boys were to be obliged to learn, and two small works introductory to the study of Latin, in the compilation of which he had the assistance of his friend Erasmus; and Lilly's own Latin grammar—the foundation of all the Latin grammars that have since been used in England—was published in 1513 specially for the scholars of St. Paul's. King Henry, "endeavouring a uniformity of grammar all over his dominions," enjoined that Lilly's grammar should be universally used, and

[1] Wood's Athenæ Oxon. III. pp. 213—215.

that it should be "penal for any publicly to teach any other."[1] The regulation continued in force during the reigns of Edward VI. Mary, Elizabeth, and James; and, even now, despite our free trade in grammars, the "*Propria quæ maribus*," the "*As in præsenti*," and other rules familiar to all orthodox schoolboys, are relics of old Lilly.

Colet died in 1519. He had taken good care, however, to leave such regulations as should ensure the prosperity of the foundation. Having found by experience, as he told Erasmus, that in trusts of this kind laymen were as conscientious as clergymen, he had left the charge of his school and its property in the hands not of his successors in the deanery of St. Paul's, but of the Mercers' Company of London, to which his father had belonged. The Mercers were to have the entire management of the school, with power to alter the arrangements from time to time; and they were every year to choose two honest and substantial men of their body to be surveyors of the school for that year. On a vacancy in the head-mastership, the master, wardens, and assistants of the Company were to choose his successor, who was to be "a man whole in body, honest, virtuous and learned in good and clean Latin literature, and also in Greek, if such might be gotten, a wedded man, a single man, or a priest without benefice." His wages were to be "a mark a week and a livery gown of four nobles," besides a free residence in the school. The sur-master or usher, "well learned to teach under him," was to be chosen, on a vacancy, by the head-master for the time being, but with the consent of the surveyors. He was to have 6*s.* 8*d.* a week, a free lodging in Old Change, and a gown to teach in. The chaplain or priest, whose business it was to say mass every day, and teach the Catechism in English, and the Creed and Ten Commandments, was to have £8 a year, lodgings in Old Change, and a gown. The number of 153 was to be adhered to as that of the free scholars, but it does not appear that the master was to be precluded from receiving others on the payment of fees. No cock-fighting or other pageantry was to be allowed in the school; no extra-holidays were to be granted, except

[1] Fuller's Church History, Book V. Section 1.

when the King or some Bishop in person begged one for the boys; and if any boy was taken away and sent to another school, he was not on any account to be re-admitted. The boys were "to be taught always in good literature, both Latin and Greek, and good authors, such as have the very Roman eloquence joined with the wisdom—specially Christian authors that wrote their wisdom with clean and chaste Latin, either in verse or prose. But above all the *Catechism* in English; after that the *Accidence;* then *Institutum Christiani Hominis,* which Erasmus made at my request; the *Copia Verborum* of the same author; then other Christian authors, as Lactantius, Prudentius and Proba, Sedulius, Juvencus, and Baptista Mantuanus, and such others as shall be thought convenient for the true Latin speech."[1]

Lilly outlived his patron only three years, dying in 1522. During his ten years of mastership he had turned out not a few pupils who became a credit to the school—among them, the antiquary Leland. A series of competent head-masters had succeeded him; and on the death of the seventh of these in 1608, the Mercers had appointed Alexander Gill, a Lincolnshire man and M.A. of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Some changes had, of course, occurred in the constitution of the school during the century which had elapsed between Lilly's time and that of Gill. The value of the school-lands had increased so as to be estimated, in 1598, at more than £120 per annum. The masters had had the benefit of this increase in having their salaries doubled. Naturally also it was no longer "poor men's children" that attended the school, if this had ever strictly been the case, but the children of well-to-do citizens presented by the Mercers. There had been changes too in the course of the studies pursued. Colet's Catechism, as being Popish, had been greatly altered; and Hebrew and other Oriental tongues had been added to Latin and Greek for the most advanced scholars. Still, as far as possible, Colet's regulations were adhered to; and, above all, Lilly's Grammar kept its place, as bound up with the fame of the school.

[1] Strype's Stow, edit. 1720, I. 163—169.
[2] The name was spelt Gil or Gill. I adopt the more modern spelling.

The original school-house remained with little alteration either in the exterior or in the interior. Over the windows, across the face of the building towards the street, were inscribed in large capital letters, the words "SCHOLA CATECHIZATIONIS PUERORUM IN CHRISTI OPT. MAX. FIDE ET BONIS LITERIS;" and immediately over the door the shorter legend "INGREDERE UT PROFICIAS." The interior was divided into two parts—a *vestibulum* or ante-room in which the smaller boys were instructed, and the main school-room. Over the door of this school-room on the outside was a legend to the effect that no more than 153 boys were to be instructed in it gratis; and, painted on the glass of each window inside, were the formidable words "*Aut doce, aut disce, aut discede;*" "Either teach, or learn, or leave the place." The masters were in the habit of quoting this legend against offenders, shortening it for their own sakes into "Aut disce, aut discede." For the head-master there was a "decent cathedra or chair" at the upper end of the school, facing the door and a little advanced from the wall; and in the wall, immediately over this chair, so as to be full in the view of all the pupils, was an "effigies" or bust of Dean Colet, regarded as a masterpiece of art, and having over it the inscription "DEO OPT. MAX. TRINO ET UNI JOHANNES COLETUS DEC. ST[I] PAULI LONDIN. HANC SCHOLAM POSUIT." The under-master or usher had no particular seat, but walked up and down among the classes, taking them all in turn with his superior. There were in all eight classes. In the first or lowest the younger pupils were taught their rudiments; and thence, according to their proficiency, they were at stated times advanced into the other forms till they reached the eighth, whence, "being commonly by this time made perfect grammarians, good orators and poets, and well instructed in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and sometimes in other Oriental tongues," they passed to the Universities. The curriculum of the school extended over from four to six years, the age of entry being from eight to twelve and that of departure from fourteen to eighteen.[1]

[1] For the account of St. Paul's School given in the text the authorities are,— Stow, edit. 1603, pp. 74, 75; Fuller, Church History, Book V. Section 1;

From the moment that Milton became a 'pigeon of St. Paul's' all this would be familiar to him. The school-room, its walls and windows and inscriptions; the head-master's chair; the bust of Colet over it, looking down on the busy young flock gathered together by his deed and scheming a hundred years after he was dead; the busy young flock itself, ranged out in their eight forms, and filling the room with their ceaseless hum; the head-master and the sur-master walking about in their gowns, and occasionally perhaps the two surveyors from the Mercers dropping in to see—what man of any memory is there who does not know that all this would impress the boy unspeakably, and sink into him so as never to be forgotten? For inquisitive boys even the traditions of their school, if it has any, are of interest; and they soon become acquainted with them. And so in Milton's case, the names of old pupils of St. Paul's who had become famous, from Leland down to the still-living prodigy Camden who (though he had been mainly educated elsewhere, had also for a time been a St. Paul's scholar), would be dwelt on with pleasure; and gradually also the names of the head-masters before Mr. Gill would come to be known in order, from Richard Mulcaster, Gill's immediate predecessor, back through Harrison, Malim, Cook, Freeman and Jones, to John Rightwis, Lilly's successor and son-in-law, who had acted in a Latin play with his scholars before Wolsey, and so to Lilly himself, the great Abraham of the series, and the friend of Colet.[1]

After all, however, the paramount influence of the school lay necessarily in the character and qualifications of the two masters for the time being. These, at the time with which we are concerned, were Mr. Gill, the head-master, and his son, Alexander Gill the younger, then acting as usher.

Old Mr. Gill, as he now began to be called, partly to distinguish him from his son, and partly because he was verging on his fifty-seventh year, fully maintained the ancient credit

Mr. Cunningham, in his Handbook of London, *article* "Paul's School;" and, most of all, Strype in his edition of Stow, 1720, vol. I. pp. 163—169. Strype was himself a scholar of St. Paul's from 1657 to 1661, or about thirty-seven years after Milton. The original school was destroyed in the great Fire of 1666; but Strype remembered the old building well, and his description of it is affectionately minute.

[1] Strype, as above.

of the school. According to Wood, he was "esteemed by most persons to be a learned man, a noted Latinist, critic and divine, and also to have such an excellent way of training up youth that none in his time went beyond it."[1] Having looked over all that remains of the old gentleman to verify or disprove this judgment—to wit, three works published by him at intervals during his life—we can safely say that the praise does not seem overstated. The first of these works, indeed, hardly affords materials for an opinion of Gill as a pedagogue. It is a tract or treatise, originally published by him in 1601, seven years before his appointment to St. Paul's School, and written in 1597, when he was living as a teacher at Norwich. The Tract is entitled "*A Treatise concerning the Trinity of Persons in Unitie of the Deitie*," and is in the form of a metaphysical remonstrance with one Thomas Mannering, an Anabaptist of Norwich, who "denied that Jesus is very God of very God," but said that he was "but man only, yet endued with the infinite power of God." Far more interesting, in reference to Gill's qualifications as a teacher, is his next work, the first edition of which was published in 1619, or just before the time with which we have to do. It is entitled "*Logonomia Anglica*," and is dedicated to King James. Part of the work is taken up with an argument on that new-old subject, the reform of the English Alphabet, so as to bring the spelling of words into greater consistency with their sound; and those who are interested in this subject will find some sensible matter upon it in Gill's book. By adding to the English Alphabet the two Saxon signs for the two sounds of *th*, and another Saxon sign or two, and by farther using points over the vowels to indicate their various sounds, he contrives an Alphabet somewhat like those of our modern phonetic reformers, but less liable to objection from the point of view of Etymology; and he illustrates this Alphabet by spelling all the English words and passages in his book according to it. But the Spelling-Reform is by no means the main purpose of the book. It is, in fact, what we should now call a systematic grammar of the English tongue,

[1] Athenæ, II. 597—599.

written in Latin. Accordingly it is only in the first part that he propounds his spelling-reform; and the parts on Etymology, Syntax, and Prosody, possess quite a separate value. If Gill was only half as interesting in his school-room as he is in his book, he must have been an effective and even delightful teacher. For example, as an appendix to Syntax in general, he has a chapter on what he calls *Syntaxis Schematistica*, in which he trenches on what is usually considered a part of Rhetoric, and enumerates and explains the so-called tropes and figures of speech—Metaphor, Metonymy, Allegory, Irony, Climax, &c. This part of the book is studded with examples from the English poets, and above all from Spenser, showing a really fine taste in the selection. Take, as a specimen, the exposition of the Metaphor. We translate from Gill's Latin in the text, and alter his phonetic spelling in the examples.

"*Translation* or *metaphor* is a word taken in one sense from another like it.

'But now weak age had dimm'd his candle-light.'—*Faerie Queene.*

'He, thereto meeting, said.'—*Ibid.*

where 'meeting' is used for 'answering.'

'I shall you well reward to show the place
In which that wicked wight his days doth wear.'—*Ibid.*

'Wear' for 'consume.'

"Nor let it weary you to hear from our Juvenal, George Withers, one of those metaphors in which he abounds when he lays aside the asperity of his satire:—

'Fair by nature being born,
Borrowed beauty she doth scorn;
He that kisseth her need fear
No unwholesome varnish there;
For from thence he only sips
The pure nectar of her lips,
And with these at once he closes—
Melting rubies, cherries, roses.'

"From this root are all Allegories and Comparisons, and also most *Parœmiæ* and *Ænigmata*. For an allegory is nothing else than a continued metaphor. In this, our Lucan, Samuel Daniel, is frequent. Thus, *Delia*, Sonnet 31:—

'Raising my hopes on hills of high desire,
Thinking to scale the heaven of her heart,
My slender muse presumed too high a part;
Her thunder of disdain caused me retire,
And threw me down, &c.'

"So, *Faerie Queene*:—

'Huge sea of sorrow and tempestuous grief,
Wherein my feeble bark is tossèd long,
Far from the hopèd haven of relief,
Why do thy cruel billows beat so strong,
And thy moist mountains each on other throng,
Threatening to swallow up my fearful life?
O do thy cruel wrath and spiteful wrong
At length allay, and stint thy stormy strife,
Which in these troubled bowels reigns and rageth rife.
For else my feeble vessel, crazed and crackt,
Cannot endure, &c.'

"But, indeed, the whole of Spenser's poem is an allegory in which he evolves an ethical meaning in fables. Thus, the Allegory handles the whole matter on hand obscurely by metaphor; the *Parœmia* and *Ænigma* do so much more obscurely; while the Comparison or Simile does it more transparently, because it first unfolds the metaphor, and then confronts it with the thing. Thus, *Faerie Queene*, I. c. 2:—

'As when two rams, stirred with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the fair fleecèd flock,
Their hornèd fronts so fierce on either side
Do meet, that, with the terror of the shock
Astonied, both stand senseless as a block,
Forgetful of the hanging victory;
So stood these twain unmovèd as a rock, &c.'"

The subsequent part of the work, on English prosody, is, in like manner, illustrated by well-chosen examples; and, among other things, Gill discusses in it the compatibility of classical metres with the genius of the English tongue. The following passage, in which he refers to the supposed influence of Chaucer, exhibits what was apparently another of his crotchets, besides spelling-reform—to wit, the necessity of preserving the Saxon purity of our tongue against Latinisms. After maintaining that, even during the Danish and Norman invasions, the Saxon or English tongue of our island remained pure, he proceeds (we again translate from his Latin) thus:—

"At length, about the year 1400, Geoffrey Chaucer, of unlucky omen, made his poetry famous by the use in it of French and Latin words. Hence has come down this new mange in our speaking and writing. . . . O harsh lips, I now hear all around me such words as *common, vices, envy, malice;* even *virtue, study, justice, pity, mercy, compassion, profit, commodity, colour, grace, favour, acceptance.* But whither, pray, in all the world have you banished those words which

our forefathers used for these newfangled ones? Are our words to be exiled like our citizens? Is the new barbaric invasion to extirpate the English tongue? O ye Englishmen, on you, I say, I call, in whose veins that blood flows, retain, retain what yet remains of our native speech, and, whatever vestiges of our forefathers are yet to be seen, on these plant your footsteps."

While thus working mainly in Philology, Mr. Gill had not quite abandoned his Metaphysics. Some fifteen years after the time at which we are now arrived, he brought out his last and largest work, the *Sacred Philosophie of the Holy Scriptures*—a kind of detailed demonstiation, as against Turks, Jews, Infidels, Heretics, and all gainsayers whatsoever, of the successive articles of the Apostles' Creed, on the principles of pure reason. It is not to be supposed but that in those days, when the idea of severing the secular from the religious in schools had not yet been heard of, his pupils would now and then have a touch of his Metaphysics as well as of his Philology. They were lucky if they had not also a touch of something else. "Dr. Gill, the father," says Aubrey in one of his MSS. "was a very ingeniose person, as may appear by his writings: notwithstanding, he had his moods and humours, as particularly his whipping fits. Often Dr. G. whipped Duncombe, who was afterwards a Colonel of Dragoons at Edgehill fight."[1] Duncombe, possibly, was his greatest dunce.

Young Gill, the usher or sur-master, was by no means so steady a man as his father. Born about 1597, he had been educated at St. Paul's School; had gone thence, on one of the Mercers' Exhibitions, to Trinity College, Oxford; and, after completing his course there, and taking orders, had come back to town about 1619, and dropped conveniently into the place of his father's assistant.[2] For a time, either before or after this, he assisted the famous Farnabie in *his* school. There must have been, from the first, an element of bluster, and recklessness, about this junior Gill, which annoyed his father and cost him a good deal of trouble. Of this we shall have proof hereafter. Meanwhile, his reputation was considerably above the common. As early as 1612, or immediately after his going to college, he had written a Latin threnody on the death of

[1] MS. of Aubrey's in the Ashmolean. [2] Wood's Fasti, III. 43.

Prince Henry, which had been published among the many other effusions of the kind called forth by that event; and, during his course at Oxford, he had written other things of the same sort, both in Latin and Greek, some of which were also printed. The special character, therefore, which he bore among the boys of St. Paul's School, when, at the age of twenty-two or thereby, he became his father's assistant, was that of a splendid maker of Greek and Latin verses; and we are mistaken if his powers in this respect lost in his own representations of them.

Such were the two men, not uninteresting in themselves, to whose lot it fell to be Milton's schoolmasters. He was under their care, as we calculate, at least four years—from 1620, when he had passed his eleventh year, to the winter or spring of 1624-5, when he had passed his sixteenth. During a portion of this time—most probably till 1622—he had the benefit also of Young's continued assistance at home.

St. Paul's School, it is to be remembered, was strictly a grammar-school—that is, a school for classical instruction only. But since Colet's time, in virtue of the great development which classical studies had received throughout the nation at large, the efficiency of the school within its assigned limits had immensely increased. Instead of peddling over Sedulius, and other such small practitioners of later or middle-age Latinity, recommended as proper class-books by Colet, the scholars of St. Paul's, as of other contemporary schools, were now led through very much the same list of Roman prose-writers and poets that are still honoured in our academies. The practice of writing pure classical Latin, or what might pass for such, both in prose and in verse, was also carried to a perfection not known in Colet's time. But the improvement in Latin was as nothing compared with what had taken place in Greek. Although Colet in his testamentary recommendations to the Mercers had mentioned it as desirable that the head-master should know Greek as well as Latin, he had added "if such a man can be gotten." That, indeed, was the age of incipient Greek in England. Colet had none himself; and that Lilly had mastered Greek,

while residing in earlier life in Rhodes, was one of his distinctions. Since that time, however, the passion for Greek had spread; the battle between the Greeks and the Trojans, as the partizans of the new learning and its opponents were respectively called, had been fought out in the days of Ascham and Elizabeth; and, if Greek scholarship still lagged behind Latin, yet, in St. Paul's and other schools, Greek authors were read in fragments, and Greek exercises written, in anticipation of the more profound labours of the Universities. Probably Hebrew was taught optionally to a few of the highest boys.

Whatever support other instances may afford to the popular notion that the studious boys at school do not turn out the most efficient men in after life, the believers in that notion may save themselves the trouble of trying to prove it by means of Milton's boyhood.

Milton's own account of his habits as a schoolboy.—"My father destined me while yet a little boy for the study of humane letters, which I seized with such eagerness that from the twelfth year of my age I scarcely ever went from my lessons to bed before midnight; which, indeed, was the first cause of injury to my eyes, to whose natural weakness there were also added frequent headaches. All which not retarding my impetuosity in learning, he caused me to be daily instructed both at the grammar-school and under other masters at home; and then, when I had acquired various tongues and also some not insignificant taste for the sweetness of philosophy, he sent me to Cambridge, one of our two national universities."[1]

Aubrey's account.—"When he went to school, when he was very young, he studied very hard and sat up very late, commonly till twelve or one o'clock at night; and his father ordered the maid to sit up for him."

Wood's account.—"There (at Cambridge) as at school for three years before, 'twas usual with him to sit up till midnight at his book, which was the first thing that brought his eyes into danger of blindness. By this his indefatigable study he profited exceedingly."

Philips's account.—[At Paul's School] "he was entered into the rudiments of learning, and advanced therein with . . . admirable success, not more by the discipline of the school and the good instructions of his masters . . . than by his own happy genius, prompt wit and apprehension, and insuperable industry; for he generally sat up half the night, as well in voluntary improvements of his own choice, as the exact perfecting of his school-exercises; so that at the age of fifteen he was full ripe for academical training."

[1] *Defensio Secunda:* Works, VI. 286, 287.

The boy's studies were not confined to the classic tongues. "When at your expense," he says in a Latin poem addressed to his father in later years, "I had obtained access to the eloquence of the tongue of Romulus, and to the delights of Latium, and the great words, becoming the mouth of Jove, uttered by the magniloquent Greeks, you then advised me to add the flowers which are the pride of Gaul, and the speech which the new Italian, attesting the barbarian inroads by his diction, pours forth from his degenerate mouth, and the mysteries which are spoken by the prophet of Palestine."[1] The application of these words extends beyond Milton's mere school-days; but it is probable that before they were over he had learnt to read French and Italian, and also something of Hebrew. In the letter to Young at Hamburg already referred to, written in March 1625, he acknowledges the gift of a Hebrew Bible which Young had sent him.[2]

It is not to be supposed that the literature of his own country remained a closed field to a youth so fond of study, and who had already begun to have dreams for himself of literary excellence. Accordingly there is evidence that Milton in his boyhood was a diligent reader of English books, and that before the close of his school-time in 1624 he had formed some general acquaintance, at least, with the course of English literature from its beginnings to his own time.

Such a task, it is to be remembered, was by no means so formidable in the year 1624 as a corresponding task would be now. If we strike off from the body of English literature, as it now presents itself to us, all that portion of it which has been added during the last two centuries and a quarter, that which would remain as the total literature of England at the time when Milton began to take a retrospect of it, would by no means alarm by its bulk. It distributed itself in the retrospect into three periods. (1.) There was the period of the infancy of our literature, ending with the life of Chaucer, in 1400. Of the relics of this period, whether in prose or in verse,

[1] *Ad Patrem:* Works, I. 252.
[2] Epist. Fam. No. 1: Works, VII. 370.

there were few, with the exception of the works of Chaucer himself, which any one, not studying our literature in an expressly antiquarian spirit, would care much about. (2.) Passing to the period next in order—which may be considered as extending from Chaucer's death in 1400 to the middle of the reign of Elizabeth, or the year 1580—there were not very many writers of this period with whom the lover of pure literature, as such, was bound to be acquainted. The characteristic of this age of English literature is the absence of any writer, whether in poetry or prose, that could with propriety be named as a successor of Chaucer. The literary spirit seemed, for the time, to have passed to the Scottish side of the Tweed, and there to have incarnated itself in a short series of Scottish poets, who did inherit somewhat of Chaucer's genius —James I., Dunbar, Douglas, Sir David Lyndsay, &c. These, however, were beyond the pale of that literature which an English reader would regard as properly his own. In lieu of them, he could reckon on his list such names as Lydgate, Sir Thomas More, Ascham, Skelton, Surrey, and Wyat. They were by no means insignificant names ; and when one remembered that the age of More and Surrey and Wyat had also been the age of the Reformers Tyndal, Cranmer, Latimer, and their associates, and of the scholars Lilly, Leland, Cheke, and others, one could look back upon that age with a conviction that, if its relics in the form of vernacular poetry and in other forms of pure literature had not been numerous, this was not on account of any lack of intellectual activity in the age, but because its intellectual activity had been expended in controversial writing and in the business of war, statecraft, and revolution. Still, to any one looking back, in the spirit of a literary enthusiast, rather than in that of a theologian or a student of history, the age could not but seem unusually barren. (3.) Very different was it when, passing forward from the stormy reign of Henry VIII. through the short reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, one advanced into those golden days when Elizabeth sat securely on the throne. The latter part of this Queen's reign, dating from about 1580, opens, as all know, the era of the literary splendour of England. It may be considered as

having extended over about forty-five years in all, or to the death of James I. in 1625—almost the exact point of time with which we are now concerned. Fancying Milton, therefore, as a youth of sixteen, looking back upon the past literary course of his own country, we can see that by far the richest part of that course, the part most crowded with names and with works of interest, would be the forty-five years nearest his own day. In other words, if we allow for the great figure of Chaucer seen far in the background, and for a minor Wyat or Surrey and the like breaking the long interval between Chaucer and more recent times, the whole literature of England would be represented to Milton, in the year 1624, by that cluster of conspicuous men, some of them still alive and known familiarly in English society, who had been already named "the Elizabethans." In prose there were the names of Sidney, Hooker, Raleigh, Bacon, Bishop Andrews, and others, not to speak of chroniclers and historians, such as Hollinshed, Stow, and Speed, or of scholars and antiquarians, like Camden and Selden. Bacon's works had all, or nearly all, by this time been given to the world. Then, in the region of poetry, what a burst of stars! First in time and in magnitude among the non-dramatic poets, or the poets best known out of the drama, was Spenser, England's true second son in the Muses after Chaucer. As contemporaries or successors of Spenser might be enumerated such men as Sackville, Warner, Daniel, Drayton, and Chapman; Harington, the translator of Ariosto, Fairfax, the translator of Tasso, and Sylvester, the translator of Du Bartas; and the metaphysical, religious, and lyrical poets, Donne, Davies, Phineas Fletcher, Giles Fletcher, Wither, Carew, and Browne. And so with that still more brilliant constellation of dramatists with which these men were historically associated and in part personally intermixed. The earlier Elizabethan dramatists, Greene, Peele, Marlowe, and others, had passed away before Milton was born; but the later Elizabethans, Shakespeare, Webster, Middleton, Decker, Marston, Heywood, and Ben Jonson, lived into the reign of James and were among the men whom Milton might himself have seen; while to these had been added, almost within his own memory, such younger

dramatists as Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, and Shirley. In a few cases, the whole works of certain dramatists had been collected. In 1616 Ben Jonson had published, in folio, a collection of his works prior to that date; and the admirer of Ben had but to purchase, in addition, such separate dramas and masques as he had issued since, in order to have the whole of him. More notable still, it was in the year 1623 that Shakespeare's executors, Heminge and Condell, performed their important service to the world, by publishing the first folio edition of his works. "Buy the book; whatever you do, buy," was the advice of the editors, in their quaint preface; and among the first persons to follow the advice might have been the scrivener Milton.

Theological books of which we now know little or nothing would then be in high esteem in a Puritan family; but there is evidence in Milton's earliest writings that his juvenile readings had ranged widely beyond those, and backwards in the series of more classic English writers, and especially of English poets. There are traces of his acquaintance with Ben in his very earliest poems; and if he did not have a copy of the folio Shakespeare within reach on its publication in 1623, it is certain, as we shall see, that he had one in his possession, and had made good use of it before 1630. By the universal consent of Milton's biographers, however, whatever other English poets he may have read prior to his seventeenth year, there were at least two with whom he was then familiar. These were Spenser, and Sylvester the translator of Du Bartas. "Humphrey Lownes, a printer, living in the same street with his father," says Todd, "supplied him at least with Spenser and Sylvester's Du Bartas."[1] For this statement, which is repeated by all subsequent biographers, I have not found any sufficient authority. It is not necessary, surely, to suppose that Milton was indebted for his acquaintance with Spenser to the kindness of any neighbour. Cowley, at the age of eleven (Anno. 1628), read Spenser with delight; and if Cowley's introduction to the poet was owing to the circumstance that his works "were wont to lie in his mother's parlour," Milton might not

[1] Life of Milton, 1809, p. 7, note.

have had far to go for *his* copy. In the case of Sylvester's Du Bartas the notion that Lownes may have supplied the book is more plausible; for all the editions of the book had issued from Lownes's press, and the printer himself had a more than professional affection for it. Seeing, also, that so much has been made by Milton's commentators of his supposed obligations both in his earlier and his later poetry to Du Bartas and Sylvester, it may not be amiss here to give some account of the once popular but now obsolete work with which their names are associated.[1]

Guillaume de Salluste, Sieur du Bartas, was perhaps the most famous French poet of the sixteenth century. Born in 1544, and a zealous adherent of the Calvinistic party in the French civil wars, he was a follower of Henry IV. while that champion of Protestantism was struggling for the throne, and served him both in camp and in council. At his death in 1590, he left behind him, as the fruit of his occasional months of solitude, a long religious poem, partly didactic and partly descriptive, entitled *The Divine Weeks and Works*. The popularity of the poem, both in France and in other countries, was immense. Thirty editions of the original were sold within six years; and it was translated into all the languages of Europe, as well as into Latin.

Sylvester, the English translator of Du Bartas, was a man qualified to do him justice. Born in 1563, and by profession a "merchant-adventurer," or mercantile agent, travelling between London and the Continent, he had acquired a knowledge of foreign tongues, which led him to employ his leisure in translating foreign poetry. His Calvinistic leanings drew him strongly to Du Bartas. In 1590 he published the first specimen of Du Bartas in English, at the press of "Richard Yardley, on Bread-street-hill, at the signe of the Starre, printer"—Yardley being then the occupant of the premises

[1] It was Lauder, I believe, who, amid his other attempts to prove Milton to have been a plagiarist, first called attention to certain coincidences in idea and expression between Milton's poems, especially his Paradise Lost, and Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas. The question was subsequently argued in a more becoming spirit, by Mr. Todd (Gent. Mag. Nov. 1796), and still more fully and ingeniously by Mr. Charles Dunster, in his "Considerations on Milton's Early Reading and the *Prima Stamina* of his Paradise Lost," 1800.

afterwards occupied by Lownes.[1] Farther, in 1598, there was printed at the same office—Yardley having, in the meantime, been succeeded there by one Peter Short—a more extensive specimen of Sylvester's skill in the shape of a version of part of Du Bartas's main work. It was not, however, till 1605—by which time Short had, in his turn, been succeeded by Humphrey Lownes—that Sylvester's complete translation of the *Divine Weeks and Works* of Du Bartas was issued from the same press. The volume was so popular that fresh editions were issued by Lownes in 1611 and 1613. At this time "silver-tongued Sylvester," partly in virtue of this translation, partly in virtue of his original writings—among which may be mentioned a singular poem against tobacco written about 1615[2]—was a man of no small reputation in the London cluster of wits and poets. He died in Holland in 1618, at the age of fifty-five. A new edition of his translation being required in 1621, Lownes took the opportunity of collecting his fugitive pieces, so as to include the translation in a folio containing all Sylvester's works. To this volume Lownes prefixed an "Address to the Reader" in his own name, in which he speaks of Sylvester as "that divine wit" and "that worthy spirit," and particularly dwells on the fact that in his later years he had "confined his pen to none but holy and religious ditties." The printer was not wrong in anticipating continued popularity for his favourite. Fresh editions of Sylvester's works, being the sixth and seventh of his Du Bartas, were called for in 1633 and 1641; and we have Dryden's testimony to the high esteem in which Sylvester's Du Bartas was held as late as 1650. "I remember, when I was a boy," says Dryden, "I thought inimitable Spenser a mean poet in comparison of Sylvester's Du Bartas, and was rapt into ecstasy when I read these lines:—

> 'Now when the winter's keener breath began
> To crystallize the Baltic ocean,
> To glaze the lakes and bridle up the floods,
> And periwig with wool the bald-pate woods.'"

[1] Ames's Typographical Antiquities, by Herbert, 1790, vol. III. p. 1808.

[2] "Tobacco battered and the pipes shattered by a volley of holy shot thundered from mount Helicon."

To these words Dryden adds, as his more mature impression, "I am much deceived now if this be not abominable fustian;" a sentence which may be considered as having sealed poor Sylvester's fate. After 1660, he ceased to be read, and was only referred to, like his original in France, as a pedantic and fantastic old poet, disfigured by gross images and bad taste. Of late, partly on Milton's account, the interest in him has somewhat revived; and critics, who can relish poetry under an uncouth guise, find merit in him.

When Milton was a boy at St. Paul's School, everybody was reading Sylvester's Du Bartas. The first Part of the Poem entitled "The First Week, or the Birth of the World," occupies nearly two hundred pages; and is divided into seven "Days" or Cantos, as follows:—

1st Day: The Chaos.
2nd Day: The Elements.
3rd Day: The Sea and Earth.
4th Day: The Heavens, Sun, Moon, &c.
5th Day: The Fishes and Fowls.
6th Day: The Beasts and Man.
7th Day: The Sabaoth.

Each Canto treats of the part of the work of Creation indicated by the prefixed heading; and in each the poet accumulates such particulars of Natural History, according to the knowledge then possessed, as related themselves to the subject of the Canto. In the first Canto are described the emergence out of Chaos and the creation of Elemental Light; in the second there is an ample display of crude meteorological knowledge; in the third the poet passes on to his geology, mineralogy, and botany; in the fourth he expounds his astronomy, which, by the bye, is decidedly anti-Copernican; in the fifth and sixth we have his zoology in all its branches, with elucidations of the human anatomy and physiology somewhat in the spirit of a Bridgewater treatise; and in the last, after a quaint picture of the Deity resting from his works and contemplating them as a whole, the poet becomes doctrinal and reflective. The following passage from the third Canto, describing the creation of the forest and fruit trees, is characteristic:—

"No sooner spoken, but the lofty Pine
Distilling pitch, the Larch yield-turpentine,
The ever-green Box, and gummy Cedar sprout,
And the airy mountains mantle round about:
The mast-full Oak, the useful Ash, the Holm,
Coat-changing Cork, white Maple, shady Elm,
Through hill and plain ranged their plumed ranks.
The winding rivers bordered all their banks
With slice-sea Alders, and green Osiers small,
With trembling Poplars, and with Willows pale,
And many trees beside, fit to be made
Fuel, or Timber, or to serve for shade.
The dainty Apricock (of Plums the prince),
The velvet Peach, gilt Orange, downy Quince,
Already bear, grav'n in their tender barks,
God's powerful providence in open marks.
The scent-sweet Apple, and astringent Pear,
The Cherry, Filberd, Walnut, Meddeler,
The milky Fig, the Damson black and white,
The Date and Olive, aiding appetite,
Spread everywhere a most delightful Spring
And everywhere a very Eden bring."

The second Part of the Poem, entitled metaphorically "The Second Week," is, though unfinished, considerably longer than the first. It is a metrical paraphrase of the Sacred History of the World, as related in the Hebrew Scriptures, as far as the Books of Kings and Chronicles. It is divided into metaphorical "Days," each corresponding to an epoch in the Sacred History, and each entitled by the name of a man representative of that epoch. The finished portion includes four "Days," entitled *Adam*, *Noah*, *Abraham*, and *David*. Three more "Days," entitled respectively *Zedechias*, *Messias*, and *the Eternal Sabbath*, were to have been added had the author lived to fulfil his entire plan, as indicated in the invocation with which the first Book commences :—

"Great God, which hast this World's birth made me see,
Unfold his cradle, show his infancy:
Walk thou, my Spirit, through all the flow'ring alleys
Of that sweet Garden, where through winding valleys
Four lively floods crawled: tell me what misdeed
Banisht both Eden's Adam and his seed:
Tell who, immortal mortalizing, brought us
The balm from Heaven which hopèd health hath wrought us:

Grant me the story of thy Church to sing,
And gests of Kings : Let me this total bring
From thy first Sabaoth to his fatal tomb,
My style extending to the Day of Doom."

It will be time enough hereafter to speak of Milton's recollections of Sylvester's Du Bartas when he in his turn came to sing of Eden, and Man's Fall and Restoration. Meanwhile it is with his early readings of Du Bartas, Spenser, and other poets, that we are bound, by the concord of time, to connect his own first efforts in English verse. According to Aubrey, he had been a poet from the age of ten. Of his boyish attempts in versification, however, the earliest that remain are two preserved by himself, and published in his later life, with the intimation that they were written when he was "fifteen years old,"—*i. e.* in 1624, the last year of his stay at St. Paul's School. They are translations or paraphrases into English of two of the Psalms. We give them both (the second somewhat abridged) with the titles prefixed to them by himself:—

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

[*This and the following Psalm were done by the Author at fifteen years old.*]

"When the blest seed of Terah's faithful son
After long toil their liberty had won,
And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
His praise and glory were in Israel known.
That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
Low in the earth ; Jordan's clear streams recoil,
As a faint host that hath received the foil.
The high huge-bellied mountains skip like rams
Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.
Why fled the Ocean ? And why skipt the Mountains ?
Why turnèd Jordan toward his crystal fountains ?
Shake, Earth ; and at the presence be aghast
Of Him that ever was and aye shall last,
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush !

PSALM CXXXVI.

Let us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of Gods he is the God:
For, &c.

* * * *

Who, by his wisdom, did create
The painted heavens so full of state:
For, &c.

Who did the solid Earth ordain
To rise above the watery plain:
For, &c.

Who, by his all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light:
For, &c.

And caused the golden-tressed sun
All the day long his course to run:
For, &c.

The horned moon to shine by night,
Amongst the spangled sisters bright:
For, &c.

He, with his thunder-clasping hand,
Smote the first born of Egypt-land:
For, &c.

And, in despite of Pharaoh fell,
He brought from thence his Israel:
For, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the Erythræan main:
For, &c.

The floods stood still, like walls of glass,
While the Hebrew bands did pass:
For, &c.

But full soon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power:
For, &c.
* * * *
All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need:
For, &c.
Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth:
For, &c.
That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye:
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Warton, Todd, Mr. Dunster and others, who have examined with minute attention these two earliest extant specimens of Milton's verse, find in them rhymes, images, and turns of expression which were almost certainly suggested by Sylvester, Spenser, Drummond, Drayton, Chaucer, Fairfax and Buchanan. Thus, in the second of the two, "golden-tressed sun" is either a version of Buchanan's "*solem auricomum*" in his Latin version of the same Psalm, or it is directly borrowed from Chaucer in *Troilus and Cresseide:*

"The golden-tressèd Phebus high on loft."

The phrase "Erythræan main" for the Red Sea is Sylvester's; and the word "ruddy," as applied to the waves of this "Erythræan," comes from him. "Warble forth," which sounds so quaintly in the last stanza but one, is also Sylvester's. The much-admired "tawny king" as a name for Pharaoh is traced by Todd to Fairfax's Tasso published in 1600:

"Conquer'd were all hot Afric's tawny kings."

Much of this criticism seems to us overstrained, and unfair to the young poet, who was quite capable of the "golden-tressed sun," and even of the "tawny king" for himself. Still the proof is clear that, in translating, he made free use of phrases lying before him in books, and also that, among

the English poets, Sylvester was the one whose rhymes and cadences dwelt most familiarly in his ear. The first of the two paraphrases is Sylvester all over. "Froth-becurled head" is quite in his manner; "recoil" and "foil," and "crush" and "gush," are among his stereotyped rhymes; the whole measure is Sylvester's; and these two lines, conspicuous for their dissyllabic endings, look as if Sylvester had written them:

> "Why fled the Ocean? And why skipt the Mountains?
> Why turnèd Jordan from his crystal fountains?"

Apart from the imitative faculty shown in the verses they have real poetic merit. They are clear, firmly-worded, and harmonious. Dr. Johnson's opinion of them, it is true, is not high: "They raise," he says, "no great expectations; they would in any numerous school have obtained praise, but not excited wonder." But Apollo himself, when at school, would hardly, we fancy, have "excited wonder" in paraphrasing a Psalm.

The young poet had, of course, his friends about him to whom he showed his first attempts in composition. It is certain, at least, that the younger Mr. Gill was not left in ignorance of these or any other contemporary efforts of his favourite pupil in his own metrical art. Young Gill, indeed, was the person who, at this time, stood most nearly in that position of literary Mentor to Milton, which Young had formerly occupied. Four years later, Milton, writing to him from College, and enclosing some compositions of that date for his inspection, compliments him as one whom he knows to be "a very severe judge in poetical matters, and a very candid critic, so far as he was concerned;"[1] and in the same letter he speaks of recollecting Gill's "almost constant conversations with him," and regrets being absent from one from whose society he had never once gone away "without a manifest accession of literary knowledge." Gill, as we shall see, was by no means the model of a man, as regarded either character or temper; but that he should have stood for a year or two in this relation to Milton, is something to his credit.

[1] Epist. Fam. 3.

Usually, however, an ingenuous boy has friends and acquaintances of his own age, with whom he exchanges confidence. Doubtless Milton had such among his schoolfellows at St. Paul's. His brother Christopher had entered the school, a boy of nine or ten, before he left it. Among his schoolfellows nearer his own age was Robert Pory or Porey, who became a clergyman, and was one of the prebendaries of St. Paul's in the year of the Restoration. He was probably Milton's form-fellow, for he left St. Paul's School for College along with Milton. But the schoolfellow between whom and Milton there existed the most affectionate intimacy was a youth named Charles Diodati.

As the name indicates, Diodati was of Italian extraction. The family had migrated originally from Lucca to Geneva on account of their Protestant opinions. Of two brothers born in Geneva, the younger, named Giovanni, remained there, and became eminent as a Reformed preacher and theologian. He was Professor of Hebrew in the University of Geneva and one of the pastors of the city; and he was the author of theological writings much admired in their day by the Calvinists of different countries, and still found in theological libraries. He was one of the leading foreign members of the Synod of Dort. His name is now best remembered in association with the Italian version of the Scriptures published by him in 1607, and known as Diodati's version. The elder brother of this Genevese divine, born in 1574 and named Theodore, had adopted the medical profession, and, coming over to England in early life, had there married an English lady of some fortune, and obtained good practice and considerable reputation as a physician. About the year 1609 he had a house at Brentford, and was in professional attendance on the heir-apparent, Prince Henry, and his sister the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards Queen of Bohemia; and a successful case of extraordinary phlebotomy which occurred there in his practice —60 ounces of blood drawn from a patient over seventy in three days—attracted much attention, and was afterwards thought worthy of scientific record.[1] But London was his

[1] The case was mentioned incorrectly in the first edition of Hakewill's *Apology*, published in 1627; and in the Appendix to the second edition,

usual place of abode; and here his son Charles was born in or about 1608. He was, therefore, almost exactly of the same age as Milton, or only a little older. In the routine of scholastic study, however, he had somewhat the start of Milton. He was sent at a very early age to St. Paul's School, whence he removed, in February 1621-2, to Trinity College, Oxford—the College to which the younger Gill belonged, and which he had only recently left. Notwithstanding this disparity, an intimacy had sprung up between the two youths much closer than is common even between lads of the same form.[1] Milton's allusions to their friendship in some of his subsequent letters show on what familiar terms it rested. He calls him "*pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput*" ("a heart attached to his, and his so faithful one"); also his "*lepidum sodalem*" ("sprightly companion"); and once, when Diodati, sending him some verses, asks for some in return in proof of continued affection, Milton protests that his love is too great to be conveyed in metre. From the tone of these allusions one fancies Diodati as a quick, amiable, intelligent youth, with something of his Italian descent visible in his face and manner. We also gather that he had a brother, with whom Milton was likewise acquainted. It is to be remembered, however, that during the last year or two of Milton's stay at school, Diodati was pursuing his studies at Oxford, so that their communications were necessarily less frequent then than they had been.[2]

At the close of the year 1624, or shortly after the foregoing Paraphrases of the Psalms were written, Milton too was ready for College. As it happened, however, it was not *his* departure, but that of another member of the family that was to cause the first break in the little household of Bread-street. While the poet had been receiving his lessons from Young and other domestic masters, and while he and his brother

published in 1630, Hakewill prints a letter from Diodati himself, dated September 30, 1629, giving the exact particulars.

[1] This intimacy of Milton with Diodati, who left St. Paul's School in 1621-2, is one of the circumstances which make it all but certain that Milton entered the school at least as early as 1620.

[2] For the foregoing facts respecting Diodati and his family, see chiefly Milton's Epist. Fam. 6 and 7, his Latin Elegies, 1 and 6, and his *Epitaphium Damonis;* also Todd's notes on the Elegies and Epitaph.

Christopher had been attending St. Paul's School, their sister Anne—the poet's senior by at least a year or two, and, it may be, by as many as five or six years—had grown up, under such education as was deemed suitable for her, into a young woman of from eighteen to two-and-twenty, and a very desirable match for somebody. Accordingly, almost daily during the year 1624, Milton finds in the house a certain Mr. Edward Philips, originally from Shrewsbury, but now for a considerable number of years resident in London, where he holds a very good situation in an important Government office—the Crown Office in Chancery. He had been "bred up" in this office, and at last (but probably not till after this date) "came to be Secondary of the office under old Mr. Bembo."[1] Philips is well known to the elder Milton both professionally and otherwise; and the younger Milton hears one day without surprise that he is the accepted suitor of his sister Anne. Some time towards the close of the year, as near as can be guessed, the marriage takes place,[2] the bride "having a considerable dowry given her by her father;" and the poet's sister, now Mrs. Philips, removes from Bread-street to a house of her own.

The marriage of the poet's sister does not seem to have taken place in the parish of Allhallows Bread-street; else, if Mr. Stocke himself had not performed the ceremony, it might have been performed by a curate whom he had then recently engaged to assist him in his declining years, and whose name was to be known in the Church of England long

[1] Life of Milton, by Philips. Respecting the duties of the ancient office of the Clerk of the Crown (abolished by stat. 2 and 3 William IV.) the following extract from Chamberlain's *Angliæ Notitiæ* for the year 1671, may be interesting:—"This office is of high importance. He (the Clerk of the Crown) is either by himself or deputy continually to attend the Lord Chancellor or Keeper of the Great Seal, for special matters of state, and hath a place in the higher House of Parliament. He makes all writs for summoning Parliaments, and also writs for new elections of members of the House of Commons, upon warrant directed to him by the Speaker, upon the death or removal of any member: also commissions of oyer and terminer, gaol-delivery, commissions of peace, and many other commissions distributing justice to His Majesty's subjects." The holder of this office at the time referred to in the text seems to have been the "old Mr. Bembo" mentioned by Philips; and the office of "Secondary," to which Philips's father ultimately attained under this gentleman, seems to have been that of Deputy—itself an important situation. It may have been useful to the scrivener in business to have a son-in-law in such a Government office.

[2] The authority for this approximate date will afterwards appear.

after Mr. Stocke's had been forgotten. This was the Rev. Brian Walton, the future Bishop, and Editor of the Polyglott Bible, then fresh from Cambridge, and about twenty-four years of age.[1] It is something in the early life of Milton that he must, if but for a few months, have seen the future Polyglott in the pulpit, and have heard him preach.

Passing from such matters as these, specially interesting to the household in Bread-street, into that larger world of political events within which this household, like every other in England, was for the time included, that which we find engrossing the public mind in 1623-4, is still the great business of the "Spanish match." We have seen with what disgust the English had regarded the apathy of James and Buckingham when James's son-in-law, the Elector-Palatine, was maintaining the Protestant cause against the Emperor; with what rage they saw the Elector crushed in the contest, deprived not only of the Bohemian kingdom, but of the Palatinate itself, and driven with his British-born wife into a mean exile in Holland. The feeling then was that, as the Palatinate had been lost from the want of timely assistance from England, the least that England could do was to labour for its recovery. This feeling broke out strongly in James's third parliament (1621-2), which, though refractory on every other point, showed a wonderful willingness to grant subsidies for the recovery of the Palatinate. But the king was very sluggish. The same reason which had kept him from moving in defence of the Palatinate—his desire, namely, to obtain the rich Spanish Infanta as a wife for his son Charles—prevented him from any sincere effort now. His Protestant theology was not proof against the chance of a Catholic daughter-in-law, whose dowry would be counted by millions. Judge, then, of the national horror when day by day the business of the Spanish match seemed to be approaching the dreaded conclusion, and especially when at last (Feb. 1622-3) Prince Charles, with the Marquis of Buckingham as his escort, set out secretly for the Continent, on his way to Madrid! For months after the departure of the prince, the country was full of sinister rumours.

[1] Wood's Fasti, II. 81.

It was rumoured that the court of Madrid were tampering with the faith of the prince. It was known that pledges had been given favourable to the Catholic religion in England. There seemed to be nothing between the English nation and that which they dreaded most—a repetition of the reign of Philip and Mary! What, then, were the rejoicings over England when it was suddenly announced, in the autumn of 1623, that the match had after all been broken off, and that the prince was on his way to England without the Infanta! What a surprise, what a release! In September, 1623, the prince did return; during that month and the next England knew no bounds to joy; and in February 1623-4, a new parliament met, to congratulate the king on the rupture with Spain, and to urge him to make the rupture complete by declaring war. The king, old and feeble, reluctantly consented. What mattered it that the levies, to the number of 12,000, were of no avail; that they died of pestilence on board their ships, without being able to land on any part of the Continent? What mattered it, that the prince, free from his engagements to one Catholic princess, was about to marry another—the Princess Henrietta-Maria, youngest sister of the reigning French king, Louis XIII.? Was not this princess the daughter of the great Henry IV, once the hero of the French Huguenots, and who, though he had embraced Catholicism in order to secure the crown, had all his reign (1593-1610) governed France on Protestant rather than Catholic methods? French Catholicism with all its faults was a different thing from Spanish Catholicism! One only result, ominous as regarded the future, remained out of all the agitations of the last few years. Puritanism had possessed itself of more and more of the heart of the English people; and, even within the bounds of Parliament, men had begun to distinguish themselves by name into the *Court Party*, who thought of the king, and the *Country Party*, who thought of the nation.

Such was the main current of national events during the four or five years of Milton's life which were spent at St. Paul's School (1620-1625). Of the hundreds of smaller contemporary events, each a topic of nine days' interest to the

English people in general or the people of London in particular, a few may be selected by way of sample :—

1620-21, *March* 15 (the Poet in his thirteenth year). Proceedings in Parliament against Lord Chancellor Bacon for bribery: issuing in his conviction and confession, and his sentence to be dismissed from office, to be disqualified for ever for the King's service, to be banished beyond the precincts of the Court, to pay a fine of £40,000, and to be imprisoned in the Tower during the King's pleasure. The heavier portions of the sentence were immediately remitted; but Bacon retired a disgraced and ruined man.

1621, *July*. Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, accidentally kills a gamekeeper with an arrow at a deer-hunt. As the Archbishop was favourable to the Puritans a great deal was made of the accident at Court. It was even debated whether, as having shed man's blood, he was not incapacitated for his sacred office.

1623 : *Sunday, Oct.* 26 (the Poet in his sixteenth year). Great commotion caused in London by the "Fatal Vespers in Blackfriars"—that is, by the fall of a building in that district where a congregation of Catholics had met to celebrate mass. Upwards of a hundred persons were killed; and, as the public feeling against the Catholics and the Spanish match was then at its height, the accident was regarded as a judgment of God upon the hated sect. In the interest of this view, it was noted by the curious that the day—the 26th of October—was the 5th of November in the Papal reckoning. No one was more ferocious on the occasion than young Gill, among whose Latin poems there is one expressly describing the incident. It is entitled *In ruinam Cameræ Papisticæ Londini,* and here are a few of the lines :

> Est locus ab atris qui vetus Fraterculis
> Traxisse nomen fertur : hic Satanas modò
> Habuit sacellum : Huc, proprio infortunio,
> Octobris in vicesimo et sexto die
> (Atqui, secundùm computum Papisticum,
> Quinto Novembris), turba Catholica frequens
> Confluxit.[1] * * *

"Be not elated," says Gill in continuation, addressing the Catholics whom he imagines assembled in the crazy tenement; "though our benignant Prince sees fit to let you meet for your idolatrous worship, God himself takes his cause in hand! Just while the Jesuit is getting on fluently with his oration, and pouring out his vituperations of the orthodox and his welcome blasphemies, crash goes the framework of the house, and where are you?"

1623, *Nov.* 9. The great scholar Camden dies. As was usual on such occasions, obituary verses were written by the pupils and other admirers of the deceased; and a volume of such by Oxford

[1] Gill's *Poetici Conatus,* 1632.

scholars, was published shortly afterwards under the title of "*Camdeni Insignia*" (Oxon. 1624). One of the pieces contained in it was a set of Latin Alcaics by Charles Diodati, of Trinity College. Here are two of the stanzas, as a specimen:

"Sed nec brevis te Sarcophagus teget,
Camdene, totum; multaque pars tui
Vitabit umbras, et superstes
Fama per omne vigebit ævum.

Donec Britannûm spumeus alluet
Neptunus oras, dumque erit Anglia
Ab omnibus divisa terris,
Magna tui monumenta vivent."

1624-5, *January and February* (the Poet just beginning his seventeenth year). As *events* of these months we may mention two fresh "poetic efforts" of young Gill. The one is a Latin poem sent on the 1st of January to Thomas Farnabie the schoolmaster, "along with a skin of Canary wine" ("*cum utre vini Canarii pleno*"). The other, still more characteristic, is a poem addressed to his father, old Mr. Gill, on his sixtieth birthday ("*In parentis mei natalem cum ipse sexagesimum ætatis annum compleret*"), Feb. 27, 1624-5. Here are a few of the lines:

"Forte aliquis dicet patrios me inquirere in annos;
Nec desunt tibi qui vellerent suadere senectæ
Quod mihi longa tuæ rupendaque fila videntur.
Si tamen est Numen, quod nos auditque videtque,
Explorans justo trepidas examine fibras;
Si meus es genitor; si sum tua vera propago;
Si parte ex aliquâ similis tibi forte patrizo;
Si credis primum me te fecisse parentem;
Si speras, manibus junctis et poplite flexo,
Quod mea te soboles primo decorabit aviti
Nomine; mitte, precor, vanas de pectore curas,
Atque mei posthac securus vive malignâ
Suspicione procul. Nam tristes cur ego patris
Promittam exsequias? mihi quid tua funera prosint?
Quas mihi divitias, quæ culta novalia linques?"[1]

In plain English thus:—"Perchance some one will tell you that I am speculating on my father's age; nor are kind friends wanting who would wish to persuade you that I think the thread of your life rather long spun out already and quite fit for breaking. But if there is a God who both sees and hears us, searching with just scrutiny our trembling fibres; if thou art indeed my father; if I am thy true offspring; if in anything I take after you; if you believe that I first made you a parent; if you hope, with joined hands and bent knee, that my offspring will first decorate you with

[1] Gill's *Poetici Conatus*, 1632.

the name of grandfather; throw vain cares aside, and henceforth let all suspicion of me be far from you. For why should I look forward to the melancholy obsequies of my father? What good would your death do me? What riches, what cultivated acres will you leave me?"

A comfortable kind of letter, truly, for a father to receive from his son on his sixtieth birthday! It is clear that old Mr. Gill and his son were not on the best of terms, and it is also tolerably clear which was in fault. The schoolmaster, we may mention, had other sons. Meanwhile, as far as Milton is concerned, we have been anticipating a little. Fully a fortnight before Mr. Gill received the above delicate missive from his son, Milton had taken his leave, as a pupil, both of father and son, and had begun his College-life at Cambridge.

CHAPTER IV.

CAMBRIDGE.

1625—1632.

MILTON was admitted a Pensioner of Christ's College, Cambridge, on the 12th of February, 1624-5.[1] He was one of fourteen students whose names appear in the entry-book of the College as having been admitted during the half-year between Michaelmas 1624 and Lady-day 1625. The following is the list of these fourteen, translated from the entry-book:[2]—

Catalogue of the Students who were admitted into Christ's College from Michaelmas 1624 *to Lady-day* 1625 *: Arthur Scott, Prælector.*

Richard Pegge, native of Derby, son of Jonas Pegge; initiated in the rudiments of grammar in the public school of Aderston, under the care of Mr. Bedford, master of the same; was admitted a sizar, Oct. 24, 1624, under Mr. Cooke, and paid entrance-fee *5s.*

Edward Donne, native of London, son of Marmaduke Donne, Presbyter; was admitted first into St. John's College under the tutorship of Mr. Horsmanden, and there, for two years, more or less, studied letters; thereafter transferred himself to our College, was admitted a lesser pensioner under the tutorship of Mr. Gell, and paid entrance-fee 10*s.*

Thomas Chote, native of Essex, son of Thomas Chote, admitted a lesser pensioner under Mr. Gell, Nov. 1624, and paid entrance-fee 10*s.*

Richard Britten, native of Essex, son of William Britten, admitted a sizar Dec. 21, 1624, under Mr. Gell, and paid entrance-fee *5s.*

[1] It may be well here to remind the reader of the reason for this double mode of dating. Prior to 1752, the year in England was considered to begin, not on the first of January, but on the 25th of March. All those days, therefore, intervening between the 31st of December and the 25th of March, which we should now date as belonging to a particular year, were then dated as belonging to the year preceding that. According to *our* dating, Milton's entry at Christ's College took place on the 12th of Feb. 1625; but in the *old* reckoning that day was the 12th of Feb. 1624.

[2] From a copy kindly furnished me by Mr. Wolstenholme, present Fellow and Tutor of Christ's College. In each case, the school in which the intrant had been previously educated is specified, and the schoolmaster's name given, as in the first entry. Save in one or two cases I have omitted these items.

— Robinson. [As there is no farther entry opposite this name, Robinson must have failed to reappear.]

Richard Earle, native of Lincoln, son of Augustine Earle, admitted a greater pensioner Jan. 11, 1624, aged 16, under the tutorship of Mr. Chappell, and paid entrance-fee 20*s.*

Robert Ellis, native of Essex, son of Robert Ellis, admitted a sizar Feb. 3, 1624, under Mr. Knowesly, and paid entrance-fee 5*s.*

John Milton, native of London, son of John Milton; was initiated in the elements of letters under Mr. Gill, master of St. Paul's School; was admitted a lesser pensioner Feb. 12, 1624, under Mr. Chappell, and paid entrance-fee 10*s.* (Johannes Milton, Londinensis, filius Johannis, institutus fuit in literarum elementis sub M^ro^ Gill, Gymnasii Paulini præfecto; admissus est pensionarius minor Feb. 12, 1624, sub M^ro^ Chappell, solvitque pro ingressu 10*s.*)

Robert Pory, native of London, son of Robert Pory; imbibed the rudiments of letters in St. Paul's public school under the care of Mr. Gill, head-master of the same; was admitted a lesser pensioner under the tutorship of Mr. Chappell, Feb. 28, 1624, and paid entrance-fee 10*s.*

Philip Smith, native of Northampton, son of Thomas Smith, admitted a sizar under Mr. Sandelands, March 2, 1624, and paid entrance-fee 5*s.*

Thomas Baldwin, native of Suffolk, son of James Baldwin, admitted a lesser pensioner March 4, 1624, under Mr. Alsop, and paid entrance-fee 10*s.*

Roger Rutley, native of Suffolk, son of Richard Rutley, admitted at the same time and under the same tutor, a lesser pensioner, and paid entrance-fee 10*s.*

Edward Freshwater, native of Essex, son of Richard Freshwater, admitted a lesser pensioner March 8, 1624, under Mr. Chappell, and paid entrance-fee 10*s.*

William Jackson, native of Kent, son of William Jackson, admitted a lesser pensioner March 14, 1624, under the charge of Mr. Scott, and paid entrance-fee 10*s.*

In the remaining half of the same academic year—namely, from Lady-Day to Michaelmas 1625—there were thirty fresh entries. Milton, therefore, was one of forty-three students who commenced their academic course at Christ's College in the year 1624-5.

It will be noted that eight of the students in the above list enter as "lesser pensioners," four as "sizars," and but one as a "greater pensioner." The distinction is one of rank. All the three grades pay for their board and education; and, in

this respect, are distinct from the *scholars*, properly so called, who belong to the foundation. But the "greater pensioners" or "fellow-commoners" pay most; they are usually the sons of wealthy families; and they have the privilege of dining at the upper table in the common hall along with the fellows. The "sizars," on the other hand, are poorer students; they pay least; and, though receiving the same education as the others, have a lower rank, and inferior accommodation. Intermediate between the greater pensioners and the sizars are the "lesser pensioners;" and it is to this class that the bulk of the students in all the Colleges at Cambridge belong. Milton, as the son of a London scrivener in good circumstances, took his natural place in becoming a "lesser pensioner." His schoolfellow Robert Pory, who entered the College in the same year and month, and chose the same tutor, entered in the same rank. Milton's father and Pory's father must have made up their minds, in sending their sons to Cambridge, to pay, each about £50 a-year in the money of that day, for the expenses of their maintenance there.[1]

Why the elder Milton chose Christ's College in Cambridge, or, indeed, why he chose Cambridge University at all rather than Oxford, for the education of his son, does not appear. Then, as now, Christ's College stood, in respect of numbers, not at the head of the sixteen Colleges included in the University, but only near the head. The following is a list of the sixteen as they stood in respect of numbers in the year 1621:—

1. *Trinity College* (founded 1546): had on the foundation 1 master, 60 fellows, 68 scholars, 4 chaplains or conducts, 3 public professors, 13 poor scholars, 1 master of choristers, 6 clerks, 10 choristers, and 20 almsmen; these, together with the remaining students and others not on the foundation, and officers and servants of the College, making a total of 440

[1] Milton seems not to have had any of those exhibitions—some of "ten pounds a year for seven years," Strype tells us—which the Mercers' Company, as patrons of St. Paul's School, had in their gift to bestow on deserving pupils of the school. In the autobiography of Sir Simonds D'Ewes, he tells us that, when he went as a fellow-commoner to St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1618, his father would not make him a larger allowance than £50 a year, which, with the utmost economy, he could barely make sufficient. If this was a stingy sum for a "fellow-commoner," it was probably about the proper sum for a "lesser pensioner."

2. *St. John's College* (founded 1511): 1 master, 54 fellows, and 84 scholars; these, together with non-foundation students, &c., making a total of 370

3. *Christ's College* (founded 1505): 1 master, 13 fellows, and 55 scholars; these, together with students, &c. making a total of 265

4. *Emanuel College* (founded 1584): 1 master, 14 fellows, 50 scholars, and 10 poor scholars; these, together with students, &c., making a total of 260

5. *Queens' College* (founded 1446): 1 president, 19 fellows, 23 scholars, 8 bible-clerks, and 3 lecturers; these, together with the students, &c., making a total of . 230

6. *Gonville and Caius College* (founded 1348): 1 master, 25 fellows, 1 conduct, 61 scholars; these, together with students, &c., making a total of 180

7. *Clare Hall* (founded 1326): 1 master, 17 fellows, and 36 scholars; these, together with students, &c., making a total of 144

8. *Peter House* (founded 1257): 1 master, 17 fellows, and 21 scholars and bible-clerks; these, together with students, &c., making a total of 140

9. *Pembroke College* (founded 1343): 1 master, — fellows, and — scholars; these, together with students, &c., making a total of 140

10. *King's College* (founded 1441): had, on the foundation, 1 provost, 70 fellows and scholars, 3 chaplains or conducts, 1 master of choristers, 6 clerks, 16 choristers, 6 poor scholars, 13 senior fellows' servitors, and a few others, making a total of. 140

11. *Sidney Sussex College* (founded 1598): 1 master, 12 fellows, and 29 scholars; these, together with students, &c., making a total of 140

12. *Corpus Christi College*, or *Benet College* (founded 1351): 1 master, 12 fellows, and 14 scholars; these, with students, &c., making a total of 140

13. *Jesus College* (founded 1496): 1 master, 16 fellows, and 22 scholars; these, together with students, &c., making a total of 120

14. *Magdalen College* (founded 1519): 1 master, 10 fellows, and 20 scholars; these, with students, &c., making a total of 90

15. *Catharine Hall* (founded 1475): 1 master, 6 fellows, and 8 scholars; these, together with students, &c., making a total of 56

16. *Trinity Hall* (founded 1350): 1 master, 12 fellows, and 14 scholars; these, with students, &c., making a total of 56

Total No. in all the Colleges[1] 2911

From this list it appears that Christ's College, if not the largest of the Colleges in Cambridge, was far from being the smallest. Its reputation fully corresponded with its rank and proportions. Among the eminent men whom it had sent forth it could count the Reformer Latimer, and the antiquary Leland (himself a pupil of St. Paul's School), several distinguished prelates of the sixteenth century, Harington, the translator of Ariosto, and the heroic Sir Philip Sidney. It appears still to have kept up its reputation as a place of sound learning. "It may without flattery be said of this House," says Fuller, "'Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all,' if we consider the many divines who in so short a time have here had their education." At all events, it was one of the most comfortable Colleges in the University; substantially built; with a spacious inner quadrangle, a handsome dining-hall and chapel, good rooms for the fellows and students, and an extensive garden behind, provided with a bowling-green, a pond, alcoves, and shady walks, in true academic taste.

In the year 1624-5, when Milton went to Cambridge, the total population of the town may have been seven or eight thousand.[2] Then, as now, the distinction between "town" and "gown" was one of the fixed ideas of the place. While the town was governed by its mayor and aldermen, and common-council, and represented in Parliament by two burgesses, the University was governed by its own statutes as adminis-

[1] The table has been compiled chiefly from a MS. volume in the British Museum (Add. MS. No. 11,720) entitled "The Foundation of the University of Cambridge, &c." prepared in 1621 by John Scott of Cambridge, notary public —apparently one of a number of copies presented to the heads of Colleges. This particular copy was the presentation copy of Dr. Richardson, Head of Trinity College, and was purchased for the Museum in 1840.

[2] In 1622 the total number of students of all degrees in the University, with the College officials, &c., was 3050. (Cooper's Annals, II. p. 148.)

tered by the Academic authorities, and was represented in Parliament by two members returned by itself. The following is a list of the chief authorities and office-bearers of the University in the year 1624-5 :—

Chancellor : Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, elected 1614.
High Steward : Sir Edward Coke, the great lawyer, elected 1614.
Vice-Chancellor of the Year : Dr. John Mansell, Head of Queens' College.
Proctors of the Year : William Boswell of Jesus College, and Thomas Bould of Pembroke.

Heads of Colleges in 1624-5.

1. *Peter House :* Dr. Leonard Mawe, Master ; elected 1617 ; a Suffolk-man by birth ; educated at Peterhouse ; appointed Regius Professor of Theology in 1607 ; had afterwards been chaplain to Prince Charles, and had accompanied him to Spain ; at a later period (1625) was transferred to the mastership of Trinity College, and ultimately (1628) became Bishop of Bath and Wells, in which dignity he died, 1629.[1]
2. *Clare Hall :* Dr. Thomas Paske, Master ; elected 1621.
3. *Pembroke College :* Dr. Jerome Beale, Master ; elected 1618, and held office till 1630.
4. *Gonville and Caius College :* John Gostlin, M.D., Master (this being one of the few Colleges where custom did not require the Master to be a Doctor of Divinity) ; elected 1618 ; a Norwich-man by birth ; educated at Caius ; admitted M.D. 1602 ; afterwards Regius Professor of Physic in the University ; was Vice-Chancellor of the University in 1618-19, and again in 1625-6, in which year he died. "He was," says Fuller, "a great scholar, eloquent Latinist, and rare physician ;" "a strict man in keeping and magistrate in pressing the statutes of college and university"—in illustration of which Fuller says that in his Vice-Chancellorship it was penal for any scholar to appear in boots.[2]
5. *Trinity Hall :* Clement Corbet, LL.D., Master ; elected 1611, and held office till 1626.
6. *Corpus Christi*, or *Benet College :* Dr. Samuel Walsall, Master ; elected 1618, and held office till his death in 1626.
7. *King's College :* Dr. Samuel Collins, Provost ; elected 1615 ; a Buckinghamshire-man by birth ; educated at Eton and then at Cambridge, at King's College ; presented to the living of Braintree in Essex, 1610 ; King's Professor of Divinity at Cambridge 1617, and afterwards Prebendary of Ely and parson of Somersham. He died in 1661. According to Fuller, he was "one of an admirable

[1] Fuller's Worthies ; Suffolk : and Wood's Fasti, I. 282.
[2] Fuller's Worthies ; Norwich : and Wood's Fasti, I. 350.

wit and memory, the most fluent Latinist of our age, so that, as Caligula is said to have sent his soldiers vainly to fight against the tide, with the same success have any encountered the torrent of his tongue in disputation." From what Fuller says farther, Collins seems to have been specially popular as a man of eccentric and witty ways. He was also known as a polemical author.[1]

8. *Queens' College:* Dr. John Mansell, President; elected 1622, and held office till 1631.

9. *Catharine Hall:* Dr. John Hills, Master; elected 1614, and held office till his death in 1626.

10. *Jesus College:* Dr. Roger Andrews, Master; elected 1618, and held office till 1632.

11. *Christ's College:* Dr. Thomas Bainbrigge, Master; elected 1620, and held office till 1645; of whom more hereafter.

12. *St. John's College:* Dr. Owen Gwynne, Master; elected 1612, and held office till his death in 1633. He was a Welshman by birth; had been a Fellow of St. John's; and vicar of East Ham in Essex from 1605 to 1611. In 1622 he was preferred to the archdeaconry of Huntingdon, then vacant by the promotion of Laud to the bishopric of St. David's. The College, Baker says, was very much mismanaged in his time, though it had the good fortune to send forth during his prefecture three alumni no less famous than the Earl of Strafford, Lord Fairfax, and Lord Falkland. He left, says Baker, nothing to the College but his name; and "that adds little lustre to our annals."[2]

13. *Magdalen College:* Barnaby Gooch, LL.D. Master; elected in 1604, and held office till his death in 1625-6.

14. *Trinity College:* Dr. John Richardson, Master; elected 1615, and held office till his death in 1625: succeeded by Mawe.

15. *Emanuel College:* Dr. John Preston, Master; elected 1622, and held office till his death in 1628. Of all the heads of Colleges this was the one whose presence in Cambridge was the most impressive. Born in Northamptonshire in 1587, Preston was admitted a student of King's College, Cambridge, in 1604, and afterwards removed to Queens' College, of which he became a fellow in 1609. "Before he commenced M.A.," says Fuller, "he was so far from eminency as but a little above contempt: thus the most generous wines are the most muddy before they fine. Soon after, his skill in philosophy rendered him to the most general respect of the University." He had, during the earlier part of his College-life, "received some religious impressions" from a sermon by a Puritan preacher, which had the effect of making him all his life a tenacious adherent of the Calvinistic theology and Puritan church-forms. When King James first visited Cambridge in 1614 Mr. Preston was appointed to dispute

[1] Fuller's Worthies; Bucks: and Wood's Ath. II. 663-4. Also Hacket's "Life of Archbishop Williams," 1692, part I. p. 26.

[2] Wood's Fasti, I. 375; and Baker's MS. History of St. John's College (Harl. MS. 7036), which contains a detailed account of Gwynne.

before him, and he acquitted himself so wonderfully that his preferment in the Church would have been certain "had not his inclinations to Puritanism been a bar in his way." As it was, he devoted himself to an academical life; making it his business to train up the young men committed to him in the principles of Puritanism, and so, as well as by the Puritan tone of his public lectures and sermons, becoming conspicuous in a University where most of the heads and seniors tended the other way. "He was," says Fuller, "the greatest pupil-monger in England in man's memory, having sixteen fellow-commoners (most heirs to fair estates) admitted in one year at Queens' College. As William the Popular of Nassau was said to have won a subject from the King of Spain to his own party every time he put off his hat, so was it commonly said in the College that every time when Master Preston plucked off his hat to Dr. Davenant the College-master, he gained a chamber or study for one of his pupils." When he was chosen Master of Emanuel in 1622, he was still under forty; and he was then made D.D. He carried most of his pupils from Queens' to Emanuel with him; and, as Master of Emanuel, he kept up the reputation of that house as the most Puritanical in the University. Holding such a post, and possessing such a reputation, it was natural that he should be regarded by the Puritans of England as their leading man; and accordingly he was selected by the Duke of Buckingham as the medium through whom the Puritans were to be managed. "Whilst any hope," says Fuller, "none but Doctor Preston with the Duke; set up and extolled; and afterwards set by and neglected, when found useless to the intended purpose." During the days of his favour at Court he had been appointed chaplain to Prince Charles. When Milton went to Cambridge the eclipse of the Puritan Doctor's fortunes as a courtier had begun; but he was still at the height of his reputation with the Puritans—none the less that he was reported to have stood firm against the temptation of a bishopric. He also still held the important position of Trinity lecturer; and this position, together with that of Preacher at Lincoln's Inn, enabled him to promulgate his opinions almost as authoritatively as if he had been a bishop. Had he lived longer it is probable he would have played a still more important part in English history. Summing up his character, Fuller says, "He was a perfect politician, and used, lapwing-like, to flutter most on that place which was farthest from his eggs. He had perfect command of his passion, with the Caspian Sea never ebbing nor flowing, and would not alter his composed face for all the whipping which satirical wits bestowed upon him. He never had wife, nor cure of souls, and, leaving a plentiful, but no invidious estate, died A.D. 1628, July 20." He left not a few writings.[1]

[1] Fuller's Worthies; Northamptonshire: and Church History, *sub anno* 1628; also Wood's Fasti, I. 333; and Neal's Hist. of the Puritans, II. 193 et seq. Fuller was himself a student of Queens' College, before Preston had left it for Emanuel.

16. *Sidney Sussex College:* Dr. Samuel Ward, Master; elected 1609, and held office till his death in 1643. He was a native of the county of Durham; became a scholar of Christ's College, Cambridge, and then a fellow of Emanuel; whence he was preferred to the Mastership of Sidney Sussex. In 1621 he was appointed Margaret Professor of Divinity; which office he held along with his Mastership. He was a learned man, and was reputed to be of Puritan leanings till Puritanism came into the ascendant. Fuller, who had known him as a pupil, gives this description of him in comparison with his contemporary Collins of King's: "Yet was he a Moses not only for slowness of speech, but, otherwise, meekness of nature. Indeed, when, in my private thoughts I have beheld him and Dr. Collins (disputable whether more different or more eminent in their endowments), I could not but remember the running of Peter and John to the place where Christ was buried. In which race John came first, as the youngest and swiftest, to the grave; but Peter first entered into the grave. Doctor Collins had much the speed of him in quickness of parts; but let me say (nor doth the relation of a pupil misguide me) the other pierced the deeper into the underground and profound points of Divinity."[1]

Besides the above-named sixteen men (or, including the Proctors, eighteen), with whose physiognomies and figures Milton must necessarily have become acquainted within the first month or two of his residence at the University, we are able to mention a few others of the Cambridge notabilities of the time, with whom he must, ocularly at least, have soon become familiar.

There was Mr. Tabor of Corpus Christi, the Registrar of the University, who had held that office since 1600. There was old Mr. Andrew Downes, Fellow of St. John's, Regius Professor of Greek in the University, "an extraordinarily tall man, with a long face and a ruddy complexion and a very quick eye;" always rather slovenly and eccentric in his habits, and now somewhat doting (he told one of his pupils confidentially that the word *cat* was derived from *καίω*, "I burn"), but with the reputation of being "a walking library" and a prodigy in Greek.[2] There was Mr. Robert Metcalfe, a Fellow of John's since 1606, and now Regius Professor of Hebrew. As Public Orator of the University, there was a man of no less mark than George Herbert, the poet,[3] already

[1] Hist. of Univ. of Camb. *sub anno* 1641-2.

[2] Fuller's Hist. of Univ. of Camb.

[3] Walton's Life of Herbert.

an object of general admiration on account of his genius and the elegant sanctity of his life, though his fame as an English poet was yet to be acquired. He had formerly held for a year (1618-19) the office of Prælector of Rhetoric; and had then rather astonished the University by selecting for analysis and comment, not an oration of Demosthenes or Cicero, as was usual, but an oration of King James, whereof "he shewed the concinnity of the parts, the propriety of the phrase, the height and power of it to move the affections, the style utterly unknown to the Ancients, who could not conceive what true kingly eloquence was, in respect of which these noted Demagogi were but hirelings and triobulary rhetoricians."[1] Now, however, he was generally with the Court, either at London or elsewhere, and only visited Cambridge when his duties as Public Orator called him thither specially. More permanent residents at Cambridge were Mr. Thomas Thornton, Fellow of St. John's, who had been appointed the first Lecturer in Logic on the recent foundation of a Lectureship in that science by Lord Maynard (1620);[2] and the still more distinguished Mr. Abraham Whelock, Fellow of Clare Hall, Keeper of the public library, and one of the preachers of the town—already known as a Saxon scholar and a profound Orientalist, in which latter capacity he was selected, some eight years later, as the first holder of a Professorship of Arabic then instituted. Whelock was a Shropshire man. He afterwards assisted Walton in his Polyglott.

Passing to those who, without holding University offices, were yet publicly known in 1624-5 as distinguished fellows of their several Colleges, we might have a pretty numerous list. Peterhouse, of which Mawe was master, does not furnish at the moment any under this class deserving of note; for Brian Walton, who had been a student of this College, had just left it without having held a fellowship. In Clare Hall under Paske, the most eminent fellows, besides Whelock, were, Dr. Richard Love, afterwards Dean of Ely and Master of Corpus Christi College; Dr. Augustine Lindsell, especially learned in Jewish antiquities, afterwards successively Dean of

[1] Cooper's Annals of Cambridge, III. 125. [2] Ibid. 135.

Lichfield, Bishop of Peterborough, and Bishop of Hereford; and Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Humphrey Henchman, who after the Restoration was successively Bishop of Salisbury and Bishop of London. In Pembroke Hall, under the mastership of Beale, Fellows of eminence were Dr. Matthew Wren, afterwards Master of Peterhouse and Bishop of Hereford and of Ely; Mr. (subsequently Dr.) Benjamin Laney, who, succeeding Beale as Master, was ejected in 1644, restored at the Restoration, and promoted successively to the sees of Peterborough, Lincoln, and Ely; and Mr. (subsequently Dr.) Ralph Brownrigg, afterwards Master of Catharine Hall, and finally Bishop of Exeter. In Caius, under the prefecture of Gostlin, no Fellow can be mentioned as of particular note at this epoch; the College resting, for the time, on the fame of pupils it had recently sent forth into the world, including the anatomist Harvey and the physician Glisson. Trinity Hall, under Dr. Corbet, was in a similar predicament. In Corpus Christi, under Walsall, the most distinguished men were Dr. Henry Butts, Walsall's successor, two years afterwards, in the mastership; and Mr. (subsequently Dr.) Richard Sterne, afterwards Head of Jesus College, Bishop of Carlisle, and ultimately Archbishop of York. King's, under the provostship of Collins, no longer had among its Fellows, its ornament, the mathematician Oughtred, who was then living as a clergyman in Surrey; but it had Dr. Thomas Goade, the son of one of its former Provosts; Mr. (subsequently Dr.) William Gouge, afterwards a famous Puritan minister and member of the Westminster Assembly, and Ralph Winterton, an able Bachelor of Physic, subsequently Doctor and Regius Professor of Medicine in the University. A name of some consequence among the seniors of Queen's, now that its magnate Preston had left it, was that of Dr. John Towers, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough. In Catharine Hall, under Dr. Hills, the most eminent men seem to have been John Arrowsmith and William Spurstow, both afterwards distinguished as Puritan divines. In Jesus College, under Dr. Roger Andrews, besides William Boswell, one of the Proctors of the year, and afterwards Sir William Boswell, there were Mr. (afterwards Dr.) William Beale, who succeeded

Dr. Gwynne as Master of St. John's, and Thomas Westfield, afterwards Bishop of Bristol. In the great College of St. John's, over which Dr. Gwynne presided, the Fellows of greatest note, besides Metcalfe, the Professor of Hebrew, were Dr. Richard Sibbes, who succeeded Hills as Master of Catharine Hall; Daniel Horsmanden, and Daniel Ambrose, both tutors of the College; and Richard Holdsworth, a man unusually respected as a tutor, and who became afterwards Master of Emanuel and Dean of Worcester. Magdalen College presents at the time no name of note. In Trinity College, then the rival of St. John's in the University, we find Robert Creighton, a Scotchman of high reputation for learning, afterwards the successor of Herbert as Public Orator, and of Downes as the Professor of Greek; James Duport, also subsequently Professor of Greek, and Master of Magdalen; Dr. Thomas Comber, afterwards Master of Trinity; and Charles Chauncy, afterwards eminent as a Puritan preacher. Of Emanuel College the Fellow and Tutor most in repute seems to have been a Mr. Thomas Horton; and of Sidney Sussex (where Oliver Cromwell had been a student for a short time about eight years before, and where Cromwell's tutor, Mr. Richard Howlett, still resided) a certain learned Mr. Paul Micklethwaite.[1]

Such were some of the most conspicuous Dons of their several Colleges at the time when Milton's acquaintance with Cambridge commenced. In each College, however, under these, there was, of course, its own particular crowd of younger men, already more or less advanced in their University course before Milton began his. Three aristocratic scholars of whom we hear as pursuing their studies at this time, were James Stuart Duke of Lennox, of the blood-royal, now a popular Alumnus of Trinity College; young Lord Wriothesly of St. John's, son of Shakespeare's Earl of Southampton; and young Sir Dudley North, also of St. John's, son of Lord North of Kirtling. Among men similarly in advance of Milton in

[1] The names have been gathered out of Cooper's Annals of Cambridge, the Cambridge Collections of Verses, a portion of Baker's MSS., Drake Morris's MS. Lives of Illustrious Cantabs. (Harl. 7176), Wood's Athenæ and Fasti, Fuller's Worthies, and the Lives of Nicholas Ferrar and Matthew Robinson, recently edited with notes by Mr. Mayor.

their respective Colleges, and who were to be afterwards distinguished as scholars or divines, the following may be named—Henry Ferne, then a student in Trinity College, in the fifth year of his course, afterwards Master of the same College and Bishop of Chester; Edmund Castell, then a student of Emanuel, in the fourth year of his course, afterwards Whelock's successor as Professor of Arabic in the University, Prebendary of Canterbury, an assistant of Walton in his Polyglott, and one of the most laborious Orientalists of his age; Robert Mapletoft, then a student of Queen's, in his third or fourth year, afterwards a distinguished Fellow and Tutor of that College, and Master of Pembroke Hall; and, best known of all, Thomas Fuller, the Church-Historian and wit, then also a student of Queen's, and in the fifth year of his course. To these may be added Edward Rainbow, who entered Magdalen College as a student in the very year in which Milton entered Christ's, and who was afterwards Master of his College, and Bishop of Carlisle. Lastly, not to multiply names, there were then at the University two youths, both only a little older than Milton, who were, like him, to take their places as poets in English literature—Edmund Waller, then a student of King's, and Thomas Randolph, who had been admitted to Trinity College on an exhibition from Westminster School in the year 1623.

In the preceding account next to nothing has been said of the particular College in the University with which Milton was immediately connected. The following details will supply the defect.

The Head, or Master, of Christ's College, at the time when Milton joined it, was, as has been already stated, a certain Dr. Thomas Bainbrigge, who had held that office since 1620. The chief fact in this person's life seems to have been that he *was* Master of Christ's; for very little else is to be ascertained concerning him. According to Cole,[1] he "was descended out of the north" of a family which gave several others of the

[1] Cole's MSS. vol. XX. p. 65, and Athenæ Cantab., in Brit. Mus.

same name to the English Church. According to the same authority, he had not "any other preferment before he became Master of Christ's;" and his election to that post was owing rather to the circumstance of his having been Vice-master under the previous head, Dr. Valentine Cary, than to any special merit. On other evidence Cole is inclined to add that, if he did not obtain farther preferment, it was not from any lack of "sufficient obsequiousness." Within his jurisdiction, however, Bainbrigge had the reputation of being "a severe governor." He survived till September, 1646.

If Christ's College was not very eminent in its Master, it was tolerably fortunate in its Fellows. The names of its thirteen Fellows at this time, as nearly as possible in the order of their seniority, were, William Power, William Siddall, William Chappell, Joseph Meade, John Knowsley, Michael Honeywood, Francis Cooke, Nathaniel Tovey, Arthur Scott, Robert Gell, John Alsop, — Simpson, and Andrew Sandelands.[1] All of these were either Bachelor o Divinity or Masters of Arts. Several of them were or became men of some mark in the Church. Honeywood, for example, who was of a distinguished and very numerous family, died, Dean of Lincoln, as late as 1681, leaving an unusually fine library and some fame as a scholar. Gell, whose popularity as a tutor appears from his getting for his pupils three of the fourteen students admitted in the same half-year with Milton, became afterwards Rector of the Parish of St. Mary Aldermary, London; which living he held through the Protectorate with the reputation of being a learned man, but of somewhat mystical notions, and too fond of "turning Scripture into allegories." He died in 1665, leaving some foolish sermons on astrological and apocalyptic topics, and a mass of commentaries on Scripture, which

[1] This list has been drawn up from a comparison of four lists before me—one is Cole's MSS. Brit. Mus. vol. XX. p. 64, enumerating the Fellows of Christ's in 1618; another by Scott (Add. MS. Brit. Mus. 11,720), enumerating the Fellows in 1621; a third which I found in an original document pasted by Baker into one of his MS. volumes (Harl. 7036, p. 143), and containing the signatures of the Master and Fellows of Christ's in 1637; and the fourth furnished me by Mr. Wolstenholme, present Fellow and Tutor of Christ's, enumerating those who were Fellows of the College "during all or some part of Milton's time there." The four lists, checking each other, enable me to determine—I think, precisely—who were Fellows in 1624-5, and also (at least as regards the first nine of the list) in what order of seniority they stood.

were published in 1676, in two large folios, as "Gell's Remaines." The most interesting for us, however, of all the thirteen Fellows are Meade, Chappell, and Tovey.

Apart from his casual relation to Milton as one of the senior Fellows of Christ's College, Joseph Meade (otherwise Mede or Mead) was a remarkable man. Born in 1586, in Essex, he had been sent to Christ's College in the year 1602. After passing through the regular course with much distinction, he commenced M.A. in 1610, and was at the same time elected a Fellow of his College. In 1618 he graduated B.D. During his College course he had been much troubled by sceptical doubts —in particular, as to whether τὸ πᾶν, or the universal frame of things, was not a mere phantasy of the mind. These doubts, however, had vanished; and by the time he was a Fellow, he was known in the University as "an acute Logician, an accurate Philosopher, a skilful Mathematician, an excellent Anatomist (being usually sent for when they had any anatomy in Caius College), a great Philologer, a master of many languages, and a good proficient in the studies of History and Chronology." To these accomplishments, enumerated by one biographer, Fuller adds that he was "an exact text-man, happy in making Scripture expound itself by parallel places." He was also a man of singularly meek disposition—conspicuously charitable in his judgments, yet communicative and even facetious among his friends. "His body was of a comely proportion, rather of a tall than low stature. In his younger years (as he would say) he was but slender and spare of body; but afterwards, when he was full-grown, he became more fat and portly, yet not to any excess. His eye was full, quick, and sparkling. His complexion was a little swarthy, as if somewhat overtinctured with melancholy." With all these advantages, Meade had one unfortunate defect—an imperfection in his speech. The letter R, says Fuller, "was Shibboleth to him, which he could not easily pronounce; so that a set speech cost him double the pains to another man, being to fit words as well to his mouth as his matter. Yet by his industry and observation he so conquered his imperfection, that, though in private discourse he sometimes smiled out his

stammering into silence, yet, choosing his words, he made many an excellent sermon without any considerable hesitation." The consciousness of this defect, combined with his natural love of quiet, led him to refuse all offers of preferment—including that of the Provostship of Trinity College, Dublin, made to him through Archbishop Usher in 1626, and again in 1630—and to bound his wishes for life within the limits of his Fellowship and his College. Nominally, indeed, at a later period, he was chaplain to Archbishop Laud; but neither duty nor emolument was attached to the office. His life was passed almost wholly in his "cell," as he called his chambers—which he had chosen on the ground-floor, under the College-library, as being free from noise, but with his bed-room window to the street. This window he used to keep open all night in summer, so that sometimes tricks were played upon him.[1] His sole physical recreation was walking about Cambridge, or in the "backs" of the Colleges and the fields near; and on these occasions he used to botanize or discourse with any one who was with him on herbs and their virtues. Within doors, however, he was fond of having his brother-fellows with him to converse on serious topics or chat away the time. As a tutor, his method was somewhat peculiar. "After he had by daily lectures well grounded his pupils in Humanity, Logic, and Philosophy, and by frequent conversation understood to what particular studies their parts might be most profitably applied, he gave them his advice accordingly; and, when they were able to go alone, he chose rather to set every one his daily task than constantly to confine himself and them to precise hours for lectures. In the evening they all came to his chamber, to satisfy him that they had performed the task he had set them. The first question which he used then to propound to every one in his order was '*Quid dubitas?*', 'What doubts have you met in your studies to-day?' (for he supposed that to doubt nothing and to understand nothing were verifiable alike). Their doubts being propounded, he resolved their *quæres*, and so set them upon clear ground to proceed more

[1] I was able to identify Meade's rooms in the College in May 1857. They were then turned into a part of the library—the old library above not affording room enough. The little window to the street is still as it was.

distinctly; and then, having by prayer commended them and their studies to God's protection and blessing, he dismissed them to their lodgings." The ample time which Meade thus procured for himself, he devoted in great part to studies in Greek and Hebrew, and readings in Mathematics and History. His special fascination, however, was for abstruse studies in the Biblical prophecies, and for cognate speculations of a mystical character in Chronology and Astronomy. He was a believer in a modified Astrology; thinking that the celestial arrangements had some effect on the φύσις or nature of men, though the influence did not amount to a destruction of free agency. As a theologian all his learning was brought to bear on the dark parts of Scripture; and the great work of his life —the *Clavis Apocalyptica*, or "Key to the interpretation of the Apocalypse," — is still a standard book in a special department of English theological literature. Meade's views, derived from his Apocalyptic researches, were substantially those of the Chiliasts or Millenarians, who expect a personal reign of Christ as the close of the present era of the world; and these and similar views break out in his letters to theological contemporaries. He used often to insist on the text (Judges iii. 30), "And the land had rest fourscore years," as being a historical generalization of the past, on the faith of which, as regarded England, one might predict the near approach at that time of a great crisis in Church and State. He was also an advocate for union among all Protestant Churches, and, with a view to this end, pressed the constant development by all of their points of agreement rather than their points of difference. Only towards the Church of Rome could he be called inimical. Yet he was hardly so to the extent that others were. Whenever he heard the Roman Catholic taunt to Protestants quoted, "Where was your Church before Luther?" he had the answer ready, "Where was the fine flour when the wheat went to the mill?" Singularly enough, however, with all Meade's interest in the far-off events of the Apocalyptic future—nay, partly, as he himself thought, on account of that interest—he took more interest than any other man in Cambridge in the current events of his own day. He

was an indefatigable collector of news; and he even spent regularly a part of his income in getting authentic and speedy intelligence sent to him by correspondents at Court and abroad. "I am neither Dean nor Bishop," he used to say, "but thus much I am willing to set apart to know how the world goes." Nor was Meade a miser of the information he procured. He had correspondents in various parts of England —and especially one Sir Martin Stuteville, in Suffolk—to whom he regularly communicated by letter the freshest news that were going; and these remaining letters of Meade's, some now printed, and others still in MS., are among the most graphic accounts we have of men and things during the reigns of James I. and Charles I. In all Cambridge there was no such place for hearing the latest gossip as the Fellows' table at Christ's, where Meade helped to carve. When to all these recommendations we add that Meade was a very benevolent man, with a kind word for all the young scholars, not even excepting the dandy Fellow-commoners, whom he called "University-tulips," it will be understood how popular he was, and what a blank was caused in Cambridge by his death. This event took place rather suddenly, in his fifty-third year, on the 1st of October, 1638, or six years after Milton had left College. His bones still rest in the Chapel of the College which he loved so well, and to which he left part of his small fortune.[1]

William Chappell was a more important man in the College than any of the other Fellows except Meade. He was four years Meade's senior, having been born at Lexington in Nottinghamshire in the year 1582. Having been sent early to Christ's College, he distinguished himself there by his gravity of deportment and industry as a student; and in 1607 he became Fellow of the College—three years before Meade was elected to the same rank. "He was remarkable," says Fuller, "for the strictness of his conversation: no one tutor in our memory bred more or better pupils, so exact his care in their education. He was a most subtle disputant."

[1] Life of Meade by Worthington, prefixed to the collected folio edition of Meade's works in 1672; also Fuller's Worthies, Essex; and Sir Henry Ellis's Original Letters illustrative of English Hist. first series, 1824.

In this last character, his reputation was quite extraordinary. Hardly a man in the University was a match for Chappell of Christ's in a Latin logomachy. On the second visit of King James to Cambridge in the spring of 1615, he had been appointed one of the opponents in a public Act of disputation to be held before the King on certain points of controversy between Protestantism and the Papacy, the respondent in the Act being Mr. Roberts of Trinity, afterwards Bishop of Bangor. On this occasion, says one of Chappell's biographers, he pushed Roberts so hard "that he fainted." Upon this King James, who valued himself much for his skill in such matters, undertook to maintain the question, but with no better fortune; for Chappell was so much his superior at these logical weapons that his Majesty "openly professed his joy to find a man of so great talents so good a subject." Living on the credit of this triumph, Chappell continued for many years a Fellow of Christ's. Meade and he were on particularly intimate terms. "The chief delight," says Meade's biographer already quoted, "which he (Meade) took in company, was to discourse with learned friends; particularly for several years he set apart some of his hours to spend in the conversation of his worthy friend Mr. William Chappell, who was justly esteemed a rich magazine of rational learning." There were not wanting some, however, who charged Mr. Chappell with Arminianism. "Lately there sprung up," says a writer some thirty years afterwards, "a new brood of such as did assist Arminianism, as Dutch Tompson of Clare Hall, and Mr. William Chappell, Fellow of Christ's College; as the many pupils that were arminianized under his tuition show." These suspicions, existing perhaps as early as 1625, were confirmed by Chappell's subsequent career. As we shall meet with him again in the course of that career, we need not anticipate it here. Suffice it to say that, through Laud's interest, he was transferred from his Fellowship at Cambridge in 1633 (the year after Milton left Cambridge) to the Deanery of Cashel in Ireland; that, being found very efficient there in carrying out Laud's views of uniformity, he was promoted to the Provostship of Trinity College, Dublin, and in 1638, to

the Bishopric of Cork, Cloyne and Ross; that, had Laud's power lasted much longer, he would probably have had an English Bishopric; but that, involved in Laud's ruin, he left Ireland in 1641, came over to England, and, after undergoing a short imprisonment and otherwise suffering during the civil war, died at Derby in 1649. As specimens of his authorship there remain a little treatise entitled "The Preacher, or the Art and Method of Preaching," published originally in Latin in 1648 and afterwards in English in 1656, and another treatise, first published in 1653, entitled "The Use of Holy Scripture gravely and methodically discoursed;" in addition to which the authorship of the well-known "Whole Duty of Man" has been claimed for him. I have looked over his "Art of Preaching;" and the impression which it has left is that, though not a common-place man and probably an accurate tutor, he must have been a man of dry and meagre nature, not so genial by half as his friend Meade.[1]

Respecting Nathaniel Tovey, our information is more scanty than respecting Chappell. He was born at Coventry, the son of a Mr. Tovey, Master of the Grammar School there, who had been tutor to Lord Harrington of Exton. Left an orphan when quite young, he had been taken in charge by Lucy, Countess of Bedford, the only daughter of Lord Harrington; who, after maintaining him for some time in her household, had sent him to Christ's College in Cambridge, in order that "the excellent talent which she saw in him might not be wasted away in the idleness of a Court-life." Here, after graduating in Arts, he obtained a Fellowship. In 1621 he held the Logic Lectureship in the College. He subsequently took the degree of B.D.; which was his academic degree during or about the time when Milton was at Christ's. He gave up his Fellowship not long after Milton had left the College—

[1] The foregoing particulars concerning Chappell have been derived from the British Biography, vol. IV. pp. 448-9, from Cole's MS. *Athenæ Cantab.*; from Fuller's Worthies—Nottingham; and from Cooper's Annals of Cambridge. The last-named work corrects some errors in the account in the British Biography. There the disputation in which Chappell gained such a triumph is said to have occurred during the King's last visit to Cambridge, in 1624. Documents quoted by Mr. Cooper show that it was during the King's second visit, in 1615. In these documents also, it is not Roberts the Respondent, but Cecil the Moderator of the Act that faints.

apparently before the year 1637; being then appointed to the Rectory of Lutterworth in Leicestershire—the parish in which, two centuries and a half before, the Reformer Wycliffe had laboured. While parson of this famous parish, Tovey married a niece of the mathematician Walter Warren, who was a Leicestershire man. He had for some time in his hands the papers which Warren left at his death, including certain Tables of Logarithms. Unlike his great predecessor, Tovey did not die parson of Lutterworth. He was ejected from the living in or prior to the year 1647 by the Parliamentary sequestrators. In 1656, however, he was inducted into the living of Ayleston, in the same county of Leicestershire, on the nomination of John Manners, Earl of Rutland. Entries in his handwriting are still to be seen in the Registry of this parish. He did not long hold the living. He and his wife were cut off together by an epidemic fever in September 1658, leaving one daughter. On the 9th of that month they were both buried in the Church of Ayleston, where the epitaph on his tombstone still is or recently was to be seen. Of his character or doings during that earlier portion of his life when he was a Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, we have no authentic account. His name occurs in some College documents of the period; but that is all.[1]

Into the little world of Christ's College, presided over by such men as we have mentioned,—forming a community by itself, when all the members were assembled, of some two hundred and fifty persons, and surrounded again by that larger world of the total University to which it was related as a part—we are to fancy Milton introduced in the month of February 1624-5, when he was precisely sixteen years and two months old. He was a little older perhaps than most youths then were on being sent to the University.[2]

[1] These particulars respecting Tovey are derived chiefly from Nichols's "History and Antiquities of Leicestershire," where Tovey is noticed in connexion both with Lutterworth (vol. IV. pp. 264 and 299) and Ayleston (Ibid. pp. 28—33). Nichols himself derives the facts chiefly from Tovey's epitaph in Ayleston Church, which he quotes. The other particulars are from Wood's *Athenæ*, II. 302; and Scott's Account of Cambridge in 1621 (Add. MS. Brit. Mus. 11,720).

[2] Fourteen or fifteen was a not unusual age.

Still it was the first time of his leaving home, and all must have seemed strange to him. To put on for the first time the gown and cap, and to move for the first time through unfamiliar streets, observing college after college, each different from the others in style and appearance, with the majestic King's conspicuous in the midst; to see for the first time the famous Cam, and to walk by its banks,—these would be powerful sensations to a youth like Milton. Within the cloisters of his own College, he had matter enough for curiosity and speculation. Setting aside the Master and Fellows, respecting whom, and especially respecting his own tutor Chappell, his curiosity would naturally be strongest, the faces and figures of his fellow-students, collected from all the counties of England, and answering to names many of which he had never heard, could not but interest and amuse him. Which of these faces, some fair, some dark, some ruddy, were to be most familiar and the most dear to him in the end? In which of these bodies—tall, of mid stature, or diminutive—beat the manliest hearts? As all this was interesting to Milton then prospectively, so it is interesting to us now in the retrospect. Nor, with due search, would it be impossible, even at this distance of time, to present in one list the names, surnames, and scholastic antecedents of all the two hundred youths or thereby, whom, as they were congregated in the hall or chapel of Christ's in the spring of 1624-5, Milton may have surveyed with the feelings described.[1] Of such of them as there is any peculiar reason for remembering we shall hear as we proceed.

A matter of some importance to the young freshman at College, after his choice of a tutor, is his choice of chambers. Tradition still points out at Christ's College the rooms which Milton occupied.[2] They are in the older part of the building,

[1] Without taxing the College-Register I have myself counted (chiefly in Add. MS. Brit. Mus. 5885) the names and surnames of 189 students of Christ's who took their B.A. degree between the years 1625 and 1632 inclusive, and who were, therefore, among Milton's College contemporaries. I believe about five per cent. of these might be easily traced as of some note in the subsequent history of Church and State.

[2] The tradition comes to us through Wordsworth; who tells us in his *Prelude* that the first and only time in his life when he drank too much was at a wine-party in Milton's rooms, in Christ's, to which he was invited when an undergraduate in St. John's (1786—89).

on the left side of the court, as you enter through the street-gate—the first-floor rooms on the first stair on that side. The rooms consist at present of a small study with two windows looking into the court, and a very small bed-room adjoining. They do not seem to have been altered at all since Milton's time. When we hear of "Milton's rooms" at College, however, the imagination is apt to go wrong in one point. It was very rare in those days for any member of a College, even a Fellow, to have a chamber wholly to himself. Two or three generally occupied the same chamber; and, in full Colleges, there were all kinds of devices of truckle-beds and the like to multiply accommodation. In the original statutes of Christ's College, there is a chapter specially providing for the manner in which the chambers of the College should be allocated; "in which chambers," says the founder, "our wish is that the Fellows sleep two and two, but the scholars four and four, and that no one have alone a single chamber for his proper use, unless perchance it be some Doctor, to whom, on account of the dignity of his degree, we grant the possession of a separate chamber."[1] In the course of a century, doubtless, custom had become somewhat more dainty. Still, in all the Colleges, the practice was for the students to occupy rooms at least two together; and in all College biographies of the time, we hear of the chum or chamber-fellow of the hero as either assisting or retarding his studies. Milton's chamber-fellow, or one of his chamber-fellows, would naturally be Pory. But, in the course of seven years, there must have been changes.

The Terms of the University, then as now, were those fixed by the statutes of Elizabeth. The academic year began on the 10th of October, and the first, or Michaelmas or October Term, extended from that day to the 16th of December. Then followed the Christmas vacation. The second, or Lent or January Term, began on the 13th of January and extended to the second Friday before Easter. There then intervened the Easter vacation of three weeks. Finally, the third, or Easter or

[1] Statutes of Christ's Coll. cap. 7, from a MS. copy. In Dean Peacock's "Observations on the Statutes of the University of Cambridge" (1841) it is stated that both in Trinity College and St. John's, four students used originally to have one chamber in common, or one Fellow and two or three students. "Separate beds were provided for all scholars above the age of fourteen."

Midsummer Term, began on the 11th day (second Wednesday) after Easter-day, and extended to the Friday after "Commencement Day"—that is, after the great terminating Assembly of the University, at which candidates for the higher degrees of the year were said to "commence" in those degrees; which "Commencement Day" was always the first Tuesday in July. The University then broke up for the "long vacation" of three months.

In those days of difficult travelling, and of the greater strictness of the statutes of the different Colleges in enforcing residence even out of term, it was more usual than it is now for students to remain in Cambridge during the short Christmas and Easter vacations; but few stayed in College through the whole of the long vacation. During part of this vacation at least, Milton would always be in London. But if he should wish at any other time to visit London, there were unusual facilities for the journey. The name of Thomas Hobson, the Cambridge carrier and job-master of that day, belongs to the history of England. Cambridge was proud of him; he was one of the noted characters of the place. Born in 1544, and now therefore exactly eighty years of age, he still every week took the road with his wain and horses, as he had done sixty years before, when his father was alive; making the journey from Cambridge to the Bull Inn, in Bishopsgate-street, London, and thence back again; carrying letters and parcels, and sometimes stray passengers, and delivering them both ways. All through Shakespeare's life, Hobson's cart-bells had tinkled, Hobson himself riding in the cart or trudging by the side of it, along the London and Cambridge road. He had driven the team as a grown lad for his father before Shakespeare was born; and now, eight years after Shakespeare's bones had been laid under the pavement in Stratford Church, he was still hale in his old vocation. Nor, though only a carrier, driving his own wain, was he a person of slight consequence. There was many a squire round about Cambridge whom old Hobson could have bought and sold. Beginning life on his own account with a goodly property left him by his father, including the wain he used to drive, eight team-horses and a nag, he had by his

prudence and honesty gradually increased this property, till, besides paying the expenses of a large family, he was one of the wealthiest citizens of Cambridge. He owned several houses in the town, and much land round. This increase of fortune he owed in part to his judgment in combining other kinds of business, such as farming, malting, and inn-keeping, with his trade as a carrier. But his great stroke in life had been the idea of letting out horses on hire. "Being a man," says Steele, in the *Spectator*, "that saw where there might good profit arise though the duller men overlooked it," and "observing that the scholars of Cambridge rid hard," he had early begun to keep "a large stable of horses, with boots, bridles, and whips, to furnish the gentlemen at once, without going from college to college to borrow." He was, in fact, according to all tradition, the very first man in this island who let out hackney horses. But, having no competition in the trade, he carried it on in his own way. He had a stable of forty good cattle always ready and fit for travelling; but, when any scholar or other customer, whosoever he might be, came for a horse, he was obliged to take the one that chanced to stand next the stable-door. Hence the well-known proverb, "Hobson's choice; this or nothing;" the honest carrier's principle being that every customer should be justly served, and every horse justly ridden in his turn. Some of Hobson's horses were let out to go as far as London; and on these occasions it was Hobson's habit, out of regard for his cattle, always to impress upon the scholars, when he saw them go off at a great pace, "that they would come time enough to London if they did not ride too fast." Milton, as we shall see, took a great fancy to Hobson.

The daily routine of College-life in term-time two hundred and thirty years ago, was as follows:—In the morning, at five o'clock, the students were assembled, by the ringing of the bell, in the College-chapel, to hear the morning-service of the Church, followed on some days by short homilies by the Fellows. These services occupied about an hour; after which the students had breakfast. Then followed the regular work of the day. It consisted of two parts—the *College-studies*, or the

attendance of the students on the lectures and examinations of the College-tutors or lecturers in Latin, Greek, Logic, Mathematics, Philosophy, &c.; and the *University-exercises*, or the attendance of the students, together with the students of other Colleges, in the "public schools" of the University, either to hear the lectures of the University-professors of Greek, Logic, &c. (which, however, was not incumbent on all students), or to hear, and take part in the public disputations of those students of all the Colleges who were preparing for their degrees.[1] After four hours or more so spent, the students dined together at twelve o'clock in the halls of their respective Colleges. After dinner, there was generally again an hour or two of attendance on the declamations and disputations of contending graduates either in College or in the "public schools." During the remainder of the day, with the exception of attendance at the evening-service in Chapel, and at supper in the hall at seven o'clock, the students were free to dispose of their own time. It was provided by the statutes of Christ's that no one should be out of College after nine o'clock from Michaelmas to Easter, or after ten o'clock from Easter to Michaelmas.

Originally, the rules governing the daily conduct of the students at Cambridge had been excessively strict. Residence extended over nearly the whole year; and absence was permitted only for very definite reasons. While in residence, the students were confined closely within the walls of their respective Colleges, leaving them only to attend in the public schools. At other times, they could only go into the town by special permission; on which occasions no student below the standing of a B.A. in his second year was suffered to go unaccompanied by his tutor or by a Master of Arts. In their conversation with each other, except during the hours of relaxation in their chambers, the students were required to

[1] The distinction between *College-studies* and *University-exercises* must be kept in mind. Gradually, as all know, the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, originally mere places of residence for those attending the University, have, in matters of teaching, absorbed or superseded the University. Even in Milton's time this process was far advanced. The University, however, was still represented in the public disputations in "the schools;" attendance on which was obligatory.

use either Latin, or Greek, or Hebrew. When permitted to walk into the town, they were forbidden to go into taverns, or into the sessions; or to be present at boxing-matches, skittle-playings, dancings, bear-fights, cock-fights, and the like; or to frequent Sturbridge fair; or even to loiter in the market or about the streets. In their rooms they were not to read irreligious books; nor to keep dogs or "fierce birds;" nor to play at cards or dice, except for about twelve days at Christmas, and then openly and in moderation. To these and other rules obedience was enforced by penalties. There were penalties both by the College and by the University, according as the offence concerned the one or the other. The penalties consisted of fines according to the degree of the offence; of imprisonment for grave and repeated offences; of rustication, with the loss of one or more terms, for still more flagrant misbehaviour; and of expulsion from College and University for heinous criminality. The Tutor could punish for negligence in the studies of his class, or inattention to the lectures; College offences of a more general character came under the cognisance of the Master or his substitute; and for non-attendance in the public schools, and other such violations of the University statutes, the penalties were exacted by the Vice-Chancellor. All the three—the Tutor and the Master as College authorities, and the Vice-Chancellor as resident head of the University—might, in the case of younger students, resort to corporal punishment. "*Si tamen adultus fuerit*," say the statutes of Christ's, referring to the punishments of fine, &c. which the Tutor might inflict on a pupil; "*alioquin virgâ corrigatur*." The Master might punish in the same way and more publicly. In Trinity College there was a regular service of corporal punishment in the hall every Thursday evening at seven o'clock, in the presence of all the undergraduates, on such junior delinquents as had been reserved for the ceremony during the week. The University statutes also recognise the corporal punishment of non-adult students offending in the public schools. At what age a student was to be considered adult is not positively defined; but the understanding seems to have been that after the age of eighteen corporal punishment

should cease, and that even younger students, if above the rank of undergraduates, should be exempt from it.[1]

Naturally, a system of discipline so strict could not be kept up. During the sixty-five years which had elapsed since the passing of the Elizabethan statutes, the decrees of the University authorities and their Acts interpreting the statutes had been uniformly in the direction of relaxation; and practice had outstripped the written law. In the matter of residence, there was much more indulgence than had been contemplated by the statutes. The rule of not permitting students to go beyond the walls of their Colleges was also much modified. Students might be seen wandering in the streets, or walking along the Trumpington road, with very little security that they would talk Latin on their way, or that, before returning to College, they might not visit the Dolphin, the Rose, or the Mitre. These three taverns—the Dolphin kept by Hamon, the Rose by Wolfe, and the Mitre by Farlowe—were the favourite taverns of Cambridge; "the best tutors," as the fast students said, "in the University." When the Mitre fell down in 1634, Randolph, then a Fellow of Trinity College, gave this receipt to the landlord for re-edifying it :—

"Then drink sack, Sam, and cheer thy heart;
Be not dismay'd at all;
For we will drink it up again,
Though we do catch a fall.
We'll be thy workmen day and night,
In spite of bug-bear proctors;
Before, we drank like freshmen all,
But now we'll drink like doctors." [2]

In spite of old decrees to the contrary, bathing in the Cam was a daily practice. The amusements of the collegians included many of the forbidden games. Smoking was an all but universal habit in the University.[3] The academic costume was sadly neglected. At many Colleges the undergra-

[1] Statutes of Christ's Coll. in MS.; Statutes of the University of the 12th of Elizabeth (1561) printed in Dyer's "Privileges of the University of Cambridge;" and Dean Peacock's "Observations on the Statutes," 1841.

[2] Cooper's Annals, III. 266.

[3] When the tobacco-hating King James visited Cambridge for the first time, in 1615, one of the orders issued to graduates and students was that they should not, during his Majesty's stay, visit tobacco-shops, nor smoke in St. Mary's Chapel or Trinity Hall, on pain of expulsion from the University.

duates wore "new fashioned gowns of any colour whatsoevet, blue or green, or red or mixt, without any uniformity but in hanging sleeves; and their other garments light and gay, some with boots and spurs, others with stockings of diverse colours reversed one upon another, and round rusty caps." Among graduates and priests also, as well as the younger students, "we have fair roses upon the shoe, long frizzled hair upon the head, broad spread bands upon the shoulders, and long large merchants' ruffs about the neck, with fair feminine cuffs at the wrist." To these irregularities arising from the mere frolic and vanity of congregated youth add others of a graver nature arising from different causes. While, on the one hand, all the serious alike complained that "nicknaming and scoffing at religion and the power of godliness," nay, that "debauched and atheistical" principles prevailed to an extent that seemed "strange in a University of the Reformed Church," the more zealous Churchmen about the University found special matter for complaint in the increase of puritanical opinions and practices, more particularly in certain Colleges where the heads and seniors were puritanically inclined. It had become the habit of many Masters of Arts and Fellow-commoners in all Colleges to absent themselves from public prayers. Upon Fridays and all fasting days, the victualling houses prepared flesh, "good store for all scholars that will come or send unto them." In the churches, both on Sundays and at other times, there was little decency of behaviour; and the regular forms of prayer were in many cases avoided. "Instead whereof," it was complained, "we have such private fancies and several prayers of every man's own making (and sometimes suddenly conceiving, too,) vented among us, that, besides the absurdity of the language directed to God himself, our young scholars are thereby taught to prefer the private spirit before the public, and their own invented and unapproved prayers before the Liturgy of the Church." In Trinity College, "they lean or sit or kneel at prayers, every man in a several posture as he pleases; at the name of Jesus few will bow; and when the Creed is repeated, many of the boys, by some men's directions, turn to the west door." In other Colleges it was as bad or worse.

In Christ's College, there was very good order on the whole; but "hard by this House there is a Town Inn (they call it 'the Brazen George') wherein many of their scholars live, lodge and study, and yet the statutes of the University require that none lodge out of the College."[1]

It yet remains to describe the order of the curriculum which students at Cambridge in Milton's time went through during the whole period of their University studies. This period, extending, in the Faculty of Arts, over seven years in all, was divided, as now, into two parts—the period of Undergraduateship extending from the time of admission to the attainment of the B.A. degree; and the subsequent period of Bachelorship terminating with the attainment of the M.A. degree.

Originally, according to the statutes, a complete *quadriennium* or four years' course of studies—that is to say, twelve full terms of residence in a College, and of standing as matriculated students in the books of the University[2]—was required for the degree of B.A. Each year of the *quadriennium* had its appropriate studies; and, during the last year of it, the students rose to the rank of "Sophisters," and were then entitled to partake in the disputations in the public schools. During the last year (and in practice it was generally during the last term) of their *quadriennium*, they were required by the statutes of the University to keep two "Acts" or "Responsions" and two "Opponencies" in the public schools—exercises for which they were presumed to be prepared by similar practice in their respective Colleges. The nature of these "Acts" and "Opponencies" was as follows:—One of the Proctors having at the beginning of the academic year col-

[1] For a detailed account of ecclesiastical disorders and deviations from discipline, arising more especially from Puritan opinions at the University, see Paper submitted to Archbishop Laud in 1636, by Dr. Cosin, Master of Peterhouse, and Dr. Sterne, Master of Jesus College (Cooper's Annals, III. 280—283). For a description of the state of morals and manners at the University as it appeared to a serious and well-behaved student of puritanical tendencies, see Autobiography of Sir Simonds D'Ewes, Bart. edited from the MS. by J. O. Halliwell, 1845. D'Ewes was admitted a student of St. John's in 1618.

[2] The reader must distinguish between *admission* into a College and *matriculation* in the general University Registers. Both were necessary, but the acts were distinct. The College books certified all the particulars of a student's connexion with his College and residence there; but, for degrees and the like, a student's standing in the University was certified by the matriculation-book kept by the University Registrar.

lected the names of all the students of the various Colleges who intended to take the degree of B.A. that year, each of these received an intimation shortly after the beginning of the Lent Term that on a future day (generally about a fortnight after the notice was given) he would have to appear as "Respondent" in the public schools. The student so designated had to give in a list of three propositions which he would maintain in debate. The question actually selected was usually a moral or metaphysical one. The Proctor then named three Sophisters, belonging to other Colleges, who were to appear as "Opponents." When the day arrived, the Respondent and the Opponents met in the schools, some Master of Arts presiding as Moderator, and the other Sophisters and Graduates forming an audience. The Respondent read a Latin thesis on the selected point; and the Opponents, one after another, tried to refute his arguments syllogistically in such Latin as they had provided or could muster. When one of the speakers was at a loss, it was the duty of the Moderator to help him out. When all the Opponents had spoken, and the Moderator had dismissed them and the Respondent with such praise as he thought they had severally deserved, the "Act" was over.

When a student had kept two Responsions and two Opponencies (and in order to get through all the Acts of the two or three hundred Sophisters who every year came forward, it is evident that the "schools" must have been continually busy) he was farther examined in his own College, and, if approved, was sent up as a "quæstionist," or candidate for the B.A. degree. The "quæstionists" from the various Colleges were then submitted to a distinct examination — which usually took place on three days in the week before Ash Wednesday week —in the public schools before the Proctors and others of the University. Those who passed this examination were furnished by their Colleges with a *supplicat* to the Vice-Chancellor and Senate, praying that they might be admitted, as the phrase was, *ad respondendum quæstioni*. Then, on a day before Ash Wednesday, all the quæstionists from each College went up, headed by a Fellow of the College, to the public schools, where,

some question out of Aristotle's Prior Analytics having been proposed and answered by each of the quæstionists (this process being called "entering their Priorums"), they became what was called "determiners." From Ash Wednesday till the Thursday before Palm Sunday, the candidates were said to stand *in quadragesimâ*, and had a farther course of exercises to go through; and on this latter day their probation ended, and they were pronounced by the Proctor to be full Bachelors of Arts.[1]

Many students, of course, never advanced so far as the B.A. degree, but, after a year or two at the University, removed to study law at the London Inns of Court, or to begin other business. Oliver Cromwell, for example, had left Sidney Sussex College in 1617 after about a year's residence. Those who did take their B.A. degree, and meant to advance farther, were required by the original statutes to reside three years more, and during that time to go through certain higher courses of study and perform certain fresh Acts in the public schools and their Colleges. These regulations having been complied with, they were, after being examined in their Colleges and provided with *supplicats*, admitted by the Chancellor or Vice-Chancellor *ad incipiendum in artibus;* and then, after certain other formalities, they were ceremoniously created Masters of Arts either at the greater *Comitia* or general "Commencement" at the close of the academic year (the first Tuesday in July), or on the day immediately preceding. These two days—the *Vesperiæ Comitiorum*, or day before Commencement-day, and the *Comitia*, or Commencement-day itself—were the gala-days of the University. Besides the M.A. degrees, such higher degrees as LL.D., M.D., and D.D., were then conferred.

By the original statutes, the connexion of the scholar with the University was not yet over. Every Master of Arts was sworn to continue his "regency" or active University functions for five years; which implied almost continual residence

[1] In this account I have followed Dean Peacock's "Observations on the Statutes;" but there were deviations from the general practice. It was not absolutely essential, for example, that the B.A. degree should be taken in the Lent Term.

during that time, and a farther course of study in theology and Hebrew, and of Acts, disputations, and preachings. Then, after seven full years from the date of commencing M.A., he might, after a fresh set of forms, become a Doctor of either Law or Medicine, or a Bachelor of Divinity; but for the Doctorate of Divinity five additional years were necessary. Thus, in all, nineteen years at the University were necessary for the attainment of the rank of D.D.; and fourteen years for the attainment of the Doctorates of Law and Medicine.

Framed for a state of society which had passed away, and too stringent even for that state of society, these rules had fallen into modification or disuse. (1.) As respected the *quadriennium*, or the initiatory course of studies preparatory to the degree of B.A., there had been a slight relaxation, consisting in an abatement of one term of residence out of the twelve required by the Elizabethan statutes. This had been done in 1578 by a formal decree of the Vice-Chancellor and Heads. It was then ordered that every student should enrol his name in the University Register, and take his matriculation oath within a certain number of days after his first joining any College and coming to reside; and that, for the future, all persons who should have so enrolled and matriculated "before, at, or upon the day when the ordinary sermon *ad Clerum* is or ought to be made in the beginning of Easter Term," and who should be proved by the Commons-books of their Colleges to have in the mean time resided regularly, should be considered to have "wholly and fully" discharged their *quadriennium* in the fourth Lent following the said sermon.[1] In other words, the Lent Term in which a student went through his exercises for his B.A. degree was allowed to count as one of the necessary *twelve*. Since that time another of the required terms has been lopped off, so that now, *ten* real terms of residence are sufficient. This practice seems to have been introduced prior to 1681;[2] but in Milton's time the interpretation of 1578 was in force. Even then, however, matriculation *immediately* after joining a College was not rigorously insisted on, and *a student*

[1] Dyer's "Privileges of the University of Cambridge," I. 282-3.

[2] See Decree of Vice-Chancellor and Heads in that year, in Dyer, I. 330.

who matriculated any time during the Easter Term might graduate B.A. in the fourth Lent Term following. (2.) It was impossible, consistently with the demands of the public service for men of education, that all scholars who had taken their B.A. degree should thereafter continue to reside as punctually as before during the three additional years required for their M.A. degree, and should then farther bind themselves to seven years of active academic duty, if they aspired to the Doctorate in Laws or Medicine, and to still longer probation if they aspired to the Doctorate in Theology. Hence, despite of oaths, there had been gradual relaxations. The *triennium* of continued residence between the B.A. degree and the M.A. degree was still for a good while regarded as imperative; but after this second degree had been taken, the connexion with the University was slackened. Those only remained in the University beyond this point who had obtained Fellowships, or who filled University offices, or who were assiduously pursuing special branches of study; and the majority were allowed to distribute themselves in the Church and through society—there being devices for keeping up their nominal connexion with the University, so as to advance to the higher degrees. (3.) Not even here had the process of relaxation stopped. The obligation of three years of continued residence between the B.A. degree and commencing M.A. had been found to be burdensome; and, after giving way in practice, it had been formally abrogated. The decree authorizing this important modification was passed March 25th, 1608, so that the modification was in force in Milton's time and for seventeen years before it. "Whereas," says this decree, "doubt hath lately risen whether actual Bachelors in Arts, before they can be admitted *ad incipiendum* [the phrase for "commencing" M.A.], must of necessity be continually commorant in the University nine whole terms, We, for the clearing of all controversies in that behalf, do declare, that those, who for their learning and manners are according to statute admitted Bachelors in Arts, are not so strictly tied to a local commorancy and study in the University and Town of Cambridge, but that, being at the end of nine terms able by their accustomed exercises and other examinations to approve

themselves worthy to be Masters of Arts, they may justly be admitted to that degree." Reasons, both academical and social, are assigned for the relaxation. At the same time, lest it should be abused, it is provided that the statutory Acts and exercises *ad incipiendum* shall still be punctually required, and also that every Bachelor who shall have been long absent shall, on coming back to take his Master's degree, bring with him certificates of good conduct, signed by "three preaching ministers, Masters of Arts at least, living on their benefices," near the place where he (the Bachelor) has been longest residing.[1]

Having thus described the conditions of University life at Cambridge at the time when Milton went thither, and the nature of the routine to which he was committed, I proceed to relate what may be called the *external* history of that portion of Milton's life which he did actually pass in connexion with Cambridge. The period extends over fully seven years—from February 1624-5, when he entered Christ's College, at the age of sixteen, to the month of July 1632, when he left the University, a Master of Arts, at the age of twenty-three. As far as may be possible, I shall relate the history of this period, year by year. What follows, therefore, is to be regarded as a brief history of the University of Cambridge in general, and of Christ's College in particular, from 1624 to 1632, in so far as that history involved also the external facts of Milton's life during the same seven years.[2]

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[1] Dyer, I. 289-292.

[2] The materials for the proposed history are very various. Milton's own letters and poems during the period are a part of them. I think it right at the outset, however, to mention two authorities which I have used largely. The one is the "Annals of Cambridge," by Charles Henry Cooper, Coroner of the Town (now Town-Clerk), 4 vols. 8vo. 1842-1852. This is one of the most admirable works of the kind with which I am acquainted—a model of accurate research; and it is a matter for public congratulation that the editorship of the proposed *Athenæ Cantabrigienses* has been undertaken by Mr. Cooper. But while availing myself of Mr. Cooper's "Annals" for the years in which I am interested, I have been able to enrich my account, especially in its connexions with Christ's College, by references to an important MS. hitherto but slightly used. Among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum are two bulky volumes (Nos. 389 and 390) consisting of *Letters written by Joseph Meade, Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, to Sir Martin Stuteville at Dalham in Suffolk*, from December 1620 to April 1631 inclusive. The nature of these letters may be inferred from the account I have already given of Meade and his habits of news-collecting. At least

ACADEMIC YEAR 1624-5.

MILTON ætat. 16.

Vice-Chancellor, Dr. JOHN MANSELL, President of Queen's College.
Proctors, WILLIAM BOSWELL, M.A., of Jesus College, and THOMAS BOULD, M.A., of Pembroke Hall.

MICHAELMAS TERM . October 10, 1624, to December 16, 1624.
LENT TERM . . . . . January 13, 1624-5, to April 8, 1625.
EASTER TERM. . . . April 27, 1625, to July 8, 1625.

By a reference to the above, it will be seen that the date of Milton's admission into Christ's College—February 12, 1624-5—was towards the middle of the Lent or second term of the current academic year. The subjoined letter of his proves that he did not remain in Cambridge during the whole of this term, but was again in London some time before the close of it. We translate from the Latin :—

"TO THOMAS YOUNG, HIS PRECEPTOR.

"Although I had resolved with myself, most excellent Preceptor, to send you a certain small epistle composed in metrical numbers, yet I did not consider that I had done enough, unless I also wrote something in prose ; for truly the boundless and singular gratitude of my mind, which your deserts justly claim from me, was not to be expressed in that cramped mode of speech, straitened by fixed feet and syllables, but in a free oration, nay rather, were it possible, in an Asiatic exuberance of words. Albeit, 'tis true, to express sufficiently how much I owe you were a work far greater than my strength, even if I should call into play all those commonplaces

once every week, a budget of the political and court news of the day, in the form of letters from correspondents in London and elsewhere, with sometimes a printed *coranto* included, was sent to Meade at Cambridge. It had been arranged, however, between Meade and the Suffolk knight that the contents of this budget should be transmitted regularly by Meade, through the carrier, to the knight's place at Dalham. Accordingly every week Meade sends off to Stuteville, either in the originals or in transcripts, or in abstracts by his own hand, the news he has received during the week. To these he usually adds a shorter or longer paragraph of Cambridge and University news, and of gossip about himself. Such being the nature of the MS. volumes, they have naturally at various times been consulted. One or two of Meade's letters have been printed by Sir Henry Ellis in his collections of "Original Letters illustrative of English History," and much larger use of them has been made by the editor of "The Court and Times of Charles I. illustrated by authentic Letters, &c." 1848. The fact that the letters were written from Christ's College, at the time when Milton was there, induced me to go through them for myself; and my extracts from them are chiefly of parts hitherto unpublished.

of argument which Aristotle or that Dialectician of Paris [Ramus?] has collected, or even if I should exhaust all the fountains of oratory. You complain (as justly you may) that my letters have been to you very few and very short; but I, on the other hand, do not so much grieve that I have been remiss in a duty so pleasant and so enviable, as I rejoice, and all but exult, at having such a place in your friendship as that you should care to ask for frequent letters from me. That I should never have written to you for now more than three years, I pray you will not misconceive, but, in accordance with your wonderful indulgence and candour, put the more charitable construction upon it. For I call God to witness how much as a Father I regard you, with what singular devotion I have always followed you in thought, and how I feared to trouble you with my writings. In sooth I make it my first care that since there is nothing else to commend my letters, their rarity may commend them. Next, as out of that most vehement desire after you which I feel, I always fancy you with me, and speak to you and behold you as if you were present, and so (as almost happens in love) soothe my grief by a certain vain imagination of your presence, it is in truth my fear, as soon as I meditate sending you a letter, that it should suddenly come into my mind by what an interval of earth you are distant from me, and so the grief of your absence, already nearly lulled, should grow fresh, and break up my sweet dream. The Hebrew Bible, your truly most acceptable gift, I have already received. These lines I have written in London in the midst of town-distractions, not, as usual, surrounded by books (*non libris, ut soleo, circumseptus*): if, therefore, anything in this epistle should please you less than might be, and disappoint your expectation, it will be made up for by another more elaborate one, as soon as I have returned to the haunts of the Muses.

"*London, March* 26, 1625."[1]

The inference from this letter is that Milton's visit to Cambridge in the Lent Term of 1624-5 had been merely for the purpose of enrolling his name, choosing his rooms in College, &c., and that, after staying a week or two, he had returned to London for a holiday before fairly commencing his new life as a Cantab. This was a very common practice.

[1] Epist. Fam. 1: Works, VII. 369-70.

While the pen of Milton was tracing the foregoing letter, the news in London was that King James was breathing his last. He died the following day—March 27, 1625. For a time the rumour was that he had been poisoned. This at last settled into what seems to have been the truth—to wit, that, when the king was dying, Buckingham and his countess had applied a plaster to him, without the consent of the physician, who was very angry, and talked imprudently in consequence. On the *post mortem* examination his heart "was found of an extraordinary bigness," and "the semiture of his head so strong as they could hardly break it open with a chisel and a saw, and so full of brains as they could not, on the opening, keep them from spilling—a great mark of his infinite judgment."[1] Any lamentations, however, that there were for the death of the big-brained Scotchman were soon drowned in the proclamation of his successor of the narrow forehead. Charles was in his twenty-fifth year.

Milton returned to Cambridge within twelve days after the King's death. This is proved by the date of his matriculation entry, which is April 9, 1625. On that day he must have presented himself personally, with other freshmen, before Mr. Tabor the Registrar, and had his name enrolled in the University books. There were in all seven matriculations from Christ's College on that day, as follows :—

Fellow-commoners : Thomas Aldridge and Richard Earle.
Lesser Pensioners : John Milton, Robert Pory, and Robert Bell.
Sizars : Edmund Barwell and Richard Britten.[2]

Of the six thus matriculated along with Milton, three, it will be observed, are already known to us, as having been among the fourteen admitted into Christ's in the same half-year with him; but Aldridge, Bell, and Barwell are new names. It is worth noting, too, that Pory, from the very beginning, seems to stick close to Milton. They had probably returned to Cambridge together. Both of them had been admitted of

[1] Meade to Stuteville, April 9, 1625, and another letter, quoted in Sir Henry Ellis's Original Letters, series 1, vol. III.

[2] These names I have from the Matriculation-book, by the courtesy of Mr. Romilly, the Registrar of the University. Five of the names are given in one of Baker's MSS. (Harl. 7041), professing to be a list of matriculations from 1544 to 1682.

Christ's College in the reign of James; but they did not become registered members of the University till that of Charles had begun.

During the Easter Term of 1625, which was Milton's first effective term at the University, there was still a good deal of bustle there in connexion with the death of the old and the accession of the new King. It was difficult for the Dons and the scholars, accustomed as they had been so long to the formula "*Jacobum Regem*" in their prayers and graces at meat, to bring their mouths all at once round to "*Carolum Regem*" instead. Meade tells of one poor Bachelor of his College who was so bent on remembering that "Jacobus" had gone out and "Carolus" had come in, that when, in publicly reading the Psalms, he came to the phrase "Deus Jacobi" (God of Jacob), he altered it, before he was aware, into "Deus Caroli" (God of Charles), and then stood horror-struck at his mistake.[1] As was usual on such occasions, the University, like her sister of Oxford, got up a collection of Greek and Latin verses in praise of the departed sovereign and in congratulation of his successor.[2] Then, on the 7th of May, or ten days after the opening of the term—being the day of the funeral of the late King at Windsor—"all the University did meet at the schools in their formalities, at nine o'clock in the morning, and went from thence to St. Mary's," where, the walls being all hung with black, and pinned over with many escutcheons and verses, Dr. Collins, the Provost of King's, preached a sermon, preparatory to a Congregation held in the same place in the afternoon, when Mr. Thorndike, the deputy-orator, delivered a speech.[3] This was probably the first University proceeding at which Milton assisted.

Before the term had begun, Sir Martin Stuteville had intimated his intention of sending his son John to the University, and had consulted Meade whether Christ's College or St. John's was the preferable house. Meade had replied (March 26) in favour of Christ's; and Stuteville had, accordingly, decided to enter his son there under Meade's tutorship.

[1] Meade to Stuteville: April 9, 1625—the day of Milton's matriculation.

[2] "Cantabrigiensium Dolor et Solamen," &c.; Cantab. 1625.

[3] Cooper's Annals, III. 178.

Owing to the crowded state of the College, however, there was some difficulty about his accommodation. Writing on the 23d of April, Meade explains that the choice is between the "old building where there are four studies in each chamber," and "the new, where there are but two studies and two beds" in each chamber. The following, written April 25, shows how the matter was settled:—

"For chamber, the best I have in my power. That John Higham [an older pupil of Meade's, of a family known to the Stutevilles and living near them] keeps in, hath 4 studies, and near me; and I had thought to have devised some change that they [*i. e.* John Higham and young Stuteville] should keep together. Otherwise, I must dispose of your son in the new building, where I have a study void in one of the best chambers; but a Master of Arts is the chamberfellow makes it [sic] thereby inconvenient for my use. I have no way but to get one of my Bachelors (March) who keeps in the same building to keep with the Master of Arts, and let yours have the use of his study, though it be not in so good a chamber. For bedding we shall make a shift perhaps for a week till we know better what is needful. If he keeps in the new building he must have a whole bedding, because he lies alone; if in another chamber, where he hath a bedfellow, they must make a bed between them, and his part will be more or less, according as his bedfellow is furnished."

Thus settled, young Stuteville becomes a fellow-collegian of Milton—one of the select knot of Meade's pupils, as distinct from those of the other tutors. "Your son," writes Meade to Sir Martin, on the 30th of April, "is gowned, but we are not yet settled to our studies: we will begin the next week; for, this week, he had to look about him to know where he was." On the 28th of May he says, "My pupil is well, and gives me yet good content, and I hope will continue." On the 4th of June, he writes inquiring about "one Tracey of Moulton, an attorney's son," whom John Higham has been recommending to him as a new pupil, but respecting whom and his connexions he wishes to be farther informed. Sir Martin's reply was satisfactory, for on the 14th of June Meade writes, "Your request I take for a testimonial: let him (Tracey) come some week before the Commencement." Before the end of the term, accordingly, Tracey is added to the number of Meade's pupils.

A great matter of gossip at Cambridge, as everywhere else, was the marriage of the young King with the French Princess Henrietta-Maria. On the 11th of May, or four days after James's body was laid in the vault, the marriage was solemnized by proxy at Paris. For a month afterwards the country was on tiptoe for the arrival of the Queen. On the 17th of June, Meade sends to Stuteville an account of the first meeting between Charles and his bride at Dover, on the preceding Monday (the 13th); which was the day after she had landed. She was at breakfast, when, hearing that the King had arrived from Canterbury, she "went to him, kneeled down at his feet, took and kissed his hand. The King took her up in his arms, kissed her, and, talking with her, cast his eyes down to her feet (she, seeming higher than report was, reaching to his shoulders): which she soon perceiving, discovered and showed him her shoes, saying to this effect, 'Sir, I stand upon mine own feet; I have no helps by art. Thus high I am, and neither higher nor lower.' Where and when one presently wrote with a coal these lines following:—

'All places in this castle envy this
Where Charles and Mary shared a royal kiss.'

She is nimble and quick, black-eyed, brown-haired—in a word, a brave lady." The marriage gave occasion to another collection of University verses, to which the chief contributors were the Duke of Lennox, old Downes, Dr. Collins, Abraham Whelock of Clare Hall, and James Duport and Thomas Randolph of Trinity.[1] This was old Downes's last literary appearance. He lived some time longer, but the duties of the Professorship were discharged by Creighton.

Mixed up with the gossip about the King's marriage are allusions in Meade's letters to a matter of more gloomy concern. The Plague was in England. In London it raged so as to cause great alarm. It began there in May with a weekly average of forty-five deaths, and it increased through June and July, till the mortality reached the number of 2,471 in one week. Other parts of the country began to be infected.

[1] "Epithalamium Illustriss. et Feliciss. Principum Caroli, &c., a Musis Cantabrigiensibus decantatum:" Cantab. 1625.

Cambridge remained free; but there were cases in some of the villages round. Writing to Stuteville on the 9th of July (the day after the close of the term), Meade says: "It grows very dangerous on both sides to continue an intercourse of letters, not knowing what hands they may pass through before they come to those to whom they are sent. Our Hobson and the rest should have been forbidden this week, but that the message came too late. However, it is his last." The same letter contains an account of another matter which was then the talk of Cambridge—the suicide, the day before, of Dr. Blomfield of Trinity Hall, an old and frail man, by hanging himself in his chamber.

It is possible that Milton remained part of the long vacation in College; for, on the 17th of July, Meade writes to Stuteville that "the University is yet very full of scholars," and that he must postpone an intended visit to Dalham (Stuteville's place in Suffolk). On the 1st of August, however, a grace was passed, discontinuing, on account of the plague, all sermons and other public exercises that would otherwise have been held during the vacation; and on the 4th of the same month a royal proclamation was issued forbidding, for the same reason, the holding of the great annual fair at Sturbridge near Cambridge.[1] The town was thus thinned; and such members of the University as had not gone off lived shut up in their respective Colleges, afraid to go out much, and alarmed daily by reports that the plague had appeared in the town. On the 4th of September, Meade writes:—

"I desire to be at Dalham, Monday come se'ennight, which will be soon here: a week is soon gone. I cannot sooner * * * but I think I shall think the time long, and be forced to you for want of victual. All our market to-day could not supply our commons for night. I am steward, and am fain to appoint eggs, apple-pies, and custards, for want of other fare. They will suffer nothing to come from Ely. Eels are absolutely forbidden to be brought to our market; so are rooks. You see what it is to have a physician among the Heads. [This is an allusion to Dr. Gostlin, Head of Caius, whose sanitary knowledge would be in requisition at such a time.] We cannot have leave scarce to take the air. We have but one M.A. in our College; and this week he was punished 10*d.* for

[1] Cooper's Annals, III. 179.

giving the porter's boy a box on the ear, because he would not let him out at the gates. You may by this gather I have small solace with being here, and therefore will haste all I can to be in a place of more liberty and society; for I have never a pupil at home. And yet, God be thanked, our town is free so much as of the very suspicion of infection."

Milton, we may suppose, had left College before it was reduced to the condition described in this letter, and was passing the interval with his family in London or elsewhere. As many as 35,000 persons died of the plague that autumn in London.

ACADEMIC YEAR 1625-6.

MILTON ætat. 17.

Vice-Chancellor, JOHN GOSTLIN, M.D., Master of Caius College.
Proctors, JOHN NORTON of King's and ROBERT WARD of Queen's.

MICHAELMAS TERM . October 10, 1625, to December 16, 1625.
LENT TERM . . . . . January 13, 1625-6, to March 31, 1626.
EASTER TERM . . . . April 19, 1626, to July 7, 1626.

When the Colleges reassembled, the plague was still raging. Indeed, as late as March 1626, Meade continues to send to Stuteville the weekly bills of mortality received from his London correspondents. Before the end of the Michaelmas Term, however, the number of cases had fallen so low that the public mind was reassured; and in Cambridge, where there had not been one case, there was, after the first week or two of the session, no interruption of the usual routine. The following scraps from Meade's letters will indicate the nature of the smaller matters of gossip which occupied him and others at Cambridge during the academic year.

Nov. 5, 1625: "My pupil had wrote last week, but sent too late. It will not be so easy for a child to find continual invention for a mere expression of duty and thankfulness, unless you appoint him some material to write of, whereout he might pick somewhat, and usher it with suitable expressions."

Dec. 10: "This is good handsome winter weather."

March 25, 1626: "I pray, tell me what you know of such a knight as Sir John Tasborough in your shire. He was with me this week about placing two of his sons. He is utterly unknown to me, farther than I learned of a gentleman, a stranger too, who came with him to my chambers. He brought not his sons, and I was a great while very shy—suspending my promise to entertain them unless I knew them well grounded, &c.; yet I yielded at length, and they should come, and himself with them, in Easter-week. He told me he knew yourself very well * * * I thank my lady [Lady Stuteville] for my cheese; and, if I had a box to keep them from breaking, I would have sent her a collop and an egg, an orange or a limon, a green peascod and crackt walnut-shell, &c., all of sugar, and in their colours scarce to be discerned from natural. A gentleman whom I never saw sent them to me. But I dare not trust Parker's man's panniers with them."

April 1: "I cannot possibly stir with convenience till Easter be past, expecting Sir John Tasborough and his sons that week; of which gent. I desired before and do still some information from you—especially of his estate, that I be not again burnt with Fellow-commoners as I have already."

April 8: "Thank you for your information of the knight. Of his wife's recusancy himself told me, and that he desired, in that respect, that there should be a special care taken of his sons for training them in the true religion; whom he hoped as yet were untainted, though not very well informed, by default of some schoolmasters he had trusted." [1]

May 13: "Mr. Howlett [this is Howlett of Sidney Sussex College, who had been Oliver Cromwell's tutor] yesterday carried away my store, [*i.e.* budget of news,] which I doubt not but ere now is arrived with you * * * My pupil shall not need come home for close (clothes)."

June 24: "I will now tell you of an accident here at Cambridge, rare if not strange, whereof I was yesterday morning an eye-witness myself." [Meade then tells of a codfish, in whose maw, when it was opened in the fish-market, there was found "a book in decimo-sexto of the bigger size," together with two pieces of sailcloth. The book, on being dried, was found to consist of three religious treatises, bound together,—one entitled, "The

[1] In a letter in the State Paper Office, dated "Dorset House, March 4, 1628-9," and addressed by Sir John Sackville to a courtier not named, I find a farther allusion to this Suffolk knight, Tasborough, and his son, Meade's pupil. "I am so well acquainted with your noble disposition," writes Sackville, "that it emboldens me to move a business unto you, which I think you may with a word get of the King. If you can get it, it will be worth you a £1000, and me as much more, if you choose; and this it is:—Sir John Tasborough, a Suffolk man, lies very sick and cannot escape. His son is not 20 years old, and if you can get his wardship of his Majesty, I think £2000 would be given for it. It is true the gentleman hath a mother; but she cannot compound for his wardship, for she is a Papist."

Preparation to the Crosse and to Death," &c. (by Richard Tracey, 1540); the second, "A Mirrour or Glasse to knowe Thyselfe; being a Treatise made by John Frith whiles hee was prisoner in the Tower of London, A.D. 1532;" the third, "The Treasure of Knowledge," &c. "Some of the graver sort" were disposed to regard the accident as preternatural; and the three treatises were reprinted in London in the following year under the title of "Vox Piscis."[1]]

More important matters than the above were talked over at the University, during the eight or nine months in question.

Lord Bacon had died on the 9th of April; and the interest which the University would in any case have felt in this event, was increased by the fact that the deceased had bequeathed a sum of money to endow a lectureship in Natural Philosophy, to be held by any Englishman or foreigner, not already professed (this was characteristic of Bacon) in either of the three faculties of divinity, law, or physic. The intention was all for which the University was indebted to her illustrious son; for, when his estate was realized, it was found that there were not sufficient funds.[2]

The same academic year was signalised by what would now be called a movement for University Reform. When Charles's first Parliament met in the previous summer (June 18, 1625), full of complaints and of intentions of reform, one of the first matters to which they had directed their attention was the state of the Universities. They presented a petition to the King (July 8) complaining of the increase of Popery and other abuses both at Oxford and Cambridge, and insisting on "the restoration of the ancient discipline." It was at Oxford, whither the Parliament had adjourned on account of the plague, that the King returned his answer (Aug. 8). He informed the Parliament that he approved of their recommendation, and would cause the Chancellor of each University to take means for carrying it into effect. The disagreement between Charles and the Commons on other points, however, having proved irreconcilable, Parliament was hastily dissolved four days afterwards (Aug. 12, 1625), not one Act having been

[1] See Cooper's Annals, III. 196-7.

[2] Cooper's Annals, III. 184-5.

passed during the brief session, nor any supplies voted. But the Universities themselves had caught the alarm, and they hastened, as soon as they reassembled, to make clean at least the outside of the cup and platter. Thus, at Cambridge, on the 19th of December, 1625, a decree was passed by the Vice-Chancellor and eleven of the sixteen Heads of Colleges, containing, amongst others, the following regulations :—

"That, for the future, no woman of whatever age or condition, dare either by herself, or, being sent for, be permitted by others, in any College, to make any one's bed in private chambers; or to go to the hall, or kitchen, or buttery; or carry any one's commons, bread, or beer to any scholar's chamber, within the limits of the College; unless she were sent for to nurse some infirm sick person.

"That the nurses of sick persons, and all laundresses, should be of mature age, good fame, and wives or widows, who themselves should take the scholars' linen to wash and bring the same back again when washed.

"That young maids should not be permitted, upon any pretext whatsoever, to go to students' chambers." [1]

All this amounted to something; but it was not enough. The King, at a loss for supplies, and thwarted more and more in his efforts to raise them on his own authority, had convened a second Parliament to meet on the 6th of February, 1625-6; and, before facing this Parliament, he thought it advisable to do something towards carrying out his former promise of University Reform. Accordingly, on the 26th of January, he addressed a letter to the Earl of Suffolk, as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, recapitulating the petition of the preceding Parliament, and requiring him to direct the Vice-Chancellor and the Heads of Houses to meet and seriously consider "what are or have been the true occasions of this general offence taken at their government," and what might be the proper remedies. The Earl forwarded the King's letter to Dr. Gostlin and the Heads, imploring them in his own name to "put all their brains together and be all of one mind, as one entire man, to bring home that long banished pilgrim Discipline."[2] This led to some activity; but before

[1] Cooper's Annals, III. 182.
[2] Copy of Letter in State Paper Office, of date February 27, 1625-6.

much could be done, an event happened, which interrupted for the time all other academic proceedings.

The event in question was the death of the Earl of Suffolk, leaving the Chancellorship of the University vacant. He died on Sunday, the 28th of May; and next day all Cambridge was thrown into commotion by the arrival of Dr. Wilson, chaplain to Mountain, Bishop of London, with a message from the Bishop, that it was his Majesty's pleasure that the Senate should elect the Duke of Buckingham to the vacant dignity. It was a message of startling import. Apart from the general unpopularity of the Duke, his election at that particular time would be an open defiance of Parliament! Following up certain charges of the preceding Parliament, the Parliament then sitting had, in March, impeached the Duke for misconduct of the Spanish war, and for other political crimes. The King had been obliged to consent to the prosecution. Naturally, therefore, when the Heads met, on the receipt of Dr. Wilson's message, there was a difference of opinion among them. Wren of Peterhouse, Paske of Clare Hall, Beale of Pembroke, Mawe of Trinity, and others urged immediate compliance with the King's wishes; but many demurred to such haste in so grave a matter. The Bishop's chaplain had brought no letters with him; and was a mere verbal message to be received as a sufficient voucher for the King's pleasure? Whatever force there was in this argument was effectually destroyed next day by the receipt of letters from Neile, Bishop of Durham, stating that the King had set his heart upon the Duke's election, and by the arrival of the Bishop of London in person, and of Mr. Mason, the Duke's Secretary, to conduct the canvass.

"On news of this consultation and resolution of the Heads," says Meade, "we of the Body murmur; we run to one another to complain; we say that the Heads in this election have no more to do than any of us; wherefore we advise what to do." Some bold spirits resolve to set up the Earl of Berkshire, a son of the deceased Chancellor, in opposition to the Duke. They do not wait to consult the nobleman, but immediately canvass for him. What passed in the day or two preceding

the election, which took place on the 1st of June, and the result of the election itself, will be learnt from Meade's letter dated June 3rd.

"My lord Bishop labours; Mr. Mason visits for his lord; Mr. Cosins for the most true patron of the Clergy and of Scholars. Masters belabour their Fellows. Dr. Mawe sends for his, one by one, to persuade them: some twice over. On Thursday morning (the day appointed for the election) he makes a large speech in the College-chapel, that they should come off unanimously: when the School bell rung, he caused the College bell also to ring, as to an Act, and all the Fellows to come into the Hall and to attend him to the Schools for the Duke, that so they might win the honour to have it accounted their College Act. Divers in town got hackneys and fled, to avoid importunity. Very many, some whole Colleges, were gotten by their fearful Masters, the Bishop, and others, to suspend, who otherwise were resolved against the Duke, and kept away with much indignation: and yet, for all this stir, the Duke carried it but by three votes [the exact numbers were 108 votes for the Duke against 102 for Lord Berkshire]. * * You will not believe how they triumphed (I mean the Masters above-named) when they had got it. Dr. Paske made his College exceed that night, &c. Some since had a good mind to have questioned the election for some reason; but I think they will be better advised for their own ease. We had but one Doctor in the whole town durst (for so I dare speak) give with us against the Duke; and that was Dr. Porter of Queen's. What will the Parliament say to us? Did not our burgesses condemn the Duke in their charge given up to the Lords? I pray God we hear well of it; but the actors are as bold as lions, and I half believe would fain suffer, that they might be advanced."

The election, as Meade had anticipated, did cause much public excitement. The Duke wrote to the Vice-Chancellor, acknowledging the honour conferred upon him, and asking the Heads to allow him to postpone his official visit for some months; and the Bishop of Durham also wrote conveying the King's thanks. The election, in fact, had been a stroke of Court policy in opposition to Parliament, and the courtiers were delighted with their success. The Commons, on the other hand, took the matter up warmly, and spoke of calling the University to account; and there was a tart skirmish of messages and counter-messages on the subject between them and the King. The whole question, with many others, was

suddenly quashed by the dissolution of the Parliament on the 15th of June. The Parliament had sat four months; but, like its predecessor, had been unable to pass a single Bill. Scarcely had it been dissolved when (July 1626) differences with France led to a war with that country in addition to the war already on hand with Spain.

The tradition of some incident in Milton's University life of a kind which his enemies, by exaggerating and misrepresenting it, were able afterwards to use to his discredit, is very old. It was probably first presented in the definite shape in which we now have it by Dr. Johnson in his memoir of the poet. "There is reason to believe," says Johnson, "that Milton was regarded in his College with no great fondness. That he obtained no fellowship is certain; but the unkindness with which he was treated was not merely negative. I am ashamed to relate what I fear is true, that Milton was one of the last students in either University that suffered the public indignity of corporal correction." Respecting the allegation of Milton's general unpopularity at College it will be time to speak hereafter, and it is with the special statement of the last sentence that we are concerned here.

Johnson's authority for the statement, we now know, was Aubrey's MS. Life of Milton, as either seen by himself in the Ashmolean, or inspected by some one whom he knew. The original passage is as follows:—

"And was a very hard student in the University, and performed all his exercises with very good applause. His first tutor there whipt him was Mr. Chappell, from whom receiving some unkindness, he was (though it seemed contrary to the rules of the College) transferred to the tuition of one Mr. Tovell [miswritten for Tovey], who died parson of Lutterworth."[1]

This passage occurs in a paragraph of particulars expressly set down by Aubrey in his MS. as having been derived from

[1] Aubrey, as we have seen, is not quite correct in saying that Tovey "died parson of Lutterworth." He died parson of Ayleston, in the same county, in 1658.

the poet's brother Christopher. It seems impossible, therefore, to doubt that it is in the main authentic. Of the whole statement, however, precisely that which has least the look of authenticity is the pungent fact of the interlineation. That it *is* an interlineation, and not a part of the text, suggests that Aubrey did not get it from Christopher Milton, but picked it up from gossip afterwards; and it is exactly the kind of fact that gossip delights to invent. But take the passage fully as it stands, the interlineation included; and there are still two respects in which it fails to bear out Johnson's formidable phrase, "one of the last students in either University who," &c. especially in the circumstantial form which subsequent writers have given to the phrase by speaking of the punishment as a public one at the hands of Dr. Bainbrigge the College Master. (1.) So far as Aubrey hints, the quarrel was originally but a private one between Milton and his tutor Chappell—at most a tussle between the tutor and the pupil in the tutor's rooms, with which Bainbrigge, in the first instance, may have had nothing to do. (2.) Let the incident have been as flagrant as might be, it appertains and can appertain only to one particular year, and that an early one, of Milton's undergraduateship. At no time in the history of the University had any except undergraduates been liable by statute to corporal punishment; and even undergraduates, if over the age of eighteen, had usually, if not invariably, been considered exempt. Now Milton attained the age of eighteen complete on the 9th of December, 1626. Unless, therefore, he were made an exception to all rule, the incident must have taken place, if it took place at all, either in his first term of residence, or in the course of that year 1625-6 with which we are now concerned.[1]

[1] Warton, Todd, and others, have entered somewhat largely into the question of the possibility of the alleged punishment consistently with the College practice of the time. On this head there is no denying that the thing was possible enough. The "*virgâ a suis corrigatur*" of the old statutes certainly remained in force for young undergraduates both at Oxford and Cambridge. As late as 1649, Henry Stubbe, a writer of so much reputation in his day that Wood gives a longer memoir of him than of Milton, was publicly flogged in the refectory of Christ Church, Oxford, when eighteen years of age, for "insolent and pragmatical" conduct. Other instances might be produced to show that in any case Johnson's phrase "one of the last at either University who," &c. would be historically wrong. There can be no doubt, however, that

That the quarrel, whatever was its form, did take place in this very year is all but established by a reference which Milton has himself made to it. The reference occurs in the first of his Latin Elegies; which is a poetical epistle to his friend Diodati, and the date of the composition of which may be fixed, with something like certainty, in April or May 1626.[1] As the elegy has a biographical value independent of its connexion with the matter under notice, we shall quote it entire, after a word or two of explanation.

Diodati, it will be remembered, had been at Trinity College, Oxford, since 1621-2. He and Milton, however, had been in the habit of meeting each other in London in the College vacations, and of corresponding with each other at other times. Diodati, it seems, had a fancy for writing his letters occasionally in Greek. Two Greek letters of his to Milton are still extant.[2] Neither is dated; but the first bears evidence of having been written in or near London, and sent to Milton by a messenger, when the distance between the two friends was not so great but that Diodati might have gone with it himself. I see grounds for dating it in the long vacation of 1625; and, if that date is wrong, it does not matter much. In the missive—which is headed Θεόσδοτος Μίλτωνι εὐφραίνεσθαι ("Diodati to Milton, to cheer up")—the sprightly young Anglo-Italian reminds his friend of a plan they had made, at a late meeting, for an excursion on or by the Thames, and hopes that, "though the weather has been wintry and stormy for two whole days," his friend will

the practice was getting out of repute. In the new Oxford statutes of 1635 corporal punishment was restricted (though Stubbe, it seems, did not benefit by the restriction) to boys under sixteen. In connexion with this tendency to restrict the practice to very young students, it is worth noting, as weakening still farther the likelihood of Aubrey's statement, that one of Aubrey's errors is with respect to Milton's age when he went to College. He makes him to go thither at fifteen, whereas he was over sixteen.

[1] The elegy unfortunately has no date affixed to it; but, as these and other juvenile pieces of Milton are arranged by himself with some scrupulousness in chronological order, and as we can positively determine the elegy which comes next to have been written in September 1626, we can hardly but assume this to have been written earlier in the same year. An allusion in the elegy itself—"*tempora veris*"—determines the season of the year.

[2] The originals in Diodati's writing, with one or two marginal corrections of the Greek by Milton, are in the British Museum (Add. MS. 5016*, f. 64). Mr. Mitford has printed the letters in the Greek, in the Appendix to his Memoir of Milton. (Pickering's edition of Milton's works, vol. I. pp. cxciii. cxciv.)

keep his appointment on the morrow. "Take courage," he says, "and be with me as agreed, and put on a festive frame of mind and one gayer than usual. To-morrow everything will go well; and the air and the sun and the river and trees and birds and earth and men will make holiday with us, and laugh with us." Not long after this excursion (if it ever came off, and if we have dated it correctly), the two friends had separated again to return to their respective Colleges—Milton for his second year at Cambridge, and Diodati for his fifth at Oxford. On the 10th of December, 1625, Diodati took his B.A. degree.[1] After taking the degree he left his College to reside for a while in Cheshire—not that his connexion with Oxford was yet over, but only that he might have some leisure before devoting himself to studies for his intended profession of medicine. It was from Cheshire, if my surmise is correct, and in the spring of 1626, that he sent to Milton the second of his Greek epistles. It is a slight thing, headed Θεόσδοτος Μίλτωνι χαίρειν ("Diodati to Milton greeting"), and is in the same sprightly tone as the first. "I have no fault to find," he says, "with my present mode of life, except that I am deprived of any mind fit to converse with. In other respects all passes pleasantly here in the country; for what else is wanting, when the days are long, the scenery around blooming with flowers, and waving and teeming with leaves, on every branch a nightingale or goldfinch or other bird of song delighting with its warblings, most varied walks, a table neither scant nor overburthened, and sleep undisturbed?" Then, wishing that Milton were with him, he adds, "But you, wondrous youth, why do you despise the gifts of nature; why do you persist inexcusably in tying yourself night and day to your books? Live, laugh, enjoy your youth and the present hour. I, in all things else your inferior, both think myself and am superior to you in this, that I know a moderation in my labours." Words of so much interest that one wishes they had been dated!

If this Greek letter was not written from Cheshire and in the spring of 1626, some other letter of Diodati's, not now

[1] Wood, MS. in the Ashmolean, 8506.

preserved, *was* sent by him to Milton from that neighbourhood and at that time. To that letter, if not to this, Milton's reply was (in translation) as follows :—

"To Charles Diodati.

"At length, dear friend, your letter has reached me, and the messenger-paper has brought me your words—brought me them from the western shore of Chester's Dee, where with prone stream it seeks the Vergivian wave. Much, believe me, it delights me that foreign lands have nurtured a heart so loving of ours, and a head so faithfully mine; and that a distant part of the country now owes me my sprightly companion, whence, however, it means soon, on being summoned, to send him back. Me at present that city contains which the Thames washes with its ebbing wave; and me, not unwilling, my father's house now possesses. At present it is not my care to revisit the reedy Cam; nor does the love of my forbidden rooms yet cause me grief (*nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor*). Nor do naked fields please me, where soft shades are not to be had. How ill that place suits the votaries of Apollo! Nor am I in the humour still to bear the threats of a harsh master (*duri minas perferre magistri*), and other things not to be submitted to by my genius (*cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo*). If this be exile (*si sit hoc exilium*), to have gone to my father's house, and, free from cares, to be pursuing agreeable relaxations, then certainly I refuse neither the name nor the lot of a fugitive (*non ego vel profugi nomen sortemque recuso*), and gladly I enjoy the condition of exile (*lætus et exilii conditione fruor*). O that that poet, the tearful exile in the Pontic territory [*i. e.* Ovid], had never endured worse things! Then had he nothing yielded to Ionian Homer, nor would the supreme reputation of having surpassed him be yours, O Maro! For it is in my power to give my leisure up to the placid Muses; and books, which are my life, have me all to themselves. When I am wearied, the pomp of the winding theatre takes me hence, and the garrulous stage calls me to its noisy applauses—whether it be the wary old gentleman that is heard, or the prodigal heir; whether the wooer, or the soldier with his helmet doffed, is on the boards, or the lawyer, prosperous with a ten years' lawsuit, is mouthing forth his gibberish to the unlearned forum. Often the wily servant is abetting the lover-son, and at every turn cheating the very nose of the stiff father; often there the maiden, wondering at her new sensations,

knows not what love is, and, while she knows not, loves. Or, again, furious Tragedy shakes her bloody sceptre and rolls her eyes, with dishevelled locks, and it is a pain to look, and yet it is a pleasure to have looked and been pained; for sometimes there is a sweet bitterness in tears. Or the unhappy boy leaves his untasted joys, and falls off, a pitiful object, from his broken love; or the fierce avenger of crime recrosses the Styx from the shades, perturbing guilty souls with his funeral torch [the allusions here might be to Shakespeare's 'Romeo' and the ghost in his 'Hamlet']. Or the house of Pelops or that of noble Ilium is in grief, or the palace of Creon expiates its incestuous ancestry. But not always within doors nor even in the city, do we mope; nor does the season of spring pass by unused by us. The grove also planted with thick elms has our company, and the noble shade of a suburban neighbourhood. Very often here, as stars breathing forth mild flames, you may see troops of maidens passing by. Ah! how often have I seen the wonders of a worthy form, which might even repair the old age of Jove! Ah! how often have I seen eyes surpassing all gems and whatever lights revolve round either pole; and necks twice whiter than the arms of living Pelops, and than the way which flows tinged with pure nectar; and the exquisite grace of the forehead; and the trembling hair which cheating Love spreads as his golden nets; and the inviting cheeks, compared with which hyacinthine purple is poor, and the very blush, Adonis, of thy own flower! Yield, ye so often praised heroic daughters of old, and whatever fair mistress fixed the fancy of wandering Jove! Yield, ye Persian girls with the turbaned brows, and all that dwell in Susa and Memnonian Ninos. Ye also, nymphs of Greece, bend low your honours, and ye young matrons of Troy and nurses of Rome. Nor let the Tarpeian Muse [*i.e.* Ovid in his poetry] boast of the portico of Pompey and the theatre crowded with beauties in their trains. The first glory is due to Britain's virgins; enough for you, fair foreigners, to be able to follow next! Thou, London, city built by Dardanian colonists, raising thy head of towers to be seen far and wide, thou, too happy, enclosest within thy walls, whatever of beauty this pendent orb contains! Not over thee in the clear sky do there glitter so many stars, the attendant crowd of Endymion's goddess, as through the middle of thy streets there shine, brilliant in beauty and gold, maidens worthy to be seen. Hither, borne by her twin-doves, gentle Venus, girt with her

quiver-bearing soldiery of Cupids, is believed to have come, resolved evermore to prefer it to Cnidus, and the valleys watered by the river of Simois, and to Paphos itself, and to rosy Cyprus. But for me, while the forbearance of the blind boy allows it, I prepare as soon as possible to leave these happy walls, and, using the help of divine all-heal, to flee far from the infamous dwellings of the sorceress Circe. It is fixed that I do go back to the rushy marshes of Cam, and once more approach the murmur of the hoarse-murmuring school. Meanwhile accept the little gift of your faithful friend, and these few words forced into alternate measures."

This epistle so far tells its own story. It shows that some time in the course of the spring of 1626, Milton was in London, amusing himself as during a holiday, and occasionally visiting the theatres in Bankside. The question, however, remains, what was the occasion of this temporary absence from Cambridge, and how long it lasted. Was it merely that Milton, as any other student might have done, spent the Easter vacation of that year with his family in town —quitting Cambridge on the 31st of March, when the Lent Term ended, and returning by the 19th of April, when the Easter Term began? The language and tone of various parts of the epistle seem to render this explanation insufficient. In short, taking all that seems positive in the statements of the elegy, along with all that seems authentic in the passage from Aubrey, the facts assume this form:—Towards the close of the Lent Term of 1625-6, Milton and his tutor, Chappell, had a disagreement; the disagreement was of such a kind that Bainbrigge, as Master of the College, had to interfere; the consequence was that Milton withdrew or was sent from College in circumstances equivalent to "rustication;" his absence extended probably over the whole of the Easter vacation and part of the Easter Term; but, at length, an arrangement was made which permitted him to return in time to save that term,[1] and to exchange the tutorship of Chappell for that of Tovey. Milton, therefore, was back in Cambridge, as we calculate, in time to partake in the excitement of the

[1] It is certain, as we shall see, that Milton did not lose a term during his College-course.

election of the new Chancellor, and to witness the other incidents of the Easter Term as mentioned in Meade's letters. He was probably still in London, however, when old Mr. Stocke of Allhallows died (April 20, 1626).[1]

The Easter Term and the studies under his new tutor Tovey being over for that session, Milton returned to town for the long vacation of 1626. Poor Meade, we find, remained at Cambridge, confined to College by an attack of ague (then the prevalent disease of the fenny Cambridge district); and was not able to go to Dalham, as he had intended, till the beginning of August.[2] He returned to Cambridge early in September; and, between that time and the opening of the next session on the 10th of October, he and other members of the University received the news of two events which were also heard of, with no little interest, by Milton in London, and by Englishmen generally. These were—the death (Sept. 21, 1626) of the learned and eloquent Lancelot Andrews, Bishop of Winchester, which took place at Winchester-house, Southwark; and the death, a fortnight later (Oct. 5, 1626), of Nicholas Felton, Bishop of Ely, in which diocese Cambridge is situated.

These two deaths, we know positively, did occupy Milton's thoughts during his vacation-holiday. They are both celebrated by him in Latin verse. Of his Latin "Elegies," the third, entitled "In obitum præsulis Wintoniensis," is a tribute to the memory of Bishop Andrews; and Bishop Felton's death is celebrated in the third piece of his so-called *Sylvarum Liber*, entitled "In obitum præsulis Eliensis." A brief abstract of these pieces will serve our purpose as well as a full translation:—

On the Death of the Bishop of Winchester. "Sitting alone, sad and silent, I ruminate the various sorrows of the year now drawing to a close. First, the terrible phantom of the Plague, which has recently swept away so many of my countrymen, passes

[1] "The 24th of April, 1626, was buried Mr. Richard Stocke, parson of this parish."—*Allhallows Register.*

[2] Letters to Stuteville, in June, July, and August.

before me. Then I think of some particular deaths which the year has witnessed—especially of those of some who have fought heroically in the war of German Protestantism. But chiefly I lament the great prelate who has just died. Why cannot Death be content with the flowers and the woodlands for a prey; why make havoc also among noble human beings? Meditating thus, I fall asleep, when lo! a beautiful vision! I wander in a wide expanse of champaign, all bright with sunlight and colour, at which while I am wondering, there stands by me the venerable figure of the departed Bishop, clothed in white, with golden sandals on his feet, and a white mitre on his brow. As the old man walks in this stately raiment, the ground trembles with celestial sound; overhead are bands of angels, moving on starry wings; and a trumpet accompanies them as they chant a welcome. I know that the place is Heaven; and I awake to wish that often again I may have such dreams."

On the Death of the Bishop of Ely. "Scarcely were my cheeks dry after my tears shed for the Bishop of Winchester, when hundred-tongued Fame brings me the report of the decease of another prelate, the ornament of his order. I again exclaim in execration of Death, when suddenly I hear a Divine voice reminding me what Death is—not the son of Night and Erebus, or any such fancied pagan horror, but the messenger of God sent to gather the souls of the good to eternal joy, and those of the wicked to judgment and woe. While hearing this, lo! I am rapt upwards swiftly beyond the sun, the constellations, and the galaxy itself, till, reaching the shining gates of Heaven, I see the crystal hall with its pavement of pearl. But who can speak of glories like these? Enough that they may be mine for ever!"

To this same academic year, but to an earlier period in the year than any of the three pieces last quoted, belongs the beautiful English poem "*On the Death of a Fair Infant Dying of a Cough.*" The circumstances of the composition were as follows:—Towards the end of 1625, or about a year after the marriage of the poet's sister with Mr. Edward Philips of the Crown Office, there has been born to the young pair a little girl, making the scrivener for the first time a grandfather, and the poet an uncle. But the little stranger has appeared in the

world at an untoward time. It is in the winter when the Pestilence is abroad. Not to the Pestilence, however, but to death in one of its commoner and less awful forms, was the child to fall a victim. The poet has just seen her and learnt to scan her little features, when the churlish and snowy winter nips the delicate blossom, and, after a few days of hoping anguish over the difficult little breath, the mother yields her darling to the grave. Ere he goes back to Cambridge for the Lent Term, Milton writes the little elegy, which helped to console the mother then, and which now preserves her grief. The heading "anno ætatis 17" fixes the year, and the allusions in the poem determine the season.

"O fairest flower, no sooner blown than blasted,
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry!
For He, being amorous on that lovely dye
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
But killed, alas! and then bewailed his fatal bliss."

Continuing this fancy, the poet tells how Winter, first mounting up in his icy-pearled car through the middle empire of the freezing air, then descended from his snow-soft eminence, and all unawares unhoused the little soul of the virgin by his cold-kind touch. Then, after some stanzas in which he asks whether the fair young visitant had been a higher spirit sent hither on an errand, or some star fallen by mischance from "the ruined roof of shak't Olympus," he concludes :—

"But oh! why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy heaven-loved innocence,
To slake His wrath whom Sin hath made our foe,
To turn swift-rushing black Perdition hence,
Or drive away the slaughtering Pestilence,
To stand 'twixt us and our deservèd smart?
But thou canst best perform that office where thou art!

"Then, thou the mother of so sweet a child,
Her false imagined loss cease to lament,

And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild ;
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render Him with patience what He lent.
This if thou do, He will an offspring give,
That till the world's last end shall make thy name to live."[1]

Think of the youth of seventeen who could so write going back into the midst of the Bainbrigges, the Chappells and the rest of them, to sit beneath them at table, to be directed by them what he should read, and to be lectured by them in logic and in literature ! As we shall see, the College folks of Christ's did in the end come to appreciate the qualities of their young scholar. Chappell had lost a pupil that would have done him credit ; and if Tovey did not now know what a pupil he had gained, he may have afterwards thought of him when he was parson of Lutterworth.

ACADEMIC YEAR 1626-7.

MILTON ætat. 18.

Vice-Chancellor, Dr. HENRY SMITH, Master of Magdalen (in which office he had recently succeeded Dr. Barnaby Gooch).
Proctors, SAMUEL HICKSON of Trinity College, and THOMAS WAKE of Caius.

MICHAELMAS TERM . October 10, 1626, to December 16, 1626.
LENT TERM . . . . . January 13, 1626-7, to March 17, 1626-7.
EASTER TERM . . . . April 4, 1627, to July 6, 1627.

This being Milton's third academic year, there were now, of course, many students, both in his own College and in the rest of the University, whom he could regard as his juniors. During the vacation just past, for example, there had been the following admission at Caius :

"Jeremy Tailor, son of Nathaniel Tailor, Barber, born at Cambridge, and there instructed for ten years in the public school under Mr. Lovering, was admitted into our College Aug. 18, 1626, in the

1 That the "fair infant" of this poem *was* the child of Milton's sister there is nothing in the poem itself to prove ; but the fact is decided by a reference to the poem in Philips's Life of Milton. The poem was written, says Philips, "upon the death of one of his sister's children (a daughter) who died in infancy." (p. xix.)

fifteenth year of his age, in the capacity of a poor scholar (*pauper scholaris*) by Mr. Batchcroft; and paid entrance fee of 12d." [1]

Among the new names of the session at Milton's own College, we may mention those of a George Winstanley, a William More, a Christopher Bainbrigge (a relation of the Master), a Richard Meade (a relation, we presume, of the tutor), and a Christopher Shute (the son of an eminent parish clergyman in London). More important than any of these were the two names whose addition to the roll of students at Christ's is thus recorded in the admission-book:—

"Roger and Edward Kinge, sons of John, Knight of York [both born in Ireland: Roger near Dublin, Edward in the town of Boyle in Connaught], Roger aged 16, Edward 14; were educated under Mr. Farnabie; and were then admitted into this College as Lesser Pensioners, June 9, 1626, under the tutorship of Mr. Chappell." [2]

Sir John King, the father of these two young men, filled the office of Secretary for Ireland under Queen Elizabeth and James I., and also during part of the reign of Charles I. The family was well connected in Ireland—two of the young men's sisters being now or soon afterwards married to Lord Charlemont and Sir George Loder, or Lowther, Chief Justice of Ireland; and their uncle, Edward King, holding the Irish bishopric of Elphin.

According to the usage of the University, though the academic year opens on the 10th of October, and the Proctors are elected on that day, the election of the new Vice-Chancellor does not take place till the 3rd of November. In the year now under notice, it happened that Dr. Gostlin died before the day on which he would have resigned the Vice-Chancellor's office. His death took place on the 21st of October, 1626. The Vice-Chancellorship was filled up by the appointment of Dr. Smith, of Magdalen; and, after a good deal of opposition, the vacant Mastership of Caius was given to the Dr. Batchcroft just mentioned as Jeremy Taylor's tutor. While these arrangements were in progress, there was another

[1] Wood's *Athenæ*, III. 781: note by Bliss.

[2] Copy furnished me by Mr. Wolstenholme of Christ's College, who informs me that the part of the entry which I have placed within brackets is in a different ink and handwriting from the rest—evidently an addition a few years later, when the brothers were better known at Christ's.

death of a University official—that of Richard Ridding, the senior Esquire Bedel, and Master of Arts of St. John's. As his will is proved Nov. 8, 1626, he must have died almost simultaneously with Gostlin. Both deaths were naturally topics of interest to the Cambridge muses; and among the copies of verses written, and perhaps circulated, in connexion with them, were two by Milton. That on Gostlin is in Horatian stanzas, and is entitled "In obitum Procancellarii medici;" that on Ridding is in elegiacs, and entitled "In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiensis." Abstracts of them will be enough:—

On the death of the medical Vice-Chancellor. Men of all conditions must submit to fate. Could strength and valour have given exemption from the general doom, Hercules and Hector would have escaped it. Could enchantments have stopped death, Circe and Medea had lived till now. Could the art of the physician and the knowledge of herbs have saved from mortality, neither Machaon, the son of Æsculapius, nor Chiron, the son of Philyra, would have died. Above all, had this been the case, the distinguished man, whom the gowned race are now mourning, would still have been discharging his office with his old reputation. But Proserpine, seeing him, by his art and his potent juices, save so many from death, has snatched him away in anger. May his body rest quietly under the turf, and may roses and hyacinths grow above him! May the judgment of Æacus upon him be light, and may he wander with the happy souls in the Elysian plain![1]

On the death of the Cambridge University-Bedel. Death, the last beadle of all, has not even spared his fellow-officer—him who has so often, conspicuous with his shining staff, summoned the studious youth together. Though his locks were already white, he deserved to have lived for ever. How gracefully, how like one of the classic heralds in Homer, he stood, when performing his office of convening the gowned multitudes! Why does not Death choose as his victims useless men who would not be missed? Let the whole University mourn for him, and let there be elegies on his death in all the schools![2]

[1] *Sylvarum Liber*, I. Milton, when he dates his poems, usually does so accurately, except that he gives himself the apparent advantage of a year by using the cardinal numbers instead of the ordinal. In the present instance, however, there is an error. The poem in the original copies is headed "*anno ætatis* 16," whereas, when Gostlin died, Milton had nearly completed his eighteenth year.

[2] *Elegiarum Liber*: "Elegia Secunda, anno ætatis 17."

Within the same fortnight, Milton, who appears to have been in a verse-making humour, wrote a more elaborate poem in Latin hexameters on a political topic of annual interest. It was now one-and-twenty years since the Gunpowder Plot had filled the nation with horror; and regularly every year, as the 5th of November came round, there had been the usual prayers and thanksgivings on that day in all the churches, the usual bonfires in the streets, and the usual demonstrations of Protestant enthusiasm and virulence in sermons and verses. There were probably opportunities in the colleges of Cambridge for the public reading of compositions on the subject by the more ambitious of the students.[1] At all events, there are five distinct pieces on the "Gunpowder Treason" among Milton's juvenile Latin poems. Four of them are short and somewhat harsh and ferocious epigrams, of a few lines each. In one of them the poet blames Guy Fawkes for not having blown the priests of Rome and the other "cowled gentry" themselves to heaven, seeing that, but for some such physical explosion, there was little likelihood of their ever taking flight in that direction! These four epigrams are not dated; but they were probably written at Cambridge, as well as the fifth and much longer poem on the same subject, the date of the composition of which is fixed by the heading "In quintum Novembris: Anno ætatis 17"—*i.e.* "On the 5th of November, 1626." The following is a pretty full abstract of it:—

The pious James had just come into England from the north, uniting Scotland with his new dominion, and was reigning in peace, when the King of Hell, issuing forth from his dark realm, wandered through the air, and calling forth his allies, filled the earth with wars and mischiefs. As soon as he beheld this land of ours, happy in peace, and inhabited by a people worshipping God truly, he sighed in flames and sulphur; his eyes rolled fire; he gnashed his iron teeth. "Here alone," he cried, "have I found a race rebel to me, contemptuous of my yoke, and too powerful for all my skill. This must not continue unpunished." So saying, he swims the air on

[1] By a decree of the Vice-Chancellor and Heads, passed Oct. 20, 1606 (see Dyer's "Privileges," I. 310), it was ordered that, on every following 5th of November for ever, there should be a sermon in St. Mary's by one of the Heads in the morning, and, in the afternoon, an oration in King's College Chapel by the Public Orator, or by some one appointed in his stead.

pitchy wings, adverse winds preceding him, and clouds thickening and frequent lightnings glittering where he flies. Crossing the Alps, he bends his way to Central Italy, and reaches Rome on St. Peter's eve, when He of the triple crown is going in procession, with his idolatrous relics of dead men's bones, and his train of bowing princes and begging friars. The gorgeous ceremony over, the Lord of Kings (*i. e.* the Pope) has just entered his couch ["*neque enim*," insinuates the uncharitable young versifier, "*secretus adulter producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes*"] when, ere sleep has closed his eyes, the black ruler of shadows stands by him in the disguise of a Franciscan monk, with white hair, a long beard, an ash-grey cloak, a cowl over his shaven crown, and a rope of hemp round his loins. "Dost thou sleep, my son," asks the Devil, "mindless of thy flocks, at a time when a barbarous nation, born under the north pole, is deriding thy chair and thy triple diadem? Arise, be up and doing! Avenge the scattered Spanish Armada, and the cruel deaths of so many of the saints in the time of that virgin queen! If not, that nation, be assured, will fill the Tuscan sea with her soldiery, and plant her standards on the Aventine hill, and trample thy sacred neck under her profane feet. Nor needst thou attempt the matter openly. Use cunning and fraud, as may justly be done with heretics. At this moment their king is assembling from all corners of the land his nobles to counsel—aged men and men of ancient pedigree: these thou mayest blow limb from limb into the air and blast into ashes, by placing powder of nitre under the floor of the place where they are assembling. Forthwith forewarn the faithful in England of the design, that none of them gainsay thy orders. And, when the nation is shattered and stupified by the deed, let the fierce Gaul or the savage Spaniard invade them; and thus the Marian times will return in that land. Fear not; all the gods and goddesses of your worship are with you!" Having thus said, the Fiend vanished to his native Hell; and it remained for the Pope to execute the project. The scene accordingly changes. Calling Murder and Fear and Treason out of the horrid cave, all strewn with dead men's bones, where they have their dwelling, the Babylonian priest gives them their instructions; and the fiendish agents fly on their errand. Meanwhile the Lord of Heaven looks down, and laughs their intentions to scorn. In the Temple of Fame, said to be situated in that distant region where Asia and Europe are disparted—that strange, lofty, brazen temple, hundred-gated

and hundred-windowed, whither converge the whispers from all the ends of the earth, and whence they issue again a thousand-fold confounded—the bruit of the intended massacre is duly heard. Then does the wayward goddess prove herself England's friend. Putting on her wings and taking with her her trump, she speeds to the fated land; and there, according to her wont, she first scatters vague words and uncertain murmurs of the coming event through the crowds of cities. These assume shape, and the deed and its authors are brought to light. The guilty are punished; and there are grateful thanksgivings to God! But never shall that crime or that deliverance be forgotten; nor now in the whole year is there a day more celebrated than the fifth of November!

Not a syllable respecting Milton or his verses have we from Meade. On the 25th of November he writes to Stuteville of the sudden death of Dr. Hills, Master of Catharine Hall; and on the 2nd of December, after announcing that Dr. Sibbes has been elected to the vacant Mastership, he mentions a matter of pecuniary interest to himself. "I am troubled," he says, "with Mr. Higham's backwardness; who is £10 in my debt—besides this quarter, which will make it near £15. Neither he nor Mr. Tracey are so good paymasters as I had hoped for." On the 9th of the same month he speaks of young Stuteville as having been more than usually negligent of his studies, but adds that he is "about a declamation, and must have pardon till it be over." And so, as far as Meade enlightens us, ends the Michaelmas Term.

His letters during the Lent Term are of considerably more interest. On the 27th of January, 1626-7, he writes complaining that he has still heard nothing from Mr. Higham; on the 3rd of February, he speaks of some new arrangements he has been making respecting young Stuteville's room in College; on the 10th of the same month he sends Sir Martin a copy of "old Geffrey Chaucer," price 13*s.* 4*d.*; and on the 17th, in reply to an application which Sir Martin has sent, that he would receive as a pupil his nephew, the son of Sir John Isham, of Lamport, Northamptonshire, he writes as follows:—

"I am not only willing, but in some respects desirous to accept Sir John Isham's son under my tuition, if I can provide a fit chamber for him; but whether I shall do or not, I know not. Our

Master here hath the absolute disposal of chambers and studies: howsoever the statute limits his power by discretion to dispose according to quality, desert, and conveniency, yet, himself being the only judge, that limitation is to no purpose. And—to tell tales forth of school—our present Master is so addicted to his kindred that, where they may have a benefit, there is no persuasion, whosoever hath the injury . . . . . The plot is first to get the chambers that are convenient out of the possession of others, and then to appropriate them to his kinsmen-fellows—so to allure gentlemen to choose *their* tuition, as stored with rooms to place them. . . . . I have not yet spoken to our Master, because it is a little hell for me to go about it; but I shall take the fittest opportunity, though I know not how it will prove."

The important business of procuring a chamber for Sir John Isham's son was not yet settled, when the whole University was roused from its routine by the arrival of the Duke of Buckingham, with a large retinue of bishops and courtiers, to go through the ceremony of his installation as Chancellor. He arrived on the 3rd of March, 1626-7; on which day Meade writes to Stuteville:[1]—

"The Duke is coming to our town; which puts us all into a commotion. The bells ring; the posts wind their horns in every street. Every man puts up his cap and hood ready for the Congregation; whither, they suppose, his Grace will come. He dines, they say, at Trinity College: shall have a banquet at Clare Hall. I am afraid somebody [Bainbrigge?] will scarce worship any other god as long as he is in town. For mine own part, I am not like to stir; but hope to hear all when they come home."

On the following Friday (March 10) Meade forwards to his correspondent some more particulars of the Duke's visit, which had lasted two days:—

"Our Chancellor on Saturday sat in the Regent House in a Master of Arts' gown, habit, cap, and hood: spoke two words of Latin—"Placet" and "Admittatur." Bishop Laud was incorporated. The E. of Denbigh, Lo. Imbrecourt, Lo. Rochefort (Miles de Malta), Mr. Edw. Somerset, nephew to the Earl of Worcester, Mr. Craven, and Mr. Walter Montague were made Masters of Arts. His Grace dined at Trinity College; had banquets at various other Colleges—King's, St. John's, Clare Hall, &c. He was on the top of King's College Chapel, but refused to have his foot imprinted there [*i. e.* the impression of his foot cut on the leaden roof] as too high for him. He was wonderful courteous to all scholars of any condition—both in the Regent House, where every one that came in had his

[1] This and some other letters of Meade's have been misplaced by a whole year, in the binding of the MS. volumes in the British Museum.

Grace's congie ; and in the town, as he walked. If a man did but stir his hat, he should not lose his labour * * Dr. Paske, out of his familiarity, must needs carry him to see a new library they are building in Clare Hall, notwithstanding it was not yet furnished with books. But by good chance, being an open room, two women were gotten in thither to see his Grace out at the windows ; but, when the Duke came thither, were unexpectedly surprised. 'Mr. Doctor,' quoth the Duke, when he saw them, 'you have here a fair library ; but here are two books not very well bound.'"

In the same letter Meade returns to the subject of Sir John Isham's son. The "business," he says, "makes him almost sick ;" but, as Bainbrigge is away from home, it is not yet concluded. There is also a postscript referring to Higham and his unpaid bills : "Mr. Higham was here on Saturday with his son's bills ; where I found him (the son) to have purposely altered and falsified them to conceal from his father some expenses, which yet he was most impatient at any time to have denied. He had left out some 17*s.* in the particulars since Midsummer, and altered the general sums according unto it ; and, to do this, he took the pains not to send the bills that he wrote out at my chambers, or that I gave him with mine own hand, but to make them over anew in his study." The consequence was that Meade resolved to get rid of Master Higham. He intimates this in a letter to Stuteville on the 17th of March (the last day of the term) :—

"I have moved our master in behalf of Mr. Justinian Isham, and, having no hope otherwise to prevail, I offered an unreasonable bargain—to yield a chamber of 4 studies and of the best, to be put in actual possession of a chamber having but 2, and those also mine *de jure*, by former assignation and payment for them. Upon this offer, being to be very beneficial to one of his kinsmen-fellows, he says he will do what he can ; and I am sure he may do something if he will —which is but to remove a couple of lawless people whom most of the fellows would give consent to be expelled, and unfit they should keep in that manner. If I may obtain this, my purpose is, Mr. Justinian and your son shall keep together. For this his chamber I must make a surrender of two others—whereof Mr. Higham is one I mean to cashier ; and the fourth to provide for himself. Is not this a slaughtering bargain ?"[1]

[1] The revelations contained in this letter, and others of Meade's, respecting the internal state of Christ's College, and the relations of the Fellows to the Master and to each other, are such as to throw some additional light, I think, on the tradition of Milton's quarrel with the College authorities. Observe particularly Bainbrigge's and Meade's plan for securing accommodation for the knight's son—"removing a couple of lawless students" not in favour with

The admission of Mr. Justinian Isham was managed one way or another; for on the 21st of April, or some time after the beginning of the Easter term, Meade writes to Stuteville that he has arrived. On the 5th of May he writes, "Mr. Isham is well, and, as I think, will prove a sober, discreet, and understanding gent." The following letter will show what bad blood there might be among those reverend seniors of Christ's College, whom Milton was required to respect as his superiors and instructors. Meade evidently writes under great provocation.[1]

May 19th, 1627.—"I should have picked up some more news for you last night, but that my thoughts were troubled not a little with a deep perplexity at the very instant by a scurvy, villainous and pandar-like letter which Mr. Power [the Senior Fellow of Christ's] sent to your cousin Isham. I account it a special sign of Divine favour that by mere chance it fell into my hands before it came to his. Nevertheless it took my stomach quite from my supper, and hindered my sleep this night—not so much for fear in the gent's behalf (in whose discretion and understanding I have as much confidence as ever I had in any of his years), but in respect of that son of Belial, whose fury in this villainous attempt I saw so lively and wickedly expressed, nay, I may say, blasphemously. For one of his passages towards the close was this, that 'if he durst not express his affection and do him that sweet favour by day, for fear of the Pharisees, yet that he would be a good Nicodemus and visit him by night.' You may guess the rest of the contents by this. I was but newly come into my chamber and had some occasion to send for Mr. Justinian; and, looking to espy somebody in the court to send, I saw his man going, and a sizar before him, as I had thought, towards the butteries or back, but, in the event, up Mr. Power's stairs; for he [Mr. Power] had sent a sizar for his [Mr. Justinian's] man to betrust him with a letter to his master. I sent a scholar to bid him [the man] come to me; but he was gone up stairs before he overtook him. Yet as soon as he had his errand there, he came to me for mine: which was then changed—for I asked him what he did with Mr. Power and what he said to him. He told me he [Mr. Power] said little to purpose,

any of the Fellows. Had it been in the preceding year, I should have been tempted to connect Milton's temporary rustication, or whatever it was, with the affair of this letter. I may add, that I have seen MS. letters of Bainbrigge on College business in the State Paper Office, which bear out Meade's character of him.

[1] As some of the extracts from Meade's letters may modify, for the worse, the account left us of Meade's character, it is right to state that his letters altogether make one like him, and give, if not so high a notion of his ability as might be expected from his reputation, a pleasant impression, at least, of his integrity and punctuality.

but gave him *that* to carry to his master; and showed me the letter. Which, when I had read, I sent him back to deliver, and bid his master come to me. I acquainted Sir John Isham with this danger before my pupil came, and with much passion entreated him to send both him and his man fortified with a direct charge, &c.; which letter he gave them both to read. I confess I love the gent. upon this short experience with some degree more than a tutor's affection; but so much greater and stronger is my jealousy—which, if it should be occasioned to continue upon like cause to this, would oppress me, and I could not bear it. I find so much that I have suffered already. But I am somewhat easy, now I have told you."

The explanation of this letter and of Meade's discomposure seems to be that Power (who was not only senior Fellow of Christ's, but also Margaret preacher in the University) was suspected of being a Jesuit in disguise, and was in any case a malicious and perhaps dissolute old person, who, having no pupils himself, employed his time in stirring up feuds against those who had, and especially against Meade. So much we gather from subsequent passages in Meade's letters, in which he calls Power an "old fool," and relates new instances of his spite against himself and his endeavours to win the confidence of his pupils, and make them "little better than *filii Gehennæ*." That Power had the reputation in the University of being a concealed Papist is proved by other accounts of him.[1] No farther harm however, came at this time of his attempts to make mischief: the Easter term passed without any incidents of particular note; and before the close of that term Meade was gratified with an invitation to spend part of the long vacation at Sir John Isham's place in Northamptonshire. He went there in July, and was received with all imaginable kindness.

To the long vacation of 1627 belongs a Latin metrical epistle from Milton to his old tutor, Young. It is headed "To Thomas Young, his preceptor, discharging the office of pastor among the English merchants trading at Hamburg."

[1] On the overhauling of the University in 1643 by the Puritan party, Power was not only ejected from his fellowship, but pursued in the streets, as he was going to preach, by a mob of soldiers and others, who cried out, "A Pope, A Pope," and would not suffer him to go into the pulpit. See "Carter's History of the University of Cambridge, 1753;" also Walker's "Sufferings of the Clergy."

Parts of this epistle have already been quoted; but an abstract of the rest may be given:—

"In what circumstances will this epistle find you in the German city—sitting by your sweet wife, with your children on your knee; or turning over large tomes of the Fathers, or the Bible itself; or instructing the minds of your charge in Divine truth? It is long since we have exchanged letters; and what now induces me to write is the report that Hamburg and its neighbourhood have been visited by the horrors of war! One has heard much lately of battles there between the German Protestant League and the Imperialists under Tilly. What must be your situation in such circumstances—a foreigner unknown and poor in a strange land, seeking there that livelihood which your own country has not afforded you! Hard-hearted country, thus to exile her worthiest sons, and that too on account of their faithfulness in religion! But the Tishbite had to live a while in the desert; Paul too had to flee for his life; and Christ himself left the country of the Gergesenes. Take courage! God will protect you in the midst of danger; and once more you will return to the joys of your native land."[1]

The prediction was very soon fulfilled. Before many months were over, Young did return to England; and on the 27th of March, 1628, he was instituted to the united vicarages of St. Peter and St. Mary, in Stowmarket, Suffolk. The living was worth about 300*l.* a year, which was very considerable preferment in those days. Young was indebted for it to a "Mr John Howe, a gentleman then residing in Stowmarket, whose ancestors had been great cloth-manufacturers in the neighbourhood;" but in what way Howe had become acquainted with Young, so as to form such an opinion of his deserts as the presentation implies, is not known. Stowmarket is the ancient county town of Suffolk, the place in which all meetings connected with the politics of the county have been held. It is about eighty-one miles distant from London, and about forty from Cambridge. The parish church, called the Church of Stowmarket-St. Peter, and which served also for the adjacent parish of Stow Upland, was built in the reign of Henry VIII. Under

[1] *Elegiarum Liber:* "Elegia Quarta, anno ætatis 18."

a marble slab in the chancel lie the bones of Richard Pernham, B.D., Young's predecessor in the vicarage. Young was to be connected with Stowmarket during the whole remainder of his life, and was also to leave his bones in the church, and his memory in the traditions of the place.[1]

ACADEMIC YEAR 1627-8.

MILTON ætat. 19.

Vice-Chancellor, Dr. THOMAS BAINBRIGGE, Master of Christ's College.
Proctors, THOMAS LOVE of Peterhouse, and EDWARD LLOYD of St. John's.

MICHAELMAS TERM . October 10, 1627, to December 16, 1627.
LENT TERM . . . . . January 13, 1627-8, to April 4, 1628.
EASTER TERM . . . . April 23, 1628, to July 4, 1628.

Among the newly-admitted students whom Milton found on his return to College, was the one whose admission is thus recorded in the entry-book :—

"*September* 4, 1627.—John Cleveland, native of Loughborough in Leicestershire, son of Thomas, instructed in letters at Hinckley under Mr. Vines, aged fifteen years, was admitted a lesser pensioner under Mr. Siddall."[2]

This was Cleveland or Clieveland, afterwards so celebrated as a satirist. His father was vicar of the parish in Leicestershire in which he had been born (June 1613), and he was the second of eleven children, and the eldest son. Of all Milton's college-fellows at Christ's, none attained to greater reputation during his life ; and it is well, therefore, to keep in mind the fact that he and Milton *were* college-fellows, and must have known each other very familiarly.

The Michaelmas Term of the session passed by, so far as Meade's letters inform us, without any incident of note. The

[1] "Supplement to the Suffolk Traveller ; or Topographical and Genealogical Collections concerning that County. By Augustine Page : Ipswich and London, 1844," pp. 549—552. See also "The History of Stowmarket, the ancient County Town of Suffolk. By the Rev. A. G. H. Hollingsworth, M.A. Rural Dean, and Vicar of Stowmarket : Ipswich and London, 1844." This work contains a sketch of Young's life (pp. 187—194), incorrect in some points, but interesting, as supplying the most authentic particulars of his connexion with Stowmarket.

[2] Extract furnished me by Mr. Wolstenholme, Fellow of Christ's College.

Lent Term was more eventful. On the 17th of January, 1627-8, Meade writes to Sir Martin that one of the fellowships of Christ's, vacant by the resignation of Mr. Simpson, has been filled up by the election of a Mr. Fenwicke. His letters of the following month speak of "two comedies" in preparation for performance at Trinity College at Shrovetide, and also of an approaching event of more than ordinary interest,—to wit, a visit of his Majesty to Cambridge. The Court was then at the royal hunting-station of Newmarket, about thirteen miles from Cambridge, so that the visit could easily be made. The royal intention was talked of in the end of February; but, as the visit was to be somewhat of a private nature, Meade, writing to Stuteville on the 24th of that month, is unable to say when it will take place. He mentions, however, another honour which the University had received from his Majesty—an invitation to the leading doctors to preach, in turn, that season, the usual Lent sermons at Court. Dr. Bainbrigge, as Vice-Chancellor, was to preach first, greatly to the chagrin of Wren, Master of Peterhouse, who intrigued for the honour. What with this visit to Court at the head of a retinue of Doctors, and what with the return visit of the king to Cambridge (which took place some time before the 29th of April)[1] Dr. Bainbrigge was unusually blessed. A royal visit to the University did not happen often; and the Head, in whose Vice-Chancellorship such an event occurred, might hope for something from it.

The courtesies of the king to the University were not without a motive. Driven to desperation by the resistance to his attempts to raise supplies, Charles, by the advice of Buckingham, had resolved on a third Parliament. This Parliament —the first in which Oliver Cromwell sat—met on the 17th of March, 1627-8. The discontent of the country found vent through it. First, there was the famous *Petition of Right*. Then, the king hesitating, there was the memorable resolution of the Commons that "supplies and grievances" should go

[1] On this day Mr. Cooper (Annals, III. 200,) finds certain entries in the corporation-books of sums repaid to the mayor for expenses incurred in receiving the king. Among the expenses are 10*s.* "payed unto the jester," and other sums to "ushers," "pages," "grooms," "trumpeters," &c.

together. Then, during April and May, there were threats of the king and counter-messages of the Parliament, and a mutual trial of firmness. The struggle lasted till the end of the first week in June; when, the Commons becoming terrible in their excitement, the king found it necessary to yield. He did so, as it was thought, most handsomely; pronouncing, on the 7th of June, as his fully considered answer to the Petition of Right, the regal formula, *Soit fait comme il est desiré.* All being thus seemingly well, subsidies were passed, and on the 26th of June Parliament was prorogued till the 20th of October.

Though it was term-time, Milton was, for some reason or other, a good deal in London during that month of May 1628 in which the strife between the Parliament and the king was hottest. This is proved by two documents under his own hand—the one his seventh Latin Elegy, dated 1628, and referring, in poetic language, to an incident which befel him in London on the 1st or 2d of May in that year; the other a Latin prose Epistle to young Gill, dated "London, May 20, 1628." We take the documents in the order of time.

Every one has heard or read the romantic story of the young foreign lady, who, passing in a carriage, with her elder companion, the spot near Cambridge where Milton lay asleep under a tree, was so struck with his beauty, that, after alighting to look at him, she wrote in pencil some Italian lines, and placed them, unperceived as she thought (but there were laughing students near), in the sleeper's hand; and how Milton, when he awoke, read the lines, and, being told how they came there, conceived such a passion for the fair unknown, that he went afterwards to Italy in quest of her, and thought of her to the end of his days as his Lost Paradise. The story is a myth, belonging to the lives of other poets besides Milton.[1] But, in compensation for the loss of it, the reader may have, on Milton's own testimony in the above-

[1] Todd's Life of Milton: Edit. 1809, pp. 26-7. I am informed that at Rome they have the same myth about Milton, but make the scene of the adventure the suburbs of Rome, and the time Milton's visit to that city.

named Elegy, an incident not dissimilar, and, if less romantic, at least authentic as to place and date.[1] The following is a translation of the Elegy, literal in the important passages :—

"Not yet, O genial Amathusia, had I known thy laws, and my breast was free from the Paphian fire. Often I scorned the arrows of Cupid as but boyish darts, and derided thy deity, most great Love. 'Do thou, child,' I said, 'pierce timid doves; such soft warfare befits so tender a warrior. Or win triumphs, young one, over sparrows; these are the worthy trophies of thy valour. Against brave men thou canst do nothing.' The Cyprian boy could not bear this; nor is any god more prompt to anger than he. It was Spring, and the light, raying through the topmost roofs of the town, had brought to thee, O May, thy first day; but my eyes yet sought the flying night and could not endure the morning beam. Love stands by my bed, active Love with painted wings. The motion of his quiver betrayed the present god; his face also betrayed him, and his sweetly threatening eyes, and whatever else was comely in a boy and in Love. [Here follows a farther description of him.] 'Better,' he said, 'hadst thou been wise by the example of others; now thou shalt thyself be a witness what my right hand can do.' [Cupid then enumerates some of his victories over the heroes of antiquity.] He said, and shaking at me a gold-pointed arrow, flew off to the warm bosom of his Cyprian mother. I was on the point of laughing at his threats, nor was I at all in fear of the boy. Anon I am taking my pleasure, now in those places in the city where our citizens walk ('*qua nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites*'), and now in the rural neighbourhood of the hamlets round. A frequent crowd—in appearance, as it might seem, a crowd of goddesses—is going and coming splendidly along the middle of the ways; and the growing day shines with twofold brightness. I do not austerely shun those agreeable sights, but am whirled along wherever my youthful impulse carries me. Too imprudent, I let *my* eyes meet *their* eyes, and am unable to master them. One by chance I beheld pre-eminent over the rest, and that glance was the beginning of my malady. Such as she would Venus wish herself to be seen by mortals; such as she was the queen of gods to be beheld of old.

[1] The Elegy bears no title, as the others do, but is headed simply,—"Seventh Elegy, in the author's nineteenth year" (*Elegia septima, anno ætatis undevigesimo*). This fixes the year as 1628; the Elegy itself gives the month and day, and also (I think) the place.

This fair one mischievous Cupid, remembering his threat, had thrown in my way; he alone wove the snare for me. Not far off was the sly god himself lurking, his many arrows and the great weight of his torch hanging from his back. And without delay he clings first to the maiden's eyebrows and then to her mouth; now he nestles in her lips and then he settles on her cheeks; and whatever parts the nimble archer wanders over, he wounds my unarmed heart, alas! in a thousand places. Immediately unaccustomed pains were felt in my heart. Being in love, I inly burn; I am all one flame. Meanwhile she who alone pleased me was snatched away from my eyes, never to return. I walk on silently, full of complaint and desponding, and often in hesitation I wish to retrace my steps. I am divided into two; one part remains, and the other follows the object of love; and it is my solace to weep for the joys so suddenly reft from me. What shall I, unfortunate, do? Overcome with grief, I can neither desist from my begun love, nor follow it out. O, would it were given me once to behold the beloved countenance, and to speak a sad word or two in her presence! Perchance she is not made of adamant; perchance she might not be deaf to my prayers! Believe me, no one ever burned so unhappily; I may be set up as the first and only instance of a chance so hard. Spare me, I pray, thou winged god of love; let not thine acts contradict thine office! Now truly is thy bow formidable to me, O goddess-born, and its darts nothing less powerful than fire. Thy altars shall smoke with our gifts, and thou alone amongst the celestials shalt be supreme with me. But take away, at length, and yet take not away my pains: I know not why, but every lover is sweetly miserable. But do thou kindly grant that, if ever hereafter I and my love meet, one arrow may transfix the two and make us lovers."

Literally interpreted, this is a statement by Milton that, in the month of May 1628, he was, for the first time in his life, conscious of love's wound—his conqueress being some beauty who had been seen by chance in a public place in London, on the 1st or 2d of that month, and was never likely to be seen again. Such things are and have been, in other centuries besides the seventeenth, as the disturbing vision of a lovely

[1] I do not think that, consistently with the language of the Elegy, the incident can be referred to Cambridge; but the place is more vaguely indicated than the date; and Cambridge might have a plea on the point.

face thus shot by chance everlastingly, even from the streets and highways, into the current of a young man's dreams!

In the letter to Gill, dated the 20th of the same month, when the recollection of the vanished fair one must have been still vivid, Milton says nothing of the incident, but is rough and rational enough.

"To Alexander Gill.

"I received your letter, and, what wonderfully delighted me, your truly great verses, breathing everywhere a genuine poetical majesty, and a Virgilian genius. I knew, indeed, how impossible it would be for you and your genius to keep away from poetry, and to discharge out of the depths of your breast those heaven-inspired furies and the sacred and ethereal fire, seeing that (as Claudian says of himself) '*Totum spirent præcordia Phœbum.*' Therefore, if you have broken the promises made to yourself, I here praise your (as you call it) inconstancy; I praise the sin, if there be any; and that I should have been made by you the judge of so excellent a poem, I no less glory in and regard as an honour than if the contending musical gods themselves came to me for judgment, as they fable happened of old to Timolus, the popular god of the Lydian mountain. I know not truly whether I should more congratulate Henry of Nassau on the capture of the city or on your verses; for I think the victory he has obtained nothing more illustrious or more celebrated than this poetical tribute of yours. But, as we hear you sing the prosperous successes of the Allies in so sonorous and triumphal a strain, how great a poet we shall hope to have in you, if by chance our own affairs, turning at last more fortunate, should demand your congratulatory muses! Farewell, learned Sir, and believe that you have my best thanks for your verses.

"*London, May* 20, 1628."[1]

There is something like an allusion here to the state of public affairs at the time. The letter, indeed, was written at

[1] Epist. Fam. II. The poem referred to—most probably a set of Latin Hexameters on a recent victory of Prince Frederick-Henry of Nassau, who had succeeded his brother Maurice as Stadtholder of Holland in 1625, and was keeping up the military reputation of his family in the war against the Spaniards—is not reprinted in Gill's *Poetici Conatus* (1632). If it was no better, however, than some of Gill's other pieces, Milton, I think, must have exaggerated. But Gill was a noisy man; with some force over those about him, and Milton was but one of many who thought highly of his talents.

the very crisis of the controversy between Parliament and the King, when the eyes of all Englishmen were turned towards London in expectation of an issue prosperous or disastrous. Meade, who seldom came to London, was attracted thither by the unusual interest of what was going on; and, if Milton remained in town over May (which is not probable), he and Meade might have been there together. Meade, at any rate, was in London on the 5th of June—the most memorable day of the whole year, and a day still memorable in the annals of England. The following is a letter of his written to Stuteville after his return to Cambridge (June 15, 1628).

"I know you have heard of that black and doleful Thursday (June 5), the day I arrived in London. Which was by degrees occasioned first by his Majesty's unsatisfactory answer on Monday, increased by a message delivered afterward, that his Majesty was resolved neither to add to nor alter the answer he had given them [*i.e.* given the Commons in respect to their Petition of Right]. Hereupon they fall to recount the miscarriages of our Government, and the disasters of all our designs these later years; representing everything to the life, but the first day glancing only at the Duke, not naming him. On Wednesday they proceed farther to the naming of him—Sir Edward Coke breaking the ice and the rest following. So that on Thursday, they growing more vehement and ready to fall right upon him, a message was sent from his Majesty absolutely forbidding them to meddle with the government or any of his ministers, but, if they meant to have this a session, forthwith to finish what they had begun; otherwise his Majesty would dismiss them! Then appeared such a spectacle of passions as the like hath seldom been seen in any assembly—some weeping; some expostulating; some prophesying of the fatal ruin of our kingdom; some playing the divines in confessing their own and their country's sins, which drew these judgments upon us; some finding, as it were, fault with them that wept, and expressing their bold and courageous resolutions against the enemies of the King and kingdom. I have been told by Parliament-men that there were above an hundred weeping eyes; many who offered to speak being interrupted and silenced with their own passions. But they stayed not here; but, as grieved men are wont, all this doleful distemper showered down upon the Duke of Buckingham, as the cause and author of all their misery—in the midst of these their pangs crying out most bitterly against him as the abuser of the King and enemy of the kingdom. At which time, the Speaker, not able, as he seemed, any longer to behold so woful a spectacle in so grave a senate, with tears flowing in his eyes besought them to grant him leave to go out for half-an-hour; which being granted him, he

went presently to his Majesty, and informed him what state the House was in, and came presently back with a message to dismiss the House and all committees from proceeding until next morning, when they should know his Majesty's pleasure further. The like was sent to the Lords' House, and not there entertained without some tears—both Houses accepting it as a preparation to a dissolution, which they expected would be the next morning. But this is observable (I heard it from a Parliament Knight) that, had not the Speaker returned at that moment, they had voted the Duke to be an arch-traitor and arch-enemy to King and kingdom, with a worse appendix therein, if some say true. They were then calling to the question when the Speaker came in; but they delayed, to hear his message."

As we have seen, matters did not end so badly as the Houses that day anticipated. The next day (Friday, June 6), Meade was himself in Westminster Hall, when the Lords sent to ask the Commons to join them in petitioning the King once more for a satisfactory answer to the Petition of Right. The day after (Saturday, June 7), the King appeared in person, and, having thought better of the risk he was running, drew down a joyous burst of acclamation by his *Soit fait comme il est desiré*. As the news spread through the city, bonfires were lighted, the bells were set ringing, and the mob persuaded themselves that before night the detested Duke would be in the Tower.

As usual, three days before the close of the academic year —*i. e.* on Tuesday, the 1st of July, 1628—there was held at Cambridge the great public ceremony of the "Commencement."[1] As Dr. Bainbrigge was to preside at this Commencement, it would naturally have a greater interest for Milton than any preceding one at which he had been present. Apart from this circumstance, however, and for a reason more personal to himself, he *was* interested in it. We gather this from the following letter of his to young Gill, the very day after the

[1] The name "Commencement," as applied to the *final* academic ceremony of the year, is somewhat confusing. It arose from the fact that on this day the new Doctors and Masters of Arts were said to "commence" (*incipere*) their respective degrees.

Commencement in question. As before, we translate from the Latin:—

"To Alexander Gill.

"In my former letter I did not so much reply to you as stave off my turn of replying; and I silently promised with myself that another letter should soon follow, in which I should answer somewhat more at large to your most friendly challenge; but even if I had not promised this, it must be confessed on the highest grounds of right to be your due, seeing that I think that each single letter of yours could not be balanced except by two of mine,—nay, if the account were more strict, not even by a hundred of mine. The matter respecting which I wrote to you rather obscurely, you will find contained in the accompanying sheets (*tabellis hisce involutum*). When your letter reached me, I was (being hard put to by the shortness of the time) labouring upon it with all might: for a certain Fellow of our house (*quidam enim Ædium nostrarum socius*) who had to act as Respondent in the philosophical disputation in this Commencement (*Comitiis his Academicis*) chanced to entrust to my puerility the composition of the verses according to annual custom required to be written on the questions in dispute, being himself already long past the age for trifles of that sort (*prætervectus ipse jamdiu leviculas illiusmodi nugas*), and more intent on serious things. The result, committed to type, I have sent to you, as knowing you to be a very severe judge in poetical matters, and a very candid judge of my productions. But if you in turn shall deign to communicate to me yours, there will assuredly be no one who will more delight in them, though there may be, I admit, who will more rightly judge of them according to their worth. Indeed, as often as I recollect your almost constant conversations with me (which even in this Athens, the University itself, I long after and miss), I straightway think, and not without grief, of how much benefit my absence from you has deprived me—me who never left your company without a manifest increase and ἐπίδοσις of literary knowledge, just as if I had been to some emporium of learning. Truly, amongst us here, as far as I know, there are hardly one or two here and there, who do not fly off unfeathered to Theology, while all but rude and uneducated in Philology as well as in Philosophy, content too lightly to pick up as much Theology as may suffice for anyhow sticking together a little sermon and stitching it over with

worn rags from other quarters (*conciunculæ quoquo modo conglutinendæ et tanquam tritis aliunde pannis consuendæ*); insomuch that it is to be dreaded that by degrees there may spread among our clergy that priestly ignorance of a former age. And, finding as I do almost no companions in my studies here, I should certainly be looking to London, were I not thinking of retiring during this summer vacation into a deeply literary repose, and hiding myself, so to speak, in the bowers of the Muses. But, as this is what you do daily, I think it almost a crime longer to interrupt you with my din at present. Farewell.

"*Cambridge, July* 2, 1628."

In order to explain what is alluded to in this letter, it may be well here to describe the ceremonial of these annual "Commencements," of which Milton, in the course of his academic career, witnessed seven in all. Not until the last of these seven—viz. the Commencement of 1632, when he took his second or M.A. degree—could he, according to ordinary routine, be present in any other capacity than that of a mere looker-on; and the fact that, while an undergraduate, he had some little share by proxy in the Commencement of 1628, is in itself a small item in his biography.

The eve of the Commencement and the Commencement itself—the *Vesperiæ Comitiorum*, and the *Dies Comitiorum*, as they were called—were the gala-days of the University, the days on which Cambridge put forth all its strength and all its hospitality. The town was full of visitors, and there were feasts in all the Colleges. The real business was the conferring, on the second of the two days, of the higher degrees of the year—the degree of M.A., for which the candidates were generally between two and three hundred; the degree of D.D., for which the candidates were sometimes as few as two or three, and sometimes as many as twelve or fifteen; and the still rarer degrees of M.D., LL.D., and Mus. D.[1] The

[1] Only the *full* degrees in each faculty, it will be observed,—viz. those of M.A., D.D., M.D., LL.D., and Mus. D.,—were conferred at the *Magna Comitia* in July. The "profession" of those who had attained the *minor* or *Bachelors'* degrees in each faculty—viz. those of B.A., B.D., M.B., LL.B., and Mus. B.—took place, not at the *Magna Comitia* in July, but, in a more ordinary way, between Ash Wednesday and the Thursday before Palm Sunday every year (Stat. cap. II.) As regards the B.A. degree, this has been already explained (pp. 116—118).

entertainment, however, consisted in the disputations and displays of oratory which accompanied the conferring of these degrees. From morning till late in the afternoon on both days, there were disputations in Latin before crowded assemblies — *theological* disputations to represent the faculty of Theology; *philosophical* disputations to represent the faculty of Arts; and generally also disputations in *Civil Law*, in *Medicine*, and in *Music*. The conduct of these disputations, more especially on the second day, formed the subject of special statutes.

All the preparations for the ceremonial had been made beforehand. The Inceptors in the various faculties had provided themselves with the gowns and other badges which denoted the new academic grade they were that day to attain. It had also been settled who were to be the "*Moderators*" or presidents in the disputations in each faculty, and who were to be "*Fathers*," to introduce the candidates in each, and go through the forms of their creation. In the faculty of Arts, the "Father" was, when possible, one of the Proctors, chosen by the Inceptors. More important, however, than the choice of the "Moderators" and "Fathers" in each faculty, was the choice of the *Disputants—i.e.* of the "Respondent," who should open the debate in each, and the "Opponents," who should argue against him. In the faculties of Law, Medicine, and Music, there was not much difficulty; the new men in those faculties not being so numerous as to cause hesitation. For this very reason, however, the disputations in these faculties excited less interest than the disputations in Theology and Philosophy. It was upon these that the brilliancy of the day depended, and it was in preparing for these that the Proctors and Heads took most trouble. (1.) There were usually two *theological* disputations at the Comitia—one for the senior Divines, the "Respondent" in which was usually one of the three or six or twelve commencing Doctors of the year; and one for the junior Divines, the Respondent in which was usually one of the ten or twenty or thirty who had been last admitted to the degree of B.D. Opponents were supplied in sufficient number from among the rest of the

Doctors and Bachelors present. (2.) As the number of the Inceptors in Arts every year exceeded two hundred, it could not have been difficult, one would think, for the Proctors to find among them some able and willing to act as "Respondent" and "Opponents" in the *philosophical* discussion. It had been provided, however, by a decree in 1582, that "whenever fit men should not be found" among the Inceptors, then the Vice-Chancellor should be entitled to choose the Disputants from among the Masters of Arts of not more than four years' standing. In some similar way, but seemingly by a kind of popular election, was chosen another functionary connected immediately with the *philosophical* disputation, but deemed an important figure in the Commencement as a whole. This was the "Prævaricator," or "Varier"—the licensed humorist or jester of the occasion, whose business it was to enliven the proceedings with witticisms in Latin, and hits at the Dons. He seems to have existed rather by right of custom than by statutory recognition; but his pranks were so much relished, especially by the younger men, that the Commencement would have been thought a tame affair without him.[1]

The preparations for the *Comitia* having all been made, the Bedels began, about seven o'clock in the morning, to muster the various orders in the University for the ceremonial of the day. The procession, when completed, moved on to St. Mary's Church, where the Vice-Chancellor, the Doctors of his faculty, and the Father in Divinity and his sons, took their places at the west-end; the other Fathers with their sons distributing themselves in other assigned parts of the church. The remaining space was filled with spectators—the more distinguished visitors in the best places. By the time that all were seated it was about eight o'clock. The assembly was then opened by a prayer and a short speech by the Moderator in Divinity; after which came the business of the day:—

[1] The various regulations respecting the great Comitia are contained in Chap. xxxii. of the Statutes, and in the following modifying Graces and Decrees:—Decree of 1575 (Dyer I. 307); Grace of 1582 (Dyer I. 286); Grace of 1608 (Dyer I. 228-231); Grace of 1624 (Dyer I. 236); and Decree of 1626 (Dyer I. 293-4).

(1) *The Divinity Act and Graduations.* The Father in Divinity introduces this part of the business by a short speech, and, on being desired by the Proctor, calls up the Respondent in Divinity. The Respondent, after a prayer, reads the positions or theses which he has undertaken to maintain; and, while he is doing so, "the Bedels deliver verses and groats to all Doctors present, as well strangers as gremials"—the distribution of such Latin verses on the subjects in debate, and also of small coins, being, it seems, an old academic custom. The Respondent having stated and expounded his theses, was then tackled by a series of Opponents—each, after a short preliminary speech, propounding a series of arguments in rigid syllogistic form, which the Respondent was to answer on the spot one by one in the same form, but with a little more liberty of rhetoric. It was the business of the Moderator all the while to keep the debaters to the point; and no speaker was to exceed half an hour continuously. When the last of the Opponents had been "taken off," the Moderator made a suitable compliment to the Respondent; and the Act was ended. (It seems to have been not uncommon, as we have said, to have two distinct Divinity Acts, with different Respondents.) By this it was between eleven and twelve o'clock, and time to proceed to the ceremony of graduation. Accordingly, beginning with the senior Inceptor, and passing on to the rest, the senior Proctor went through the necessary formalities. Each Inceptor, placing his right hand in the right hand of the Father, pledged his faith respecting his past and his future observation of the statutes, privileges and approved customs of the University; then, placing his hand on the Book, he swore that he would continue his Regency for two years, and also that he would not commence in any faculty, or resume his lectures, in any other University except Oxford, or acknowledge as a Doctor in his faculty any one graduating in it anywhere in England, except in Cambridge or Oxford; and, finally, he read from a printed copy a solemn profession of his faith in the holy canonical Scriptures, and in the holy Apostolic Church as their lawful interpreter. These ceremonies, applied to each

Inceptor, with certain forms with a cap, a ring, &c., and certain words spoken by the Vice-Chancellor, completed the creation of the Doctors in Divinity. (2.) *The Philosophical Act and Graduations in Arts.* Of this part of the proceedings, which usually began between twelve and one o'clock, the following is a succinct official account:—"The Proctor, presently after he hath sworn the Inceptors in Divinity, begins his speech; which ended, the Father in Philosophy, having his eldest Son on his left hand, beginneth *his* speech, and, at the end thereof, creates his Son by putting on his cap, &c. Then the Varier or Prævaricator maketh *his* oration. Then the Son maketh a short speech and disputeth upon him. Then the Answerer (Respondent) in Philosophy is called forth, and, *whilst he is reading his position, the Bedels distribute his verses, &c.* When the position is ended, the eldest Son and two Masters of Arts reply upon him. The senior Master of Arts usually makes a speech before he replieth; but the second Opponent doth not." By the time the Act was ended, and the Moderator had dismissed the Respondent with a compliment, it was usually between two and three o'clock. The ceremonies of graduation immediately followed; being, with some alterations in the words of the oaths and the other forms, the same as in the graduation of the Doctors. The Inceptors of King's College were graduated first, to the number of about ten or twelve; after which, in order to save time, the Proctor stood up and said "*Reliqui expectabunt creationem in scholis philosophicis.*" ("The others will wait their creation in the philosophical schools.") Accordingly, the remaining two hundred or so adjourned immediately from the church to the public schools, accompanied by the Father, the Proctor, and one of the Bedels; and there they were "knocked off" more rapidly. (3.) The Law Act, and the creation of the Law Doctors followed next, and then the Physic Act (if there was one) and the creation of the Doctors of Physic. About an hour each was deemed sufficient for these Acts; after which, and a speech from the Proctor, apologising for any omissions and defects, came the closing Music Act, in the shape of a

hymn. By this time it was near five o'clock, and all were well tired.[1]

Such, sketched generally, was the order of the proceedings at those annually recurring "Commencements," recollections of which lived afterwards pleasantly in the memories of Cambridge men, when much else was forgotten. In order to fill up the sketch, the reader must imagine the variations of the proceedings according to time and circumstance, the bustle and flutter of the gowned assembly, the goings out and comings in during the nine hours of the ceremonies, the gesticulations of the speakers, the applause when a syllogism was well delivered, the bursts of laughter when the Prævaricator made a hit, and, above all, the havoc of meat and wine with which the fatigue of the day was broken while it lasted, and finally made good when it was over.

The Commencement of 1628 seems to have been nowise extraordinary, except in the single fact, then hardly noted, that Milton of Christ's had something to do with it. Eleven new Doctors of Divinity were created, two new Doctors of Law, and three of Medicine; and the number of those who graduated M.A. was 216. There were two Divinity Disputations—in one of which the Respondent was Dr. Belton of Queen's; in the other Mr. Chase, B.D. of Sidney Sussex College. Belton's theses were these:—"1. *Auctoritas Sacræ Scripturæ non pendet ab ecclesia.* 2. *Defectus gratiæ non tollit dominium temporale*" ("1. The authority of the Sacred Scriptures does not depend on the Church. 2. Want of grace does not take away the right of temporal dominion"); Chase's theses were these:—"1. *Secessio Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ a Romanâ non est schismatica;* 2. *Fides justificans præsupponit veri nominis pœnitentiam*" ("1. The secession of the English from the Roman Church is not schismatic; 2. Justifying faith presupposes true repentance"). It was not, however, for either Belton or Chase, but for the Respondent in the Philoso-

[1] The above account has been derived partly from the Statutes and Graces already referred to, and partly from a contemporary official code of the ceremonies of the University, left in MS. by John Buck, one of the Esquire Bedels, and printed as Appendix B. to Dean Peacock's "Observations on the Statutes." Buck was Bedel as late as 1665.

phical Act in the same Comitia, that Milton performed the poetic service to which he alludes in his letter to Gill. Unfortunately, the authority from which we learn the names of the Theological Respondents and the subjects on which they debated,[1] gives us no similar information respecting the Philosophical Act. Milton's own letter, however, distinctly states that the Respondent on the occasion was one of the Fellows of Christ's College. I conjecture that the Respondent was Alsop, Sandelands, or Fenwicke.

Whoever the Respondent was, we know the subject of the debate. In the preceding year (1627) there had been published by the University press of Oxford a book which still holds its place in libraries as of some speculative merit—the Rev. Dr. George Hakewill's "*Apologie of the Power and Providence of God in the Government of the World; or an Examination and Censure of the Common Errour touching Nature's perpetuall and Universal Decay.*" Hakewill was Archdeacon of Surrey. He had published several theological treatises prior to his "*Apologie.*" The tenor of that work is indicated by the title, and by the text of Scripture placed on the title-page (*Eccl.* vii. 10):—"Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this." Proceeding on this text, the author combats, in four successive books, the notion, so common with poets and rhetoricians, and even with a certain class of philosophers and divines, that Nature was subject to a law of gradual degeneracy, and that there was evidence of the operation of this law in the state of present as compared with past times.

The work produced a more than ordinary sensation.[2] It was talked of at Cambridge as well as at Oxford. The question which it discussed was well adapted for debate, being, in fact, that question between belief in progress and belief in no

[1] Harl. MS. (one of Baker's) No. 7038. This MS. gives brief annals of the University year by year, usually mentioning, *inter alia*, the names of the Theological Respondents at the great Comitia, &c.; but it seldom notices the accompanying Philosophical Acts. On inquiry I found that no records of these are kept among the University archives.

[2] A second edition of it was published in 1630; a third in 1635. Dugald Stewart, if I mistake not, praises the work.

such thing, which has lasted almost to our own days. The theologians of the old school found heresy in Hakewill; but the less ponderous spirits liked him, and the doctrine of his book was selected as a thesis for the Philosophical Disputation at the Commencement of 1628. This appears from the title and strain of the verses which Milton wrote for the Respondent, to be distributed during the debate. The verses are Latin Hexameters, headed "*Naturam non pati senium*" ("That Nature is not subject to old age"). We subjoin a version of as much of the piece as will indicate its character:—

"Shall, then, the face of Nature, disfigured by furrowing wrinkles, grow thin and lean, and the public mother of all things become barren with age and contract her all-producing womb? Shall she, confessing to old age, walk with uncertain footsteps, tremulous even to her starry head? Shall foul antiquity, and the eternal hunger and rust and thirst of years tell on the stars themselves; and shall sateless Time eat up the heavens and gorge the father that begat it? Shall it be that some time the scaffoldings of the great arch shall give way and thunder down in tremendous ruin, and the two poles crack with the jar of the collision, and the Olympian himself fall from his throne on high? . . . Thou also, Phœbus, shalt imitate the fall of thy son, and shalt be borne downwards with swift ruin in thy headlong chariot, so that Nereus shall smoke with the extinction of thy torch, and the sea in astonishment shall hiss thy obsequies! . . . But, no! The Almighty Father, founding the Universe more securely, took care," &c.

From the close of the letter to Gill it appears that Milton did not mean to return home during the long vacation, but to spend at least a good part of it in hard and recluse study at College. Accordingly, his next letter, dated the 21st of July, is also from Cambridge. It is addressed to Thomas Young at Stowmarket:—

"To Thomas Young.

"On looking at your letter, most excellent preceptor, this alone struck me as superfluous, that you excused your slowness in writing; for, though nothing could come to me more desirable than your letters, how could I or ought I to hope that you should have so

much leisure from serious and more sacred affairs as to have time always to answer me—especially as that is a matter entirely of kindness, and not at all of duty? That, however, I should suspect that you had forgotten me, your so many recent kindnesses to me would by no means allow. I do not see how you could dismiss out of your memory one laden with so great benefits by you. Having been invited by you to your part of the country, as soon as Spring is a little advanced, I will gladly come to enjoy the delights of the year, and not less of your conversation; and will then withdraw myself from the din of town for a little to your Stoa of the Iceni [the Iceni were the inhabitants of the parts of Roman Britain corresponding to Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, &c., and the phrase '*Stoa Icenorum*' is a pun on the name '*Stow*market in Suffolk'], as to that most celebrated porch of Zeno or the Tusculan Villa of Cicero—where you, with moderate means but regal spirit, like some Serranus or Curius, placidly reign in your little farm, and, contemning fortune, hold as it were a triumph over riches, ambition, pomp, luxury, and whatever the herd of men admire and are amazed by. But, as you have deprecated the blame of slowness, you will also, I hope, pardon me the fault of haste; for, having put off this letter to the last, I preferred writing little, and that in a rather slovenly manner, to not writing at all. Farewell, much to be respected Sir.

"*Cambridge, July* 21, 1628."[1]

[1] Epist. Fam. 4. If the tradition, still current in the town of Stowmarket, is to be believed, Milton not only did pay the visit to Young which he here promises, but was also a frequent visitor at Young's vicarage during the rest of his incumbency (1628-1655). Tradition has, of course, improved wonderfully on the hint furnished by recorded fact. An old mulberry-tree which stood in 1844, and perhaps still stands, with its trunk much decayed, but its branches in vigorous bearing, "a few yards distant from the oldest part of the vicarage-house, and opposite the windows of an upstairs double room which was formerly the sitting-parlour of the vicar," had been converted by the local imagination into a relic of Milton's visits to his old tutor. No fact in universal biography is better attested than that great men, wherever they go, plant mulberry-trees! The present vicar of Stowmarket, Mr. Hollingsworth, who records the tradition, furnishes (History of Stowmarket, pp. 187—194) some interesting information respecting Young's doings in the parish. "His attachment to Presbyterianism," says Mr. Hollingsworth, "was so determined, that before its supposed rights he willingly assisted in sacrificing the peace, order, stability, and well-being of the throne and Church." This is Mr. Hollingsworth's opinion respecting a portion of Young's career which is still to come; and he is more purely historical when he tells us that Young regularly presided at the audit of the annual accounts of the parish, and that a portrait of him is still preserved in the vicarage. "It possesses," he says, "the solemn faded yellowness of a man given to much austere meditation; yet there is sufficient energy in the eye and mouth to show, as he is preaching in Geneva gown and bands, with a little Testament in his hand, that he is a man who could both speak and think with great vigour." The portrait was taken after he and the people of Stowmarket were better acquainted. In 1628 he, his wife Rebecca, and their children, were new to the vicarage.

The University vacation during which Milton's letter to Young was written (July 4—Oct. 10, 1628), was not the least eventful portion of an already eventful year. Since the declaration of the war with France in July 1626, the hostile efforts of Britain in carrying it on had been confined to an occasional attempt to send naval assistance to the city of Rochelle, which, as the chief stronghold of the French Calvinists, Richelieu was then besieging with vigour. In June 1627, Buckingham had set out with a fleet for Rochelle, but the expedition had proved a total failure. Another expedition in April 1628, under Lord Denbigh, had been equally unsuccessful. To repair these disasters, which had been made grounds for the Duke's impeachment, a third expedition was resolved upon as soon as the King obtained his subsidies from Parliament. The Duke, commanding it in person, was to retrieve his credit with his countrymen, and to save the Rochellers at their last extremity!

The intended departure of the Duke from England was heard of at Cambridge with mixed feelings. Since his appointment to the Chancellorship two years before, he had been a friend to the University. He had promised to build them a new library; and they were at this moment depending on his influence in a dispute which had arisen between the University and the London stationers as to the right of the University press to the exclusive printing of certain books. In these circumstances the Vice-Chancellor and Senate addressed a letter to him (July 7) in a somewhat melancholy strain. "While we may behold you," writes Bainbrigge as Vice-Chancellor, "while we may lay hold upon your knees, we little esteem the rage of mortals, and, being hid in our recesses, may safely employ our honours in learning. Now your Highness doth prepare a new warfare, (which God Almighty grant may be glorious to your name, prosperous to the Christian Religion, happy to us all,) to what dangers are we exposed! Some will seek to dry up our river—even that fountain from which perhaps themselves have drawn their waters; others will seek to take away again the faculty of printing. Most illustrious prince, our goods are but few, our household little, the circuit of our Athens narrow; yet no riches of Crœsus or of Midas

are sought after more vehemently by the snares of lewd men than this unarmed and naked poverty of ours."[1] The Duke replied very graciously (July 30), assuring the Vice-Chancellor and Heads that he "has most humbly recommended them to the justice of his Royal Master," and "to the bosoms of some friends where they shall meet with mediation and protection, to what part of the world soever my master or the State's service shall call me."[2] He was not to go very far! He was at Portsmouth, superintending the outfit of the expedition for Rochelle, when Felton's knife removed him from the world at the age of thirty-six (Aug. 23, 1628). Such was the end of a man who, for ten years or more, had been the supreme English minister, and whose personality during that time had been more widely and more floridly dashed over the surface of public affairs than that of any other subject. Some faint image of his vast and yet very evanescent magnificence still survives in our histories; but it is necessary to turn over the documents of the period, and to see his name in every page of them, to realize the intensity of varied feeling with which, in the first years of Charles's reign, all Englishmen, from bishop to beggar, thought of "The Duke." A year before he died this had been a popular epigram:—

"Now Rex and Grex are both of one sound,
But Dux doth both Rex and Grex confound;
O Rex, thy Grex doth much complain
That Dux bears Crux and Crux not Dux again.
If Crux of Dux might have her fill,
Then Rex of Grex might have his will;
Three subsidies to five would turn,
And Grex would laugh which now doth mourn."[3]

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[1] The quotation in the text is from a contemporary translation: see Cooper's Annals, III. 203.

[2] Cooper's Annals III. 204.

[3] MS. Letter of Meade's, May 11, 1627.

ACADEMIC YEAR 1628-9.

MILTON ætat. 20.

Vice-Chancellor, Dr. MATTHEW WREN, Master of Peterhouse.
Proctors, RICHARD LOVE, of Clare Hall, and MICHAEL HONEYWOOD, of Christ's.

MICHAELMAS TERM . October 10, 1628, to December 16, 1628.
LENT TERM . . . . . January 13, 1628-9, to March 27, 1629.
EASTER TERM. . . . April 15, 1629, to July 10, 1629.

At the beginning of this session there was a good deal of bustle among the chiefs of the University in connexion with the installation of the new Chancellor, Lord Holland, who had been elected, at the King's request, to succeed the Duke. The ceremony took place, not at Cambridge, but in London, on the 29th of October.

Parliament, it may be remembered, had been prorogued till the 20th of October. By a farther prorogation, however, the time of reassembling was postponed till the 20th of January following. The postponement was not satisfactory. Although the King and the Parliament had parted in June last in comparatively good humour, various things had occurred in the interval to disturb equanimity. The assassination of the Duke had provoked a feeling of revenge in the Court, which took the shape of renewed antagonism to the Commons. In spite of the assent to the Petition of Right, the King had clung to his privilege of raising "tonnage and poundage" by his own authority; and several merchants who had resisted the claim had had their goods seized or been imprisoned. Moreover, since the rising of Parliament, the royal favour had been extended in a very marked way to some of the men whom Parliament had stigmatized and censured. Dr. Mainwaring, the King's chaplain, who had been prosecuted and fined for sermons in defence of arbitrary power, had had his fine remitted, and had been presented by the Crown to the rich living of Stamford-Rivers in Essex—the insult to the Parliament being rendered more glaring by the promotion of the former holder of that living, Dr. Richard Montague, to the Bishopric of Chichester, notwithstanding that since 1626 he

also had been under Parliamentary disgrace. Laud himself, who, next to Buckingham, had been the man most under the ban of the Commons, had been, within one month after the rising of Parliament (July 1628) preferred from the see of Bath and Wells to that of London, and was now almost ostensibly the minister in Buckingham's place. All these things rankled in the public heart; and it was clear that, when Parliament did reassemble, there would be a storm.

Meanwhile, at Cambridge, as elsewhere, men's minds were much occupied by the news of the behaviour of Felton, the assassin of the Duke, and of the proceedings connected with his trial. Though the crime had been committed on the 24th of August, he was not executed till the 19th of November; and during the interval the country was filled with rumours as to his supposed accomplices, and with anecdotes showing the popular sympathy with him. According to Meade's information, when Felton was brought to the Tower by water, the crowds in the boats as he passed along cried out "Lord comfort thee" and the like; and one old woman, as he passed through the town of Kingston-upon-Thames, was bold enough to show that she at least thought him a hero, by calling out, in allusion to his small stature, "God bless thee, little David." But it was not only old women about Kingston-upon-Thames that let their tongues loose in the same style. The following piece of news, sent by Meade from Cambridge in a letter to Stuteville, dated Nov. 15, must have been received by Milton with absolute consternation.

"The same Friday was se'ennight [*i.e.* Nov. 6] also was censured in the Star-chamber, Alexander Gill, Bachelor of Divinity at Oxford, and usher in Paul's School under his father, and one Mr. Grimkin, an Oxonian, also of his acquaintance—Gill, for saying in Trinity College cellar in Oxford (1.) That 'our King was fitter to stand in a Cheapside shop with an apron before him, and say "What lack ye?" than to govern a kingdom.' (2.) That 'the Duke was gone down to Hell to meet James there.' (3.) For drinking a health to Felton, saying 'he was sorry Felton had deprived him of the honour of doing that brave act.' The words concerning his Majesty were not read in open Court, but those concerning the Duke and Felton; nor had my author heard any more laid to his charge. But this was enough. His censure was to be degraded both from his ministry

and degrees taken in the University, to lose one ear at London and the other at Oxford, and to be fined at £2,000. What Grimkin's charge was my author knew not, but for writing somewhat in prose or verse to the same end, or dictating it."

It must have been a great relief to Milton to receive a week later the following intelligence as to the conclusion of this terrible scrape into which his friend Gill had got (Nov. 22).

"Gill and Grimkin are degraded; but, for their fines and corporal punishment, there is obtained a mitigation of the first, and a full remission of the latter, upon old Mr. Gill the father's petition to his Majesty, which my lord of London [*i. e.* Laud] seconded for his coat's sake and love to the father."[1]

[1] In proof of the accuracy of Meade's intelligence, I may mention that, since the above was written, I have seen in the State Paper Office the original documents connected with Gill's indictment, and that they confirm Meade's account in every particular, while supplying some particulars in addition. The documents are as follows:—(1.) A letter in Laud's hand to the King, dated September 6, 1628, in which he acquaints the King with the facts of the case, and encloses minutes of Gill's first examination before himself and Attorney-General Heath:—"I here present your Majesty" he says, "with the examination of one Alexander Gill. I am heartily sorry I must tell your Majesty he is a *divine*, since he is void of all *humanity*. This is but his first examination, and not upon oath. When the information came to me against him, as I could not in duty but take present care of the business, so I thought it was fit to examine him as privately as I might, because the speeches are so foul against religion, allegiance, your Majesty's person, and my dear Lord, by execrable hands in the dust." (2.) As an enclosure in the above, the minutes of Gill's examination on the preceding day, September 5. Here each of the charges against Gill is stated, with his answers to each appended in his own words. He confesses to nearly every charge, the "What lack ye?" included; and one or two of the charges are even more flagrant than in Meade's account. Thus, "Being further pressed whether he did not say that if there were ever a Hell or a Devil in Hell, the Duke was with him, or to that effect, he saith he did so;" and again, in reference to what he had said of the Duke and the late King, "Being demanded whether there was not some speech offered that his Majesty did call the Duke in his lifetime *Steenie*, he saith he remembereth there was some such speech." Besides the attesting signatures of Laud, Heath, and Finch, Gill's own signature is subscribed; and there is a second signature, "Alex. Gil," which I take to be that of the culprit's father, permitted to be present with a sore heart. (3.) A letter, dated "Oxford, Sept. 14, 1628," from Dr. Frewen, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, to the Privy Council, stating that he had obeyed their Lordships' directions to search the rooms of one William Pickering, M.A. of Trinity College, and to examine himself respecting his acquaintance with Gill, and respecting letters of Gill's in his possession; and enclosing certain letters of Gill's which had been found. (4.) Minutes in Heath's hand of a further examination (before him) of Pickering personally, on the 16th of September, respecting his knowledge of Gill, the letters found in his rooms, and his recollection of the words spoken by Gill. (5.) Minutes in Heath's hand of the examination of William Grimkin, M.A. of Jesus College, Oxford, respecting his concern in four letters of a scurrilous nature, found in Pickering's rooms.—From these documents and another of earlier date which I have seen in the State Paper Office (viz. a letter of Gill's to Pickering, dated "London, April 28, 1626," and which has got into the State Paper Office, as having been one of those confiscated in Pickering's rooms at Oxford), I put together the story of Gill's terrible scrape as follows:—He is in the habit of often running down to Oxford, and, when his duties at St. Paul's School

The present, we shall see, was not the last of Gill's scrapes; but as, for a time, we shall lose sight of him, we may mention

prevent his going, he writes frequently to correspondents in his College, of whom Pickering is one. In these letters he rambles on about whatever comes into his head—King, Duke, bishops, and his own and Pickering's affairs. Thus, in the above-mentioned letter of 1626, "My brother George preached last Sunday at Mr. Skinner's Church. Our friend Jack Woodford stands, like one of Baal's priests, halting between two opinions—whether he had best go out Master or no. The Duke, as they say of him, *morbo Comitiali laborat*. I would his business were off or on, for he is like Davus—*perturbat otia*." Pickering, to whom these letters are addressed, seems to have been the sort of young fellow about a College of whom his companions would make a butt, and on whom they would play practical jokes. Accordingly, besides writing to him in his own name, Gill occasionally mystifies "Don Pickering" with anonymous letters of a scurrilous, semi-personal, and semi-political kind, not written by himself, but by Grimkin of Jesus College from his copies—Grimkin entering into the fun sufficiently to lend his hand. Pickering does not at all like the letters; knows they are Gill's; and suspects Grimkin. Nothing comes of the matter, however, but private grumblings, till the great affair which brings Gill, Grimkin, and Pickering together into trouble.—Within a short time after the Duke's death (*i.e.* either in the end of July, or some time in August 1628), Gill is at Oxford. On a Monday morning, he, Pickering, and "divers others" are together—first in the grove of Trinity College, then in the buttery and cellar, and then in Pickering's rooms. There is also some talk of a visit to a tavern. During these dawdlings hither and thither chat is going on about the Duke's death; and Gill delivers his boisterous speeches. Some of the company are sympathetic; and others take him to task. On his speech about King Charles, one tells him he "deserves hanging." When he proposes Felton's health, some drink it with him; but others refuse. Among these is Pickering, whereupon Gill makes game of him, and says "What, is Pick a Dukist, too?" The conversation is protracted, the late King's name being introduced; and Gill gets worse and worse. Pickering's first statement as to what he supposes to have been the motive of Gill in all this is that "he knoweth not of any but out of a mad brain and railing humour." A more complete explanation follows; for "being asked whether the said Gill were at that time drunk or not," Pickering answers, that "he thinketh that Gill was not absolutely drunk, for it was early in the morning; but he had been drinking before, and was far from sober."—But how did the report of the affair come to Laud's ears? It might have come in many ways, for stone walls listen, and Laud had many correspondents who informed him of such things. Aubrey, however, referring to young Gill's story, some forty or fifty years later, says something rather curious on this head. In his memoir of the great Chillingworth (Lives, II. 285-6), speaking of that earlier and undistinguished portion of Chillingworth's life, when he was first a Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, he says, "W. Laud was his godfather and great friend, and he sent his Grace weekly intelligence of what passed in the University,"—adding, that he had been positively informed by Sir William Davenant, poet-laureate, that it was Chillingworth, "notwithstanding his great reason," that informed against Gill. The dates, &c., would not be against Aubrey's statement; for Chillingworth had been appointed Fellow of Trinity College at the age of twenty-six, June 10, 1628, or about two months before Gill's mishap, and had not yet made his temporary aberration to a foreign Catholic seminary; and Davenant had been Chillingworth's schoolfellow at Oxford, and was, at the time in question, a young man of twenty-three, residing in London, and in confidential relations with persons at Court. That Aubrey had got some true inkling of the fact, however—though in a form unnecessarily discreditable, we must hope, to Chillingworth—seems warranted by the documents in the State Paper Office. Laud does not give his informant's name, but in his letter to the King he has this postscript:—"When Alex. Gill spake these lewd words in Oxford, there were present, as I am informed, Mr. Pickering and Mr. Craven of Trinity College, and Mr. Powell of Hart Hall; and, after that, the words were repeated, and some others added, in the hearing of these persons above-named, and one Mr. Shillingworth,

that it seems to have had the effect of bringing him temporarily to his senses. Thus, in his *Poetici Conatus*, published in 1632, there is a Latin poem on the 1st of January, 1631, addressed most respectfully to Laud, then Chancellor of the University of Oxford; and in the same volume, besides other unexceptionably loyal things, there is a preliminary dedication of the whole to the King. "*Serenissimo Domino nostro Carolo*, says the dedication, *Regi optimo, Principum exemplo, maximo literarum ac artium fautori, hunc poeseos suæ manipulum, antehæc excellentissimis majestatis ipsius manibus humillime oblatum, nunc auctiorem, subditorum infimus, Alex. Gil, æternæ gratitudinis ergo, dedicavit:*"[1] ("To our most serene Lord, Charles, the best of kings, the pattern of princes, the greatest favourer of literature and the arts, the lowest of his subjects, Alex. Gil, has dedicated, in token of eternal gratitude, this little collection of his poetry, heretofore most humbly offered unto his Majesty's own most excellent hands, and now enlarged"). This, it must be admitted, is somewhat of a change from the "Fitter to stand in a Cheapside shop," &c. But already in a Greek poem on the accession of Charles in 1625, Gill had addressed him as Βέλτιστε τῶν ἀνακτῶν; and, when a man has been spared his ears, he may be allowed a little excess of gratitude. Even at the time of publishing his poems, Gill speaks of himself as a man more sinned against than sinning. "If," he says in his preface, "the future portion of my life, whatever remains to me, is to be no different from what has passed, there will be no reason for *me* to promise

whom they met in Trinity College, of which house he likewise is." Pickering likewise speaks of "Mr. Chillingworth" as being present at part of the conversation; and he adds, with reference to Gill's anonymous letters to him, that "Mr. Chillingworth can witness for him that before any questioning of these things he did warn the said Gill not to write of any such things" to him. Grimkin, I may add, professed himself heartily ashamed of his part in the affair. Possibly, had Diodati not been absent from the College, we might have heard of *him* in connexion with it. As Gill, also, had two letters of Milton in his possession—the second written but two months before the catastrophe—there was a possibility that Laud might have a look at them among Gill's papers. The whole story is an odd illustration of the time, and of the apparent incongruity that there may be in close acquaintanceships. Milton, as we shall see, remained as much Gill's friend after the affair as before; nor, indeed, does Gill appear to have suffered from it much in social position.

[1] The scholar will notice additional proof in this dedication that Gill's Latin, though energetic, was far from faultless.

myself much goodwill on the part of the public, who have hitherto led a life, I know not by what unkindness of the stars (*nescio quâ siderum inclementiâ*) of incessant struggle with the wrongs of men and of fortune." The old, old story!

Parliament met, according to prorogation, on the 20th of January, 1628-9. Immediately they "fell upon their grievances." These grievances were of two classes—first, the "tonnage and poundage" question, as part of the general question of the right of the Crown to raise money without consent of Parliament; and, secondly, the great question of the state of religion, as connected with the alleged spread of Arminian and Popish doctrines, and with the promotion of men holding these doctrines to high places in the Church. The first place was given to the religious question. In order thoroughly to consider this great subject, the House of Commons resolved itself into a Committee of Religion. "It was in this Committee of Religion," says Mr. Carlyle, "on the 11th day of February, 1628-9, that Mr. Cromwell, member for Huntingdon" [then in his thirtieth year] "stood up and made his first "speech, a fragment of which has found its way into history, "and is now known to all mankind. He said: 'He had heard "'by relation from one Dr. Beard (his old schoolmaster at "'Huntingdon) that Dr. Alablaster' [prebendary of St. Paul's and rector of a parish in Herts] 'had preached flat Popery at "'Paul's Cross; and that the Bishop of Winchester (Dr. Neile) "'had commanded him, as his Diocesan, he should preach "'nothing to the contrary. Mainwaring, so justly censured in "'this House for his sermons, was by the same Bishop's means "'preferred to a rich living. If these are the steps to Church-"'preferment, what are we to expect!'"[1] Cromwell's facts on this occasion were but two out of many which were brought under the attention of the House. The Committee of Religion were proceeding to great lengths with their inquisitions, when —there being no other means of checking them—Parliament

[1] Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, 3d edit. I. 92.

was dissolved. The circumstances of this dissolution are sufficiently memorable in our Parliamentary history. A new Remonstrance to the King had been drawn up in a bolder strain than any that had preceded; the Speaker, Finch, had refused to put this Remonstrance to the vote; twice the House had adjourned; and, at last, on the 2d of March, the Speaker still refusing to put the question, he was held down by main force in his chair by Denzil Holles and other members, and, the doors being locked, three resolutions were hastily passed by acclamation to the effect that whosoever should encourage Popery or Arminianism, or should advise the levying of tonnage and poundage by the King on his own authority, or should pay the same so levied, should be accounted an enemy to the kingdom and state of England. The result was decisive. Indictments in Star Chamber were drawn up against Denzil Holles, Sir John Eliot, John Selden, Benjamin Valentine, William Longe, William Coriton, William Strode, Sir Miles Hobart, and Sir Peter Hayman, as the leaders in the recent proceedings; they were committed to the Tower; and on the 10th of March the Parliament was dissolved with words of unusual contumely. It was the last Parliament in England for more than eleven years. It was made penal even to speak of the assembling of another.

Coincident in time with this crisis were two events of considerable passing interest—the birth of the King's first child, who survived only long enough to be baptized by the name of Charles James (March 18, 1628-9); and the proclamation of a peace between England and France, ending the foolishly begun and foolishly conducted war between the two countries (May 29, 1629).

While the country at large was occupied with these events, Milton, sharing more or less in the interest which they excited, was busy in a matter of some private importance. The Lent term of the current academic year was the twelfth term of his residence in his College. It was, therefore, the term in which his *quadriennium* of undergraduateship closed, and in which he

was ready for his B.A. degree. Accordingly, having, as we must suppose, regularly performed all the previous exercises required by his College and the University, he was one of those who, in the beginning of this term, were admitted *ad respondendum quæstioni*, and who, having in the course of the same term duly gone through the remaining formalities, were pronounced by the Proctor, on the 26th of March, 1629, to be full Bachelors of Arts, and were allowed, according to the academic reckoning, to date their admission into that degree from January, 1628-9.

The most important formality connected with the graduation was the subscription of the names of the graduates by their own hands in the University books, in the presence of the Registrar, under the three Articles of Religion enjoined, as the indispensable test of sound English faith, by the 36th of the Ecclesiastical Canons of 1603-4. Here is the complete formula of subscription :—

(1.) "That the King's Majesty, under God, is the only supreme governor of this realm, and of all other his Highness's dominions and countries, as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things or causes, as temporal; and that no foreign prince, person, prelate, state, or potentate hath, or ought to have, any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence, or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within his Majesty's said realms, dominions, and countries.

(2.) "That the Book of Common Prayer, and of ordering of bishops, priests, and deacons, containeth in it nothing contrary to the Word of God, and that it may lawfully so be used.

(3.) "That we allow the Book of Articles of Religion agreed upon by the Archbishops and Bishops of both provinces, and the whole Clergy in the Convocation holden in London in the year of our Lord 1562; and acknowledge all and every the Articles therein contained, being in number Nine-and-Thirty, besides the ratification, to be agreeable to the Word of God.

"We whose names are here underwritten do willingly and *ex animo* subscribe to the three Articles above-mentioned and to all things in them contained."[1]

[1] It was only since 1623 that subscription to the three Articles was required at graduation as Bachelors or Masters of Arts. Before that time the test had been required only in Divinity graduations and the like; but King James had insisted on the extension.

The total number of students who, in the year 1628-9, were admitted, out of all the sixteen Colleges, to the degree of B.A. by the subscription of the above formula, was 259. Of these 30 were of Christ's College.[1] We give their names :—

Edward Dogge.	John Milton.
Nicolas Cudworth.	Philip Smith.
Peter Pury.	Samuel Clethero.
Richard Garthe.	John Boutflower.
Samuel Viccars.	Philip Bennett.
Roger Rutley.	John Hieron.
William Wildman.	William Jackson.
Daniel Proctor.	John Harvey.
Thomas Carr.	William Finch.
Robert Seppens.	Samuel Boulton.
Edmund Barwell.	Robert Cooper.
George Sleigh.	William Dun.
Thomas Baldwin.	John Browne.
Richard Buckenham.	Robert Pory.
John Welbey.	Thomas Chote.[2]

Our first trace of Milton after he had taken his B.A. degree is in a Latin poem, "*In Adventum Veris*," ("On the approach of

[1] Of the total 259, however, thirty-three graduated irregularly, *i.e.* not in the Lent Term, but at other times of the year. Such graduations were dated collectively not from January, but from the "Feast of the Baptist." Only two of the thirty graduations from Christ's were of this kind.

[2] The list is from Add. MS. Brit. Mus. 5885 (one of Cole's MSS.), containing a catalogue, year by year, of those who graduated B.A. at Cambridge from 1500 to 1735. By the courtesy of Mr. Romilly, Registrar of the University, I have been enabled to compare the list with that in the graduation-book, and to correct some mistakes. The arrangement of the names in the graduation-book is somewhat different from what it is in the MS., but there also Milton's name is almost exactly in the middle. It is written in Latin, "Joannes Milton," in a very neat clear hand. Of the other signatures some are in Latin and some in English. The *order* in which the names occur has no academic significance. The custom of graduating with honours, as distinct from ordinary graduation, had not then been introduced at the University; and, whatever superiority of distinction some students might have acquired during the graduation-exercises, no record of it was kept as now in the Registers. It is more important to observe that of Milton's nine-and-twenty College-fellows mentioned in the list as having graduated in the same year with him (and twenty-seven of those were admitted along with him at the regular time in January 1628-9), *six*—to wit, Roger Rutley, Thomas Baldwin, Philip Smith, William Jackson, Robert Pory, and Thomas Chote—are already known to us as having been admitted into Christ's College contemporaneously with Milton, in February or March 1624-5. The majority of the others, we have also the means of knowing, dated their *matriculation* in the University from the same term as Milton,—*i.e.* the Easter term of 1625. The inference from these facts is, that any punishment to which Milton may have been subjected during his residence at the University *cannot have involved the loss of even one term*. He took his B.A. degree in the fourth Lent term following the date of his matriculation, precisely at the time when his coevals at Christ's did, his old schoolfellow Pory included.

Spring,") printed as the fifth of his Elegies. Its tenor and the appended date, "*Anno ætatis* 20," prove it to have been composed in April 1629; but whether at Cambridge or in London there is nothing to show. The following is a translation of the opening of the poem:—

"Time, revolving in his ceaseless round, now again calls forth, by the warmth of Spring, the fresh Zephyrs; and the reinvigorated Earth puts on a short youth; and the ground, released from frost, grows sweetly green. Am I mistaken; or does strength also return to our verses, and is my genius with me by the gift of Spring? It *is* with me by the gift of Spring, and by this means (who would think it?) is reinforced, and already is demanding for itself some exercise. Castalia and the cleft hill flit before my eyes, and my nightly dreams bring Pyrene to my vision. My breast burns, stirred by secret commotion, and the sacred rage and tumult of sound possess me inwardly. Apollo himself comes! I see his locks enwreathed with Thessalian laurel; Apollo himself comes!"

After this prelude, the poet goes on to celebrate the effects of Spring's return on the pulses of universal nature, from the hard frame of the Earth outwards and upwards to the thoughts of its animated creatures, and even of the frolicsome fauns as they patter in the woods after the coy evading nymphs. Altogether the poem is a pleasant indication that, in becoming a Bachelor of Arts, Milton had not ceased to acknowledge the more genial susceptibilities of a bachelor of nature.

Milton would hardly fail to be present at the Commencement of this year, on the 7th of July. There were but three creations of Doctors of Divinity, and three of Doctors of Laws; but the number of those admitted to the M.A. degree was 226. Among the honorary admissions to the M.A. degree was no less celebrated a person than Peter Paul Rubens the painter, then fifty-two years of age, and residing in England. More interesting perhaps to Milton was the incorporation in the same degree of his friend Charles Diodati. He had graduated

M.A. in his own University of Oxford in the previous July, so that his incorporation was unusually early.[1]

There was virtually a second Commencement in this year, occasioned by a visit paid to the University during the long vacation by the Chancellor, Lord Holland, in company with M. de Chateauneuf, the French Ambassador Extraordinary. The incidents of the visit are described in a letter from Meade to Stuteville, dated Sept. 26 :—

"The French Ambassador came hither on Wednesday, about 3 o'clock, and our Chancellor with him ; was lodged at Trinity College. That night came also my Lord of Warwick with very many horse, &c. On Thursday morning they had an Act at the schools well performed ; went thence to our Regent House to be incorporated, when the Orator entertained him with a speech ; then dined at Trinity College, where were great provisions sent in before by our Chancellor, and a gentleman of his also with them to order that part of the entertainment. At 3 o'clock they went to the Comedy, which was '*Fraus Honesta*,' acted some seven years since. The actors now were not all so perfect as might have been wished, yet came off handsomely ; the music was not so well supplied as heretofore, said those who have skill that way. On Friday morning they visited many of the colleges, where they were entertained with speeches and banquets—and, amongst the rest, at ours and Emanuel. From thence they went to Peterhouse, the Vice-Chancellor's College, where was also a banquet, and where the Orator made the farewell speech. All this was so early done that they went home to London that night."

The Orator who figured so much on this occasion was not the poet Herbert, who had vacated that office in 1627, but his successor, the Scotchman Creighton. In the Act or public disputation, which, according to custom, formed so great a part of the entertainment, the theses were these :—(1.) "*Productio animæ rationalis est nova creatio ;*" (2.) "*Origo fontium est a mari ;*" (3.) *Regimen monarchicum hæreditarium præstat electivo.*" (1. "The production of a rational soul is a new creation ;" 2. "Streams have their origin in the sea ;" 3. "Hereditary monarchical government is better than elective.") The Proctor, Mr. Love, moderated ; the Respondent was a Mr. Wright of

[1] The fact of Diodati's incorporation at Cambridge I derive from an alphabetical list of Incorporations at Cambridge, transcribed by Cole (Add. MS. Brit. Mus. 5884). The date of his graduation as M.A. at Oxford was July 8, 1628 (Wood MS. Ashm. Mus. 8507).

Emanuel, and his three Opponents were Hall of Trinity, Booth of Corpus Christi, and Green of Magdalen.[1] But however well the Disputation in the morning came off, it was, of course, poor amusement as compared with the Comedy in the afternoon.

The custom of performing plays at public schools and the Universities was at its height in the great dramatic age of James I. and Charles I. At the Universities, whenever there was a visit from Royalty or from some great personage, the entertainment always included dramatic performances, preceding or following banquets. The plays, though sometimes in English, were more frequently in Latin, and were either taken from a small stock already on hand, or were prepared for the occasion. Of these University-plays, as distinct from the plays of the ordinary professional dramatists, one or two had obtained considerable reputation.[2] At Cambridge, among four plays acted on four successive nights during the first visit of King James to the University in March, 1614-15, one had been so decidedly successful that all England heard of it. This was the celebrated Latin comedy of *Ignoramus*, written by George Ruggle, M.A., then one of the Fellows of Clare Hall. Notwithstanding the extreme length of the play, which occupied six hours in the acting, the King was so pleased with it that he made a second visit to Cambridge to see it again. Ruggle, who lived till 1622, never published the play; but copies of it had been taken, and from one of these it was given to the press in 1630.

The success of Ruggle's *Ignoramus* had induced other University men to try their hands at Latin comedies. Among these, Philip Stubbe, Fellow of Trinity College, produced a play under the title of "*Fraus Honesta*" ("Honest Fraud"), which was acted at that College in the year 1616. This is the play alluded to by Meade as having been revived for the entertainment of Lord Holland and the French Ambassador. It was afterwards (1632) published in London, in a small

[1] From Harl. MS. 7038. This MS. only gives the topics of debate; but in the State Paper Office I have seen a copy of the Proctor's speech in opening the Act, and two copies of the speech of the University Orator, Creighton.

[2] See article on University Plays: Retrospective Review, vol. XII.

duodecimo, and we are able, therefore, to give some account of it.

The *dramatis personæ* were as follows :—

Cleomachus, otherwise Charilaus ; the father of Callidamus.
Diodorus, otherwise Theodosia, in man's clothes ; the wife of Charilaus.
Callidamus, a young man, the lover of Callanthia.
Ergasilus, the waggish servant of Callidamus.
Perillus, otherwise Floretta in man's clothes ; the true daughter of Onobarus and Nitella.
Chrysophilus, an old miser.
Cuculus, the son of Chrysophilus.
Onobarus, an uxorious person.
Nitella, a shrewish wife.
Floretta, the supposed daughter of Onobarus ; in reality the daughter of Fabricius.
Misogamus, a dealer in pithy maxims.
Canidia Sanctimonialis, otherwise Lupina, wife of Chrysophilus.
Three Watchmen.
Six Boys.
Choruses of Singers.
Persons mentioned in the play :—Alphonsius and Albertus, Dukes of Florence, and Fabricius, father of Callanthia.

Out of these characters, and with Florence as the scene, a story is constructed answering to the title. Songs are interspersed here and there ; and there is a series of duets, ending in a chorus, at the close. By way of specimen of the dialogue take the opening of the first scene, where Cleomachus makes his appearance, after a long absence, in one of the streets of Florence.

"*Cleo.* Auspicatò tandem ædes has reviso quondam mihi notas optime ;
At, Dii boni, quàm ab his annis quindecim mutata jam videntur omnia !
Florentia non est Florentia ; verùm omnia mortalium assolent !
Hìc ædes sunt Chrysophili, quocum ego abiens Callidamum reliqui filium.
O Dii Penates ! hunc si mihi jam vivum servastis reduci,
Non me tot belli malis hucusque etiam superesse pœnitet !
Et certe, si bene memini, hic ipsus est Chrysophilus quem exeuntem video."

As a sample of the broader humour of the piece, take the opening of Act V. Scene 5, where Cuculus comes on the

stage drunk, with six boys hallooing after him, and Ergasilus and Floretta following.

"*Pueri.* Heigh, Cucule; whup, Cucule!
Cuc. Apagite, nequam pueri!
Ubi es, Floretta mea? quo fugis, scelerata?
1 *Puer.* Ego te ad Florettam
Ducam modò.
2 *Puer.* Ego modo potiùs.
3 *Puer.* Hâc eas!
4 *Puer.* Hâc, inquam!"

But the rubbish will do as well in English.

"*Boys.* Heigh, Cuculus; whup, Cuculus!
Cuc. Be off, you rascally boys!
Where art thou, my Floretta? whither dost flee, traitress?
1*st Boy.* I will lead you to Floretta presently.
2*d Boy.* I'll do it better.
3*d Boy.* This way!
4*th Boy.* No! this way, say I.
5*th Boy.* That way, that way!
6*th Boy.* No, go back!
Cuc. Let go, I say, let go. Faith, Heaven's lamps, the stars, are nearly out. Whup, whup, whuch! You, my man in the moon up there, lend me your lantern, that I may seek for my Floretta.
1*st Boy.* Speak up, speak up: Endymion, whom you are calling, is asleep.
Cuc. O that nose!
2*d Boy.* By Jupiter, you have an excellent voice; but call louder.
Cuc. O those ears!
All the Boys. Capital, capital!
Cuc. If I catch you, you villains—
All. Here, I say, Cuculus.
3*d Boy.* Here, you ass.
4*th Boy.* After him now! (*Cuculus clasps a post.*)
Cuc. I'll hold you, you rogue!
All. Hold him, hold him tight: good-bye, good-bye!
Ergas. O Cuculus, are you embracing another, and despising your Floretta?
Cuc. Floretta? Are you here, my dear? How hugely I love you! I pray you now, *eamus cubitum*," &c.

Such was the trash acted for the entertainment of the Earl of Holland, the French Ambassador, and the rest of the distinguished visitors at Cambridge, in September 1629. In

all probability the actors were students of Trinity College, with one or two Masters of Arts from other colleges among them, and with Stubbe himself as manager. The place of performance was the great hall of Trinity, which, on such occasions, could be fitted up so as to accommodate 2,000 persons. The noble visitors and their ladies had, of course, the best seats near the stage or upon it; the next best places were reserved for the Doctors and other dons; and the body of the hall was filled with the mass of the students—the Bachelors of Arts and Undergraduates huddled together at the far end, where, despite the Proctors, they whooped, whistled, threw pellets at each other, and even sent up now and then a whiff of tobacco-smoke. It was *they* that decided the fate of a play. If they liked it, or the acting, they cheered and clapped; if they disliked it, or the acting were bad, they hissed without mercy. From Meade's account, we infer that Stubbe's play was on the whole successful; but that there was some hissing, especially at the singing parts.

Among those who hissed, we can aver with some certainty, was Milton of Christ's. From the specimens we have given of the play this will not seem improbable; but there is something like proof of the fact in a pamphlet, published by him in 1642, in answer to an anonymous tract which had appeared in confutation of one of his previous writings. The author of the anonymous tract (whom Milton supposed to be a prelate) had upbraided him with the fact that he, a Puritan, had made allusions in his writings to theatres and other worse places, showing that he was more familiar with them than beseemed his professions. After discussing the "worse places," and showing how any such acquaintance with them as he had exhibited might have been very innocently acquired, if only by reading dramas written by English clergymen, Milton thus refers to his supposed familiarity with playhouses and their furniture.

"But, since there is such necessity to the hearsay of a tire, a periwig, or a vizard, that plays must have been seen, what difficulty was there in that, when, in the Colleges, so many of the young Divines, and those of next aptitude to Divinity, have been seen so oft upon

the stage, writhing and unboning their clergy limbs to all the antic and dishonest gestures of Trinculoes, buffoons, and bawds, prostituting the shame of that Ministry which either they had or were nigh having to the eyes of courtiers and court-ladies, with their grooms and mademoiselles? There, while they acted and overacted, among other young scholars, I was a spectator: they thought themselves gallant men, and I thought them fools; they made sport, and I laughed; they mispronounced, and I misliked; and, to make up the Atticism, they were out, and I hissed."[1]

Milton, as he hints in this passage, had other opportunities besides the present, while at Cambridge, of seeing plays acted. Except on one other occasion, however, to which we shall have to refer hereafter, the present was the only very notable performance of a play in the University in his time before courtly visitors; and the allusions in the passage—especially his reference to his youth at the time, and his reference to "mademoiselles" as part of the audience—seem to show that, if he had the performance of any one University-play more in his mind than another, it was that of Stubbe's *Fraus Honesta* before the French Ambassador, in the first year of his Bachelorship. We need not now consider, in connexion with the passage, the question of Milton's opinion concerning theatre-going in general. We have seen, however, that, while in London, (though, to give his sarcasm more force, he avoids mentioning the fact in the above connexion,) he did now and then go to the regular theatres; nor does the state of his mind seem to have been such, while at the University, as to lead him to object to seeing a comedy in Trinity, when there was one to be seen.

Among the Colleges which Lord Holland and the Ambassador visited on the day after the play, and at each of which they had "speeches and banquets," one, as Meade informs us, was Christ's. There was necessarily, according to the usual arrangements in such cases, a set Latin oration by one of the students. Probably, it was according to custom to choose one of the youngest students in the College. At all events, the honour fell to Siddall's pupil, young Jack Cleveland, who had then just finished his first year at the College,

[1] Apology for Smectymnuus: Works, III. 267-8.

and was not over sixteen. The brief speech which the sprightly lad did deliver, may be found among his works subsequently published.[1] Such is the splendour of the two august presences before him, he says, that if one of the sun-worshipping Persians were there to look, he would think there were two suns in the heaven, and would divide his sacrifice! A few more such compliments complete the speech, the sense of which is poor enough, and the Latin none of the most classical. Milton, had the task been appointed to him, would have performed it infinitely better.

ACADEMIC YEAR 1629-30.

MILTON ætat. 21.

Vice-Chancellor, HENRY BUTTS, D.D., Master of Benet or Corpus Christi College (in which office he had succeeded Dr. Walsall in 1626).

Proctors, THOMAS GOADE, of Queen's College, and WILLIAM ROBERTS, of Corpus Christi, who, dying in office, was succeeded by Robert King of Trinity Hall.

MICHAELMAS TERM . October 10, 1629, to December 16, 1629.
LENT TERM . . . . . January 13, 1629-30, to March 19, 1629-30.
EASTER TERM . . . . April 7, 1630, to July 9, 1630.

Of the Michaelmas term of this year we have nothing to record. Milton seems to have duly fulfilled it, and then to have gone back to spend the Christmas vacation in town. Thence, some day after Christmas-day, he addresses another Latin elegy to his friend Diodati. It is the elegy marked sixth of the series, and is headed as follows:—"To Charles Diodati, residing in the country, who, when he had written to the author on the 13th of December, and had asked him to excuse his verses, if they were less good than usual, on the ground that, in the midst of the festivities with which he had been received by his friends, he was unable to give a sufficiently prosperous attention to the Muses, had the following answer sent him." From this heading we infer that Diodati,

[1] "*Oratio habita ad Legatum quendam Gallicum, et Hollandiæ Comitem, tunc temporis Academiæ Cancellarium.*" Cleveland's Works: Edit. 1677, p. 180.

after his incorporation at Cambridge in the preceding July, had again, before the end of the year, returned to the country —either to Cheshire or to some other place where he had friends—and had written a metrical epistle to Milton, telling him of his occupations and pleasures. Milton's reply need not be given at large ; the following is the main part of it :—

You seem to be enjoying yourself rarely. How well you describe the feasts and other country pleasures of December, and the cups of French wine round the gay hearth ! Why do you complain that poesy is absent from these festivities ? Festivity and poetry are surely not incompatible. Song loves Bacchus and Bacchus loves song. All antiquity and all mythology prove that wine and poetry go well together. Ovid's verses, sent home from his Gothic place of banishment, were bad, because he had there no dainties and no wine. So also with Anacreon and Horace. Why should it be different with you ? But, indeed, one sees the triple influence of Bacchus, Apollo, and Ceres in the verses you have sent me. And, then, have you not music—the harp lightly touched by nimble hands, and the lute giving time to the fair ones as they dance in the old tapestried room ? Believe me, where the ivory keys leap, and the accompanying dance goes round the perfumed hall, there will the Song-god be. But let me not go too far. Light Elegy is the care of many gods, and calls any one of them by turns to her assistance—Bacchus, Erato, Ceres, Venus, and little Cupid besides. To poets of this order, therefore, conviviality is allowable ; and they may often indulge in draughts of good old wine. But the man who speaks of high matters—the heaven of the full-grown Jove, and pious heroes, and demi-god leaders of men ; the man who now sings the holy counsels of the gods above, and now the subterranean realms guarded by the fierce dog—let *him* live sparely, after the manner of the Samian master, let herbs afford him his innocent diet, let clear water in a beechen cup stand near him, and let him drink sober draughts from a pure fountain ! To this be there added a youth chaste and free from guilt, and rigid morals, and hands without stain. Being such, thou shalt rise up, glittering in sacred raiment and purified by lustral waters, an augur about to go into the presence of the unoffended gods.

At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cœlum,
Heroásque pios, semideosque duces,

Et nunc sancta canit superûm consulta deorum,
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parcè, Samii pro more magistri,
Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos ;
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
Sobriaque e puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic scelerisque vacans et casta juventus,
Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus.
Qualis, veste nitens sacrâ et lustralibus undis,
Surgis, ad infensos augur iture deos.

So is wise Tiresias said to have lived, after he had been deprived of his sight ; and Theban Linus ; and Calchas the exile ; and old Orpheus. So did the scantily-eating water-drinking Homer carry his hero Ulysses through the monster-teeming hall of Circe, and the straits insidious with the voices of the Syrens, and through thy courts, too, O infernal King, where he is said to have held the troops of shades enthralled by libations of black blood. For the Poet is sacred and the priest of the gods ; and his breast and his mouth breathe the hidden Jupiter.

Diis etenim sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos ;
Spirat et occultum pectus et ora Jovem.

The conclusion of this very noble and very characteristic elegy is interesting biographically.

"But if you will know what I am myself doing (if indeed you think it of so much consequence to know if I am doing anything), here is the fact :—We are engaged in singing the heavenly birth of the King of Peace, and the happy age promised by the holy books, and the infant cries and cradling in a manger under a poor roof of that God who rules, with his Father, the kingdom of Heaven, and the sky with the new-sprung star in it, and the ethereal choirs of hymning angels, and the gods of heathen eld suddenly fleeing to their endangered fanes. This is the gift which we have presented to Christ's natal day. On that very morning, at daybreak, it was first conceived. The verses, which are composed in the vernacular, await your criticism ; you shall be the judge to whom I shall recite them."

The English poem to which Milton here alludes, as having been composed on or about Christmas-day 1629, is the well-known ode *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity.* The Ode

(pronounced by Mr. Hallam to be perhaps the most beautiful in the English language) accords exactly with the description of it sent to Diodati. The poet represents himself as waking before the dawn on Christmas morning, and thinking of the great memory associated with that month and day. Then the thought strikes him :—

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the infant God ?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome Him to this his new abode,
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright ?

See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet!
O run ; prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet :
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel-quire,
From out his secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

Then "The Hymn" begins :—

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;
Nature, in awe to Him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathise.
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;
Confounded that her Master's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace.
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

Then, after farther description of waiting Nature, and the shepherds feeding their flocks on that memorable Syrian night and morning, the poet imagines the heathen gods amazed and confounded by the great event. Apollo's oracles are dumb; the Nymphs and Genii forsake their haunts; Peor and Baalim and mooned Ashtaroth feel that their reign is over; nor is Egyptian Osiris at rest.

So, when the Sun, in bed
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail;
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted Fays
Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

It has been supposed that this ode was written as a College exercise for the Christmas season. We see no reason for thinking so, but the contrary. That the poem was a voluntary composition of Milton for his own pleasure is the more likely, because, a few days afterwards, he wrote another shorter piece of the same nature—the ode *Upon the Circumcision.* Circumcision-day in the Church calendar is the 1st of January; and, though no date is affixed to the ode, the place in which it stands among the juvenile poems makes it next to certain that it was composed on the 1st of January, 1629-30. About the same period we may, for similar reasons, suppose the short piece entitled *On Time* to have been written.

To this period also may be referred the piece entitled *At a Solemn Musick,* evidently written on the occasion of

some great cathedral service, in hearing which the poet thinks of a still higher triumph of sound :—

> That undisturbed song of pure concent,
> Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
> To Him that sits thereon,
> With saintly shout and solemn jubilee ;
> Where the bright seraphim in burning row
> Their loud uplifted Angel-trumpets blow,
> And the cherubic host in thousand quires
> Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
> With those just saints that wear victorious palms,
> Hymns devout and holy psalms
> Singing everlastingly.

Finally (to dispose of the last of a group of undated pieces all written about this time in the same lyrical strain), the fragment entitled *The Passion* may be regarded as the beginning of an anniversary ode intended for the Easter of 1630 (March 28) by way of sequel to the odes on the Nativity and the Circumcision. The author had projected a long poem, but stopped short at the eighth verse of the introductory part ; after which, when the piece was published, with the rest, in 1645, the following note was inserted :—"This subject the author, finding to be above the years he had when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was begun, left unfinished." The judgment is so far correct.

Before the last-mentioned piece was written, the Lent term of the academic year had passed to a close. Of academic incidents of that term the only one of much importance had been a royal injunction addressed on the 4th of March to the authorities of the University, reflecting severely on some laxities in the University discipline which had been reported to the king. The chief matter of complaint was, that of late years many students, forgetful of "their own birth and quality," had made contracts of marriage "with women of mean estate and of no good fame" in the town of Cambridge, greatly to the discontent of their parents and friends, and to the discredit of the University. To prevent such occurrences in future, the

authorities were enjoined to be more strict in their supervision of flirtations. Should any innkeeper, victualler, or other inhabitant of the town have a daughter or other female about his house too attractive in her manner, they were forthwith to order her out of town; and if the family resisted, they were to resort to imprisonment, and to delegation, if necessary, before the Privy Council!

If students were sometimes inveigled into marriages below their rank, the case was sometimes the contrary, and very idle students made very good matches. The reader may remember Meade's pupil, young Higham, the good-for-nothing fellow who falsified the bills which he sent home to his father, and of whom consequently Meade got rid as soon as possible. That was two years ago, and since then Meade had heard little of him, and was still out of the money due to him for his tuition. Early in March 1629-30, however, Meade hears to his surprise that the lucky scapegrace has married a young lady of fortune, a relative of Stuteville's, and is honeymooning with her in great style somewhere in the neighbourhood of Cambridge.

"*March* 6. I am now certainly informed that it is my pupil that married your kinswoman, and that they were married about Candlemas last. The country supposes he hath gotten a rich match. I hope therefore I shall not long stay for the debt due unto me since he was under my tuition. I have patiently waited for such a good time as this, and my confidence is beyond my expectation thus strengthened by the relation I have to Dalham; which interest will be as good as a solicitor in my behalf. The debt is £7. 8*s.* 8*d.*; in which sum I reckon nothing for tuition for the last three quarters his name continued in the College, because himself discontinued: yet the ordinary arrearages for the College could not be avoided—which are some 9*s.*

"*March* 13. On Thursday my sometime pupil and your new cousin, in the vagary which new-married men are wont to take, came hither to my chamber in his bravery; asked pardon for his long default; paid me my debt; would needs force a piece upon me in token of his love; then invited me to dinner, where he was so prodigal as if he had made a marriage-feast * * I hear his younger brother, who was here also with him, shall marry the other sister, and so between them have your uncle's whole estate."

In the same letters, or in others written during the same month, are various references to matters of public gossip at the

time—to the King's growing determination in raising money by monopolies, &c.; to Sir John Eliot's imprisonment in the Tower; to the Queen's expected *accouchement*, &c. In the midst of this miscellaneous gossip, here is one horrible little scrap from a letter of March 27:—"At Berkshire assizes was a boy of nine years old condemned and executed for example, for burning a house or two; who only said upon the ladder, 'Forgive me this, and I'll do so no more.'" One's nerves do tingle at this; but what if there are judicial and other facts in *our* civilisation which will be equally tortures and incredibilities to the nerve of the future?

The University reassembled for the Easter term on the 7th of April, 1630. It was destined, however, that that term should be brought prematurely to a close. Whoever has read the records of those times knows that an almost constant subject of alarm to England, as well as to other nations, was the Plague. Every ten or fifteen years there was either a visit of it or a rumour of its coming. The last visit, as we have seen, had been in 1625-6; on which occasion, though it raged in London and other districts, Cambridge escaped. Only five years had elapsed, and now again the Plague was in the land. There were cases in London as early as March, during which month Meade, while sending to Stuteville other such general pieces of news as we have mentioned, sends him also abstracts of the weekly returns of deaths in London. "The last week," he writes on the 20th of March, "there died two of the plague in London—one in Shoreditch, another in Whitechapel; and I saw by a letter yesterday that there were four dead this week, and all in St. Giles's parish." In subsequent letters we hear of the progress of the plague in the metropolis; and at length, on the 17th of April, 1630, or ten days after the beginning of the Easter term, we have the following:—

"There died this week of the plague at London 11 * * Six parishes infected * * I suppose you have heard of the like calamity begun and threatened us here in Cambridge. We have some 7 died—the first, last week (suspected but not searched)—a boy; on Monday and Tuesday, two—a boy and a woman in the same house; and on Wednesday two women, one exceeding foul, in two houses.

On Thursday, a man—one Holmes, dwelling in the midst between the two former houses. For all these stand together at Magdalen College end. It began at the further house—Forster's, a shoemaker; supposed by lodging a soldier who had a sore upon him, in whose bed and sheets the nasty woman laid two of her sons, who are both dead, and a kinswoman. Some add for a cause a dunghill close by her house, in the hole of which the fool this Lent-time suffered some butchers, who killed meat by stealth, to kill it and to bury the garbage."

From the date of this letter the plague spread with fearful rapidity in Cambridge; and during the rest of the year that town seemed to be its favourite encampment. Thus on the 24th of April, only a week after the preceding letter:—

"Our University is in a manner wholly dissolved; all meetings and exercises ceasing. In many Colleges almost none left. In ours, of twenty-seven mess we have not five. Our gates strictly kept; none but Fellows to go forth, or any to be let in without the consent of the major part of our society, of which we have but seven at home at this instant [i.e. *seven* of the members of the foundation]; only a sizar may go out with his tutor's ticket upon an errand. Our butcher, baker, and chandler bring the provisions to the College-gates, where the steward and cook receive them. We have taken all our officers we need into the College, and none must stir out. If he doth, he is to come in no more. Yea, we have taken three women into our College, and appointed them a chamber to lie in together: two are bed-makers, one a laundress. We have turned out our porter, and appointed our barber both porter and barber, allowing him a chamber next the gates. Thus we live as close prisoners, and, I hope, without danger."

Before the end of the same month most of the colleges were formally broken up — Masters, fellows, and students flying from Cambridge as a doomed place. All University exercises and meetings proper to the Easter term were adjourned to the following session. Accordingly, in the history of the University, the remainder of this academic year is a mere blank. "*Grassante peste, nulla publica comitia,*" is the significant entry made by Baker under this year.[1]

While the gownsmen were able to consult their safety by flight, the poor townsmen were necessarily obliged to remain where they were. After all, the mortality was not so great as might have been expected. The entire number of deaths from

[1] Harl. MS. 7038.

plague from April 1630, to January 1630-1, was but 347, or somewhat more than one a day for the whole period. To understand the terror that there was in Cambridge, however, one must imagine the state of the town during the summer months, when the cases were most numerous—the unusually deserted streets; the colleges all locked up; and, most fearful of all, the brown and white tents on the adjacent commons, whither the plague-patients were removed. Nor was the plague the only calamity. What with the shutting-up of the colleges, what with the interruption of communication with the rest of the country, business was at a stand-still; hundreds of poor persons who had lived by performing offices about the colleges were left destitute; and tradesmen who had been in tolerably good circumstances, but who depended on their receipts rather than their savings, were suddenly impoverished. As many as 2,800 persons, or 839 families, had to be supported by charity, while of the remainder of the population not more than 140 persons were in a condition to contribute to their relief. It became necessary to appeal to the country at large. Accordingly, a royal proclamation was issued, on the 25th of June, 1630, in which, after setting forth the extraordinary "misery and decay" of Cambridge, his Majesty instructs the Bishops of London, Winchester, and Lincoln to take means for a general collection in their dioceses, for the relief of the afflicted town. Some thousands of pounds were collected.[1]

No man won such golden opinions, by his brave and humane conduct during the time of the plague, as the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Butts. While most of the other Heads had fled from the infection, he remained at his post, and, in conjunction with a few others, did whatever he could to maintain order and distribute relief. The following is an extract from a letter of his, sent in the course of the autumn to Lord Coventry, as High Steward of the Town:—

"The sickness is much scattered, but we follow your Lordship's counsel to keep the sound from the sick; to which purpose we have built near forty booths in a remote place upon our commons, whither we forthwith remove those that are infected—where we have placed

[1] Cooper, III. 223-225.

a German physician who visits them day and night; and he ministers to them. Besides constables, we have certain ambulatory officers who walk the streets night and day to keep our people from needless conversing, and to bring us notice of all disorders. Through God's mercy, the number of those who die weekly is not great to the total number of the inhabitants. Thirty-one hath been the highest number in a week, and that but once. This late tempestuous rainy weather hath scattered it into some places, and they die fast; so that I fear an increase this week. To give our neighbours in the country contentment, we hired certain horsemen this harvest-time to range and scour the fields of the towns adjoining, to keep our disorderly poor from annoying them. We keep great store of watch and ward in all fit places continually. We printed and published certain new orders for the better government of the people; which we see observed. We keep our court twice a-week and severely punish all delinquents. Your Lordship, I trust, will pardon the many words of men in misery. It is no little ease to pour out our painful passions and plaints into such a bosom. Myself am alone; a destitute and forsaken man: not a scholar with me in College; not a scholar seen by me without. God all-sufficient, I trust, is with me; to whose most holy protection I humbly commend your Lordship with all belonging unto you."[1]

During this miserable summer and autumn, Meade was at Dalham, whither his good friends, Sir Martin and Lady Stuteville, had invited him, and where he was so happy, smoking his pipe, talking with Sir Martin in his library, and going about the grounds, that, as we shall see, it was not without regret that he left the place when it became necessary to return to his College. Milton also was away from Cambridge—living, we may suppose, either in his father's house in London, or in some suburban seclusion; if indeed he did not at this time fulfil his promised visit to Young at Stowmarket. An interesting scrap from his pen, at or about this time, is his well-known epitaph on Shakespeare, to which he has himself affixed the date:—

"On Shakespeare, 1630.

"What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones
The labour of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?

[1] Cooper, III. 227-8.

Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument;
For whilst, to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

These lines were probably written on the blank leaf of a copy of Shakespeare—which copy must have been the first folio, as no other then existed. Two years afterwards (1632) they were prefixed anonymously, in company with other new copies of laudatory verses, to the second folio edition of Shakespeare, then published. So far as we know, they were the first verses of Milton that appeared publicly in print.

ACADEMIC YEAR 1630-31.

Milton ætat. 22.

Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Henry Butts, of Benet (re-elected for his eminent services in the preceding year).

Proctors, Peter Ashton, of Trinity College, and Roger Hockchester, of Pembroke.

Michaelmas Term . October 10, 1630, to December 16, 1630.
Lent Term . . . . . January 13, 1630-1, to April 1, 1631.
Easter Term . . . . April 20, 1631, to July 8, 1631.

Though the Plague had greatly abated at Cambridge by October, it had not quite gone, and it was not till late in November that the Colleges began again to be full. Meade seems to have been one of the first to return. On the 20th of October he writes to Stuteville, not from Cambridge, but from Balsham, a village near by Cambridge, as follows:—

"Coming to the College, I found neither scholar nor Fellow returned, but Mr. Tovey only; and he forced to dine and sup in chamber with Mr. Power and Mr. Siddall [these two old gentlemen, it would appear, had not left College when the rest did], unless he would be alone and have one of the three women to be his sizar, for there is but one scholar to attend upon them. I, being not willing to live in solitude, nor to be joined with such company [Power is, of course, more particularly referred to], after some few hours' stay in the College, turned aside to Balsham, hoping to have chatted this night with the Doctor [who 'the Doctor' was we do not know], but, alas! I find him gone to Dalham, but hope he will return soon, and therefore stay here to expect him. I left order to have word sent me as soon as Mr. Chappell or Mr. Gell come home, and then I am for the College."

The deaths during the preceding week had been but three, and were diminishing. On the 27th Meade again writes from the same place, saying he had been in Cambridge partly "to furnish himself with warmer clothing," partly to see if any of his College friends had come back. No more, however, had yet made their appearance, and Chappell had written to say that he should not return for a month. Meade is pining for society, and says his "heart is at Dalham." It is not till the 27th of November that he finds himself once more in his element. On that day he writes:—

"I have been at the College ever since Monday at dinner, and yet never so well could I fancy myself to be at my old and wonted home, as now, when I take my pen on Saturday evening to write according to my custom unto Dalham. Such is the force of so long a continued course, which is almost become a second nature to me. * * All the play-houses in London are now again open. * * I will add a list of our College officers and retainers who either have died or been endangered by the plague—which I understood not well till now:—1. Our second cook and some three of his house. 2. Our gardener and all his house. 3. Our porter's child; and himself was at the green [*i. e.* among the sick on the common]. 4. Our butcher and three of his children. 5. Our baker, who made our bread in Mr. Atkinson's bake-house, had two of his children died, but then at his own house, as having no employment at the bake-house. 6. Our manciple's daughter had three sores in her father's house; but her father was then and is still in the College. 7. Our laundress (who is yet in the College) her maid died of the infection in her dame's house. 8. Add one of our bed-makers in the College, whose son was a prentice in an house in the parish whither the infection came also. * * We keep all shut in the College still, and the same

persons formerly entertained are still with us. We have not had this week company enough to be in commons in the hall, but on Sunday we hope we shall. It is not to be believed how slowly the University returneth: none almost but a few sophisters to keep their Acts. We are now eight Fellows: Benet College but four; scholars not so many. The most in Trinity and St. John's, &c. The reassembling of the University for Acts and sermons is therefore again deferred to the 16th of December."

They *did* dine in hall in Christ's on Sunday, the 28th of November; and on the 5th of December Meade is able to report that there had been no case of plague during the past week. The students then rapidly returned; but, for many years to come, there was a great falling off in the total numbers of the University, in consequence of the disaster of this fatal year.

When Milton returned to Cambridge, there was one change in Christ's College not noted by Meade, which, if tradition is to be trusted, must have interested him in a peculiar manner. As a B.A. of two years' standing, and as an acknowledged ornament of his College, he was by this time entitled to suppose that, when a fellowship became vacant so as to be at the disposal of the College authorities, he had as good a claim to it as any other. That he had some expectation of this kind would be extremely probable, even if Baker, the Cambridge antiquary, had not handed down the tradition. But, if so, he was disappointed. Just about the time of the breaking-up of the College on account of the plague, it was known that Mr. Sandelands, one of the younger fellows, was about to resign. The following document will show who was to be his successor. It is a royal mandate addressed to the Master and Fellows of Christ's:—

"Charles, R.

"Trusty and well-beloved, We great you well. Whereas We are given to understand that the fellowship of Mr. Andrew Sandelands of your College is shortly to be made void, and being well ascertained both of the present sufficiency and future hopes of a young scholar, Edward King, now B.A., We, out of Our princely care that those hopeful parts in him may receive cherishing and encouragement, are graciously pleased so far to express Our royal

intention towards him as hereby to will and require you, that, when the same fellowship shall become void, you do presently admit the said Edward King into the same, notwithstanding any statute, ordinance, or constitution to the contrary. And for the doing thereof these shall be both a sufficient warrant unto you, and We shall account it an acceptable service. Given under Our signet at Our manor of St. James's, June 10, 1630, in the sixth year of Our reign." [1]

Such royal interferences with the exercise of College and University patronage were far from uncommon, and caused a good deal of complaint. It is not difficult to see how, in the case of a youth of such influential connexions as King, the favour should have been obtained. The missive must have reached the College when there were few Fellows there to act upon it; nor can we tell at what precise time it was carried into effect. By the time that Milton returned to the College, however, the fellowship of Sandelands *had* passed to King. Probably any feeling of disappointment that Milton may have had, was by this time got over; and King was really an amiable and accomplished youth, liked by all, and by Milton not least. It *was* rather hard, however, for Milton, now in his twenty-third year, to see a youth of eighteen seated above him at the Fellows' table.[2]

Hardly had matters settled into their ordinary course in Cambridge in the winter of 1630-31, when an incident occurred of some local note. This was the death of old Hobson the carrier, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. On the outbreak of the plague his journeys to and from London had been prohibited, as they had been for a similar reason in 1625. On this occasion, however, the interruption was for a longer period

[1] Copy by Baker (Harl. MS. 7036 p. 220) of "some notes concerning Christ's College, from a MS. Book of Mr. Michael Honeywood."

[2] About a year after this date there was another Fellowship vacant in the College; on which occasion find, from a letter of Bainbrigge's in the State Paper Office (July 20, 1631), that the Secretary of State, Lord Dorchester, was pressing the election of young Shute (see p. 146), then just admitted B.A. Bainbrigge writes to Dorchester, professing his willingness to do all he could for Shute's interests at another time, but has evidently made up his mind in favour of some one else, and is much perplexed lest his Lordship should be angry. "In all, I humbly beg," he says, "your Honour's better thoughts to hold me an honest man." From the glimpse such letters give of the intrigues in elections to Fellowships, I should imagine that Milton's chance was small throughout.

than on the previous one. From April or May, all through the summer and autumn, the old man had been obliged to remain in Cambridge, shut up, like the rest of the inhabitants, for fear of the infection. In his case the privation was unusually hard. "Heigh ho!" says the carrier in Shakespeare's *Henry IV.*, going into the inn-yard at Rochester early in the morning with a lantern in his hand, to set out on his journey, "heigh ho! an't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles's wain is over the new chimney." *There* is the joy of a carrier's life, and Hobson now missed it. Tough old man as he was, the plague never came near him; but ennui took him off. Some time in November or December, just as the plague had abated and he had the prospect of mounting his wain again, he took to his bed; on the 24th of December he had his will drawn out; he added codicils to this will on the 27th and 31st of December, and on the 1st of January; and on this last day he died. He was buried in the chancel of St. Benedict's Church. Both his wives had died before him, as well as his three sons and two of his daughters out of the family borne to him by his first wife. His eldest son Thomas, however, had been married, and had left a family of six children; and to these six grandchildren and his two surviving daughters—one of whom had married Sir Simon Clarke, a Warwickshire baronet—was bequeathed the bulk of the carrier's property. Over and above the lands and goods in Cambridgeshire and elsewhere distributed amongst them, there remained a considerable property in houses, land, and money, to be distributed among a sister-in-law, a godson, two cousins, and other kindred, and to furnish small bequests to his executors, and one or two acquaintances and servants. Nor had Hobson forgotten the town of his affections. During his life he had been a charitable and public-spirited man. As lately as 1628 he had made over to twelve trustees, on the part of the University and Town, a messuage and various tenements in the parish of St. Andrew without Barnwell-gate, in order to the erection there of a workhouse, where poor people who had no trade might be taught some honest one, and where also stubborn rogues and beggars might be compelled to earn their

livelihood by their own labours. To further this scheme he now left by his will 100*l.* more, for the purchase of land near the workhouse. But perhaps his most remarkable bequest to the town was one of a sanitary nature, which may have been suggested by the recent experience of what was needed —to wit, "seven leys of pasture-land" for the perpetual maintenance of the conduit in Cambridge, together with a present sum of 10*l.* to be applied in raising the top of the conduit half a yard higher than it was.[1] The consequence is that now the visitor to Cambridge sees what is not to be seen perhaps in any other town in the British empire—not only a handsome conduit in the middle of the town, but a rivulet of fresh clear water running round and round the town, and through the main streets, in the place where in other towns there is usually only a kennel. At Cambridge Hobson is still, in a manner, the *genius loci.*

Milton's two epitaphs on the celebrated carrier, though humorous in their form, have a certain kindliness in their spirit. As reminiscences of the poet's Cambridge life, they are worth quoting:—

"*On the University Carrier, who sickened in the time of the Vacancy, being forbid to go to London by reason of the Plague.*

Here lies old Hobson: Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt;
Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one
He's here stuck in a slough and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter that, if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten years full
Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and the Bull;
And, surely, Death could never have prevailed,
Had not his weekly course of carriage failed;
But, lately, finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had taken up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a Chamberlain

[1] Cooper's Annals, III. 234-5.

Showed him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pulled off his boots, and took away the light:
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
'Hobson hath supped, and's newly gone to bed.'

Another on the same.

Here lieth one who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move;
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jog on and keep his trot,
Made of sphere-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay!
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old truth) motion numbered out his time;
And, like an engine moved with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceased, he ended straight.
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction o affirm
Too long *vacation* hastened on his *term.*
Merely to drive the time away he sickened,
Fainted and died, nor would with ale be quickened.
'Nay,' quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretched,
'If I may not carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetched;
'But vow,' (though the cross Doctors all stood hearers)
'For one *carrier* put down, to make six *bearers.*'
Ease was his chief disease, and, to judge right,
He died for heaviness that his cart went light;
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdensome;
That even to his last breath, (there be that say 't,)
As he were press'd to death, he cried 'More weight!'
But, had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal Carrier.
Obedient to the moon, he spent his date
In course reciprocal, and had his fate
Linked to the mutual flowing of the seas;
Yet, strange to think, his *wain* was his *increase:*
His letters are delivered all and gone;
Only remains this superscription."

These verses *might* have been written in London, but they seem rather to have been written at Cambridge. At all events, Milton must have been at Cambridge on the 15th of the month following that of the carrier's death; on which day the following entry was made in the admission-book of Christ's College:—

"*Feb.* 15, 1630-31.—Christopher Milton, Londoner, son of John, grounded in letters under Mr. Gill in Paul's public school, was admitted a lesser pensioner, in the 15th year of his age, under the charge of Mr. Tovey."

Thus, it seems, Milton's younger brother Christopher, after having been educated at the same school in London as himself, was sent to the same College in Cambridge, and there placed under the same tutor. The fact proves, at least, that, whatever fault Milton may have found with his first tutor, Chappell, he was satisfied with Tovey.[1]

From this point forward we have not the advantage of Meade's letters to Stuteville; the series closing in April 1631.[2] It is from other sources that we learn that, soon after Christopher Milton's admission at Christ's, he had the opportunity of seeing a Latin comedy in one of the Colleges. The College was Queen's; the title of the piece was "*Senile Odium;*" the actors were the young men of Queen's; and the author was Peter Hausted, M.A. of that society, afterwards a clergyman in Hertfordshire. The play was printed at Cambridge in 1633; on which occasion, among the commendatory Latin verses prefixed to it, were some Iambics by Edward King of Christ's.

[1] The extract from the admission-book was furnished me by Mr. Wolstenholme of Christ's. The fact which it authenticates, of the education of Milton's younger brother at the same College and under the same tutor as himself, is, I believe, new; and it adds likelihood to the details respecting Milton's College life related by Aubrey on Christopher Milton's authority.

[2] The cause of this cessation of Meade's letters to Stuteville, I find explained in the following passage in the "Diary of John Rous, Incumbent of Santon-Downham, Suffolk, from 1625 to 1642," edited by Mrs. Everett Green, for the Camden Society:—"That day at night (June 13, 1631), Sir Martin Stutvil of Dalham, coming from the Sessions at Bury with George Le Hunt, went into the Angel, and there, being merry in a chair, either ready to take tobacco, or having newly done it, leaned backward with his head, and died immediately."

To the same Easter Term of 1631 is to be referred the composition of another of Milton's minor English poems—that entitled *An Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester.* The lady thus honoured was Jane, one of the daughters of Viscount Savage of Rock-Savage, Cheshire, by his wife, Elizabeth Darcy, the eldest daughter of Earl Rivers. She had been married to John Paulet, fifth Marquis of Winchester, who had succeeded his father in that title in February 1628. Both before and after her marriage to this Catholic nobleman, afterwards distinguished for his loyalty in the civil wars, she was spoken of as one of the most beautiful and accomplished of the ladies of her time. Suddenly, while she was yet in the bloom of early youth, she was cut off by a miserable accident. The date and the circumstances are settled by the following extract from a news-letter of the period :—

"The Lady Marquess of Winchester, daughter to the Lord Viscount Savage, had an imposthume upon her cheek lanced; the humour fell down into her throat and quickly despatched her, being big with child : whose death is lamented as well in respect of other her virtues as that she was inclining to become a Protestant."[1]

The incident seems to have produced a sensation quite unusual. It forms the subject of one of the longest of Ben Jonson's elegies, in his "Underwoods :"—

"Stay, stay ; I feel
A horror in me ; all my blood is steel,
Stiff, stark! my joints 'gainst one another knock.
Whose daughter ?—Ha ! great Savage of the rock.
He's good as great. I am almost a stone,
And ere I can ask more of her, she's gone !—

* * * *

Her sweetness, softness, her fair courtesy,
Her wary guards, her wise simplicity,
Were like a ring of virtues round her set,
And Piety the centre where all met.
A reverend state she had, an awful eye,
A dazzling, yet inviting Majesty :

[1] Letter dated "London, April 21, 1631," sent from John Pory to Sir Thomas Puckering, Bart., of Priory, Warwickshire; and quoted in *The Court and Times of Charles I.*, vol. II. p. 106. Pory, who had been member of Parliament and secretary to the Colony of Virginia, was a London news correspondent of Meade and Puckering. He was perhaps an uncle or other relation of Milton's College-fellow, Pory.

What Nature, Fortune, Institution, Fact
Could sum to a perfection was her act!
How did she leave the world, with what contempt!
Just as she in it lived, and so exempt
From all affection! When they urged the cure
Of her disease, how did her soul assure
Her sufferings, as the body had been away,
And to the torturers, her Doctors, say:
'Stick on your cupping-glasses; fear not; put
'Your hottest caustics to; burn, lance, or cut:
''Tis but the body which you can torment,
'And I into the world all soul was sent.'"

* * * *

Davenant and others of the poets of the day besides Jonson celebrated the event.[1] How it came to interest Milton's muse does not appear; but these lines of Milton on the Marchioness may have come into the hands of many who also saw Jonson's:[2]—

"This rich marble doth inter
The honoured wife of Winchester,
A Viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
Besides what her virtues fair
Added to her noble birth,
More than she could own on earth.
Summers three times eight save one
She had told; alas! too soon
After so short time of breath,
To house with darkness and with death!

* * *

Once had the early matrons run
To greet her of a lovely son,
And now with second hope she goes
And calls Lucina to her throes;

[1] In the poems of Sir John Beaumont, printed posthumously by his son in 1629, there are some lines on the death of "the truly noble and excellent Lady, the Lady Marquesse of Winchester." The Marchioness whom Beaumont celebrates, however, was not the one celebrated by Jonson, Davenant, and Milton, but a preceding Marchioness, who, had she lived, would have been the *mother-in-law* of that Marchioness. Lucy Cecil, daughter of Thomas Cecil, Earl of Exeter, and grand-daughter of the great Cecil, was the wife of William Paulet, the fourth Marquis of Winchester, and was the mother of the fifth Marquis, the husband of Milton's Marchioness. She died as early as 1614; and Beaumont's lines must have been written in that year. This explanation is necessary, as the two ladies have been confounded in biographies of Milton.

[2] Warton supposes that there was a Cambridge volume of verses on the occasion; but I have found no trace of such.

But, whether by mischance or blame,
Atropos for Lucina came,
And with remorseless cruelty
Spoiled at once both fruit and tree.

* * *

Gentle lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this thy travel sore
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,
That, to give the world increase,
Shortened hast thy own life's lease.
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble house doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon;
And some flowers and some bays
For thy hearse, to strew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came
Devoted to thy virtuous name."

There is some interest in comparing the grace of these lines by the young Cambridge student with what the veteran laureate produced on the same occasion.

ACADEMIC YEAR 1631-2.

Milton ætat. 23.

Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Henry Butts, of Benet (elected to the office for the third time, in unusual compliment to his zeal and efficiency).
Proctors, Thomas Tyrwhit, of St. John's, and Lionel Gatfield, of Jesus.

Michaelmas Term . October 10, 1631, to December 16, 1631.
Lent Term . . . . . January 13, 1631-2, to March 23, 1631-2.
Easter Term . . . . April 11, 1632, to July 6, 1632.

This was to be Milton's last year at Cambridge; and, as it involved his preparations for his M.A. degree, it was necessarily the busiest of the three subsequent to his attaining the degree of Bachelor. During this session, accordingly, all that we

have from his pen of a non-academical character consists of one English letter sent from Cambridge to a friend, together with the English sonnet, entitled "On his being arrived at the age of twenty-three." It will be best to defer farther notice of these till next chapter.

About the time when the letter and the sonnet were written, there was published at Cambridge a little volume of academical verses, to which Milton, if he had chosen, might have been a contributor. It was now eighteen months since a living heir to the throne had been born in young Prince Charles, afterwards Charles II.; but as the event had happened when the University was broken up by the plague (May 29, 1630), Cambridge had not been able, like her more fortunate sister of Oxford, to collect her muses for the customary homage. The omission had lain heavily on her heart; and the Queen having again (Nov. 4, 1631) presented the nation with a royal babe—the Princess Mary, afterwards Mary of Orange, and mother of William III.—the University poets thought it best to celebrate this birth and the former together.[1] Among the contributors to the volume were Thomas Comber, Master of Trinity College; James Duport of Trinity; Henry Ferne of Trinity; Thomas Randolph of Trinity (now a Fellow there); Peter Hausted of Queen's; Abraham Whelock of Clare Hall; Thomas Fuller of Sidney Sussex; and Edward King of Christ's. That Milton did not appear in such respectable company, and that his name does not occur in any of the similar collections of loyal verses published while he was connected with Cambridge, can hardly have been accidental. It was certainly from no defect of local or academic spirit; for we have seen that he was quite ready with his pen when a Bishop Andrews, or a Dr. Gostlin, or a Senior Bedel, or any other worthy of Cambridge, even to Hobson the carrier, died. Probably he liked to choose his own subjects; and complimentary verses to royalty were not in his way.

Among the students who joined the University in this, the last year of Milton's residence, there were one or two of con-

[1] "Genethliacum Illustrissimorum Principum Caroli et Mariæ a Musis Cantabrigiensibus celebratum: Cantab. 1631."

siderable note. The matriculations of Richard Crawshaw, the poet, as a student of Pembroke, of the famous Ralph Cudworth, as a student of Emanuel, and of John Pearson, afterwards Bishop of Chester and Expositor of the Creed, as a student of King's, all date from this year.[1] Among the new admissions at Christ's—besides a Ralph Widdrington, afterwards of some note as a physician, a Charles Hotham, and others whose subsequent history might be traced—there was one youth at whom Milton, had he foreseen what he was to be, would certainly have looked with more than common attention. This was a tall, thin youth, of clear olive complexion, and a mild and rapt expression, whose admission into the College is recorded in the entry-book as follows :—

"*December* 31, 1631.—Henry More, son of Alexander, born at Grantham in the County of Lincoln, grounded in letters at Eton by Mr. Harrison, was admitted, in the 17th year of his age, a lesser pensioner under Mr. Gell."[2]

This new student, whose connexion with Christ's thus began just as that of Milton was drawing to a close, was Henry More the Platonist. In due time he became a Fellow and Tutor of the College, and a Doctor of Divinity ; he held also a Church living, and was otherwise wealthy ; but Christ's College was his home till the day of his death (Sept. 1, 1687) ; and here it was that, esteemed and venerated by all about him as a man of a still rarer type than the Meades and others who had already consecrated the College by their residence in it, he pursued those peculiar tracks of thought, and wrote those treatises of semi-mystical philosophy with which his name is now associated. Already, on joining the College from Eton, there were the germs in him of the future "mystic." The following is a sketch by himself of his life up to this period, introduced in the preface to his philosophical works, by way of a popular illustration of his cardinal tenet, as a Platonist, that the human mind is not, as philosophers of the opposite school say, a mere *abrasa tabula*, or blank sheet, waiting to be written

[1] Baker, Harl. MS. 7041.
[2] Copy furnished me by Mr. Wolstenholme of Christ's College.

on, but has certain "innate sensations or notions" in it of *à priori* origin:—

"Concerning which matter I am the more assured, in that the sensations of my own mind are so far from being owing to education that they are directly contrary to it,—I being bred up to the almost 14th year of my age under parents and a master that were great Calvinists (but withal very pious and good ones). At which time, by the order of my parents, persuaded to it by my uncle, I immediately went to Eton School; not to learn any new precepts and institutes of Religion, but for the perfecting of the Greek and Latin tongue. But neither there nor anywhere else could I ever swallow down that hard doctrine concerning Fate. On the contrary, I remember that I did, with my eldest brother (who then, as it happened, had accompanied my uncle thither), very stoutly and earnestly for my years dispute against this Fate, or Calvinistic Predestination, as it is usually called; and that my uncle, when he came to know it, chid me severely, adding menaces withal of correction and a rod for my immature forwardness in philosophising concerning such matters: moreover, that I had such a deep aversion in my temper to this opinion, and so firm and unshaken a persuasion of the Divine justice and goodness, that, on a certain day, in a ground belonging to Eton College, where the boys used to play and exercise themselves, musing concerning these things with myself, and recalling to my mind this doctrine of Calvin, I did thus seriously and deliberately conclude within myself, viz.: 'If I am one of those that are predestined unto Hell, where all things are full of nothing but cursing and blasphemy, yet will I behave myself there patiently and submissively towards God, and, if there be any one thing more than another that is acceptable to Him, that will I set myself to do with a sincere heart and to the utmost of my power;' being certainly persuaded that, if I thus demeaned myself, He would hardly keep me long in that place. Which meditation of mine is as firmly fixed in my memory, and the very place where I stood, as if the thing had been transacted but a day or two ago. And, as to what concerns the existence of God,—though on that ground mentioned, walking, as my manner was, slowly and with my head on one side, and kicking now and then the stones with my feet, I was wont sometimes, with a sort of musical and melancholy murmur to repeat, or rather hum, to myself these verses of Claudian,

> Oft hath my anxious mind divided stood
> Whether the gods did mind this lower world,
> Or whether no such ruler wise and good
> We had, and all things here by chance were hurl'd,

—yet, that exceeding hale and entire sense of God which Nature herself had planted deeply in me, very easily silenced all such slight

and poetical dubitations as those. Yea, even in my first childhood, an inward sense of the Divine presence was so strong upon my mind, that I did then believe there could be no deed, word, or thought hidden from Him; nor was I by any others that were older than myself to be otherwise persuaded. * * Endued as I was with these principles . . . having spent about three years at Eton, I went to Cambridge, recommended to the care of a person both learned and pious, and (what I was not a little solicitous about) not at all a Calvinist, but a tutor most skilful and vigilant [*i.e.* Gell]. Who, presently after the first salutations and discourse with me, asked me whether I had 'a discernment of things good and evil.' To which, answering in somewhat a low voice, I said, 'I hope I have;' when at the same time I was conscious to myself that I had from my very soul a most strong sense and savoury discrimination as to all those matters. Notwithstanding, the meanwhile, a mighty and almost immoderate thirst after knowledge possessed me throughout—especially for that which was natural, and, above all others, that which was said to dive into the deepest cause of things, and Aristotle calls the first and highest philosophy or wisdom. After which, when my prudent and pious tutor observed my mind to be inflamed and carried with so eager and vehement a career, he asked me on a certain time, 'Why I was so above measure intent upon my studies?' that is to say, for what end I was so; suspecting, as I suppose, that there was only at the bottom a certain itch or hunt after vain-glory, and to become by this means some famous philosopher amongst those of my own standing. But I answered briefly, and that from my very heart, 'That I may know!' 'But, young man, what is the reason,' saith he again, 'that you so earnestly desire to know things?' To which I instantly returned, 'I desire, I say, so earnestly to know, that I may know.' For even at that time the knowledge of natural and divine things seemed to me the highest pleasure and felicity imaginable. * * Thus, then, persuaded and esteeming it what was highly fit, I immerse myself over head and ears in the study of philosophy, promising myself a most wonderful happiness in it. Aristotle, therefore, Cardan, Julius Scaliger, and other philosophers of the greatest note, I very diligently peruse, in which, &c."[1]

He goes on to say that he found this philosophy unsatisfactory, and to describe how the light of a better dawned upon him and gave him peace. Without following him thus far, we have quoted enough to show that Mr. Gell's new pupil was by no means a commonplace youth. Cleveland and King had hitherto been perhaps the most notable students of Christ's after Milton; but neither of these was to confer such credit

[1] Quoted in the *Life of More*, by the Rev. Richard Ward, 1710, pp. 6—10.

on the College as Henry More. His bones now rest, with those of Meade, in Christ's College Chapel.

In the Lent Term of this year, Cambridge had the honour of another visit from Royalty. The King and Queen this time came together. They came from Newmarket, where the Court then was, on the 19th of March, and seem to have spent more than one day in or about Cambridge. Great preparations had been made for their reception. The whole University was drawn up in the streets to cheer them in Latin as they drove in; there was much speech-making and banquetting—chiefly in Trinity College; nor was theatrical entertainment wanting. Among the regulations issued by the Vice-Chancellor and Heads in anticipation of the visit was the following:—

"Item: That no tobacco be taken in the Hall nor anywhere else publicly, and that neither at their standing in the streets, nor before the comedy begin, nor all the time there, any rude or immodest exclamations be made; nor any humming, hawking, whistling, hissing or laughing be used, or any stamping or knocking, nor any such other uncivil or unscholarlike or boyish demeanour, upon any occasion; nor that any clapping of hands be had until the 'Plaudite' at the end of the Comedy, except his Majesty, the Queen, or others of the best quality here do apparently begin the same."

Although here "the comedy" is spoken of in the singular number, there were, in reality, two comedies, both in English, and both published immediately afterwards—the one *The Rival Friends*, by Peter Hausted of Queen's,[1] already known to us as the author of the Latin play of "*Senile Odium*," acted in the preceding year; the other *The Jealous Lovers*, by Thomas Randolph of Trinity.[2] Both had been prepared expressly for the occasion; and before the arrival of their Majesties there seems to have been a controversy among the Heads as to which should have the precedency. The Trinity men backed their own man, Randolph, whose popularity as a

[1] "*The Rivall Friends:* a Comœdie; as it was acted before the King and Queen's Majesties, when out of their princely favour they were pleased to visit their Universitie of Cambridge, upon the 19th of March, 1631: London, 1632." I have seen a copy in the British Museum, with the names of the actors added in MS.—none known to me except Hausted's own.

[2] "*The Jealous Lovers*, presented to their gracious Majesties at Cambridge, by the students of Trinity College; written by Thomas Randolph, M.A. and Fellow of the House: printed by the Printers to the University of Cambridge, A.D. 1632."

wit and a good fellow was already established throughout the University ;[1] the men of Queen's, on the other hand, together with a sprinkling of the more steady and perhaps of the more crotchetty men in other Colleges, stood by Hausted. It was a case of rivalry, partly between the two authors, and partly between the two Colleges.

Chiefly, it would appear, through the influence of the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Butts, Hausted's play was acted first. It was performed on the 19th of March, by Hausted himself and a band of his fellow-collegians of Queen's, Hausted undertaking two parts. Alas! in spite of the care spent on the preparation, and in spite of the peremptory order above quoted, it was unmistakeably damned—damned under the eyes of Royalty, and with no power and no effort of Royalty to save it! We learn as much from Hausted's own words when he gave himself the poor consolation of publishing it. "Cried down by boys, faction, envy, and confident ignorance, approved by the judicious, and now exposed to the public censure," are among the words on the title-page ; and prefixed to the play is a tetchy and desponding preface, in which, after speaking of "this poor neglected piece of mine," "black-mouthed calumny," "base aspersions and unchristianlike slanders," &c., the author adds, "How it was accepted of their Majesties, whom it was intended to please, we know and had gracious signs ; how the rest of the Court was affected, we know too ; as for those who came with starched faces and resolutions to dislike," &c. There is also a hint about "the claps of the young ones let in to make a noise." Unfortunately we know from other quarters that the King and Court were as little pleased with the piece as the "young ones" whose noise ruined it ; and the piece itself remains to convince us that, though the Trinity men and Randolph's admirers may have mustered with fell intentions, the catastrophe was owing chiefly to the author's want of tact in the subject and composition. The so-called Comedy is a satire against simony and other scandals of ecclesiastical

[1] In proof of Randolph's early popularity at Cambridge, there is in the State Paper Office a letter of date August 11, 1629, addressed by Mawe, who had then just left the Mastership of Trinity for the Bishopric of Bath and Wells, recommending Randolph to Lord Holland, the Chancellor, for a living ; and expressing a desire that the King would do something for him.

patronage, supported by a crowd of no fewer than thirty characters—"Sacrilege Hooke, a simoniacal patron;" "Pandora, his fair daughter;" "Anteros (acted by Hausted himself), an humorous mad fellow that could not endure women;" "Placenta, a midwife;" "Hammerskin, a Bachelor of Arts" (also by Hausted); "Zealous Knowlittle, a box-maker;" "Hugo Obligation, a precise Scrivener," &c. As every one knows, such plays with a moral, and especially a political moral, blazoned in their forefront, are seldom popular; and, if Ben Jonson himself used to find this to his cost before an audience of London citizens, what hope was there for Hausted before his more difficult assembly? He had, of course, his "judicious" friends who consoled him as well as they could in his great disaster; and among them, it seems, was Edward King of Christ's.

Hausted's failure must have been all the more galling to him that Randolph's comedy (which followed apparently next day) was a complete success. The play had probably cost its ready author far less trouble than Hausted bestowed upon his; there being but some eighteen parts in it, and these of the old and approved kind which had done service since the days of Plautus—"Tyndarus, son of Demetrius, and supposed brother to Pamphilus, enamoured of Evadne;" "Pamphilus, supposed son to Demetrius, but son indeed to Chremylus;" "Evadne, supposed daughter of Chremylus;" "Simo, an old doting father;" "Asotus, his profligate son;" "Ballio, a pandar and tutor to Asotus;" "Phryne, a courtesan," &c. But Randolph was a humorist who knew what he was about; and, where Hausted had hisses, he had nothing but applause. When the piece was published, it was dedicated to the Rev. Dr. Comber, Master of Trinity; and among the laudatory verses prefixed are some (sad doggrel they are!) by the eminent Grecian, James Duport. In these lines there is a hit at Hausted's contemporary publication and its snappish preface:—

"Thou hadst th' applause of all: King, Queen, and Court,
And University, all liked thy sport.
No blunt preamble in a cynic humour
Need quarrel at dislike, and, spite of rumour,
Force a more candid censure and extort
An approbation maugre all the Court.

Such rude and snarling prefaces suit not thee :
They are superfluous ; for thy comedy,
Backed with its own worth and the author's name,
Will find sufficient welcome, credit, fame."

From comedy to tragedy is the law of life, and so it happened now. The man who did the honours of the University during the royal visit, and sat conspicuous among the crowd of gowns in his coloured robes, beside or opposite the King and Queen, during the performance of the comedies, was the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Butts. It is ghastly now to think what, amidst the flutter over which he presided, must have been passing in that man's mind ! Their Majesties leave Cambridge ; all the bustle of the visit is over ; and the Heads and Doctors compose themselves after it for the solemnities of Passion Week and Easter, then close at hand. Passion Week passes ; and Easter Day arrives—Sunday, the 1st of April, 1632. The Sabbath morning breaks ; the bells ring their Easter peal ; and the people assemble in the churches. Dr. Butts, as Vice-Chancellor, was to have preached the Easter sermon before the University ; but it was known that he had not been quite himself since the King's visit, and was unable for the duty. There was no surprise, therefore, that another filled his place. Hardly, however, have the congregations dispersed from the morning service, when news spread through the town, the like of which had never been heard there on an Easter morning before, and has never been heard since. Dr. Butts had been found hanging dead in his chamber in Corpus Christi College, the deed done by his own hand ! The day, the office held by the suicide, the peculiarity of his antecedents in the office, all added to the horror. Some mystery still hangs over the cause of the act—the circumstances having been apparently hushed up at the time, so as not to be easily recoverable afterwards. But the verdict was *Felo de se ;* and the tradition handed down by Baker and other chroniclers is that the cause of the act was his having, at the time of the King's visit, been " unexpectedly called upon to a reckoning how he had disbursed certain sums of money gathered for the relief of the poor in the time of the sickness." The man so charged, be it remembered, was the

man of whom it stands recorded that, "when the plague was in Cambridge, the rest of the Heads removing, he remained alone," braving infection and labouring with the strength of ten. The reader may turn back to his own words at the time: "Alone, a destitute and forsaken man; not a scholar with me in the College, not a scholar seen by me without: God, all-sufficient, I trust, is with me."

It is never too late to do justice; and the following contemporary letter, while it explains more clearly than hitherto an event still recollected among the traditions of Cambridge, seems at the same time to explain why the matter was kept in mystery, by showing that it was connected, too unpleasantly for much public comment at the time, with the recent incidents of the Royal visit, and even with the trivial circumstance of the rivalry between the two comedies, and the failure of Hausted's. The original of the letter is in the State Paper Office, endorsed "Relation of the manner of the death of Dr. Butts, Vicech. of Cambridge." The writer, who was clearly a member of Corpus Christi, does not append his name; nor is the person named to whom the letter was sent. It was evidently communicated by the receiver to some state-official, and it may have been seen by the King:—

"It is more fitting for you to desire than for me to relate the history of our Vice-Chancellor's death; yet, because we may all make good use of it, and I hope you will not ill, and will burn your intelligence when you have perused it, and be sparing in relating, I will somewhat satisfy your desire.

"He was a man of great kindred and alliance, in Norfolk and Suffolk, with the best of the gentry; was rich both in money and inheritance; had a parsonage in Essex and this Mastership. He got this about five years since, by the lesser part of the Fellows making or finding a flaw in the greater's proceedings for another. A speech he then braggingly uttered hath ever since stuck in my mind, imprinted there by mine aversion [at the time], and now renewed by this event. He boasted against his opponent aforehand that he never entered into business with any but prevailed; intimating a fancy that the elevation of his genius was high, and a governing power went with his attempts. He seemed likewise to have had an high esteem of his merit in government the two last years; and, because the King and Court gave him thanks and countenanced him in regard of his diligence in the plague-time, he (according to that "*Quæ expectamus facile credimus*") began to hope for great

matters. To consummate these, he desired to be Vice-Chancellor the third time, because of the King's coming.

"He hath been observed somewhat to droop upon occasion of missing a prebend of Westminster, which he would have had (as he said) and the Mastership of Trinity. But his vexation began when the King's coming approached, and Dr. Comber and he fell foul of each other about the precedency of Queen's and Trinity comedy—he engaging himself for the former. But the killing blow was a dislike of that comedy and a check of the Chancellor [Lord Holland], who is said to have told him that the King and himself had more confidence in his discretion than they found cause, in that he thought such a comedy fitting, &c. In the nick of this came on the protestation of some of both Houses against his admission of the Doctors, and bitter expostulation, and the staying of the distribution for the Doctors' month's continuance, and denying their testimony of the degree, and all because he would not be content to admit some known to deserve well, but, by slanderous instigation, ill. He said then, '*Regis est mandare et in mandatis dare; nostrum est obsequi et obedire.*' But it came from him *guttatim*, and so as made them wonder who read not the cause in his countenance.

"As he came from the Congregation, they say he said, 'I perceive all mine actions are misinterpreted, and therefore I will go home and die.' Soon after (some say the next day) he would have made away with himself with a knife, but was hindered. Another time, his wife urging him to eat, and telling him he had enough and none to provide for, &c., he bade her hold her peace, lest he laid violent hands upon her, and that she knew not what the frown of a king was. On Thursday last they got him into a coach to carry him to his sister's son at Barton Mills; but he would needs return after he had gone a little way. On Friday again they got him out, and thither he went, but would needs return on Saturday betimes. His nephew following to attend him to Cambridge, he leapt out of the coach, sat on the ground, and said he would not stir thence till he was gone. Mr. Sterne, going several times to visit him, once had speech with him, who said 'that the day of mercy was past: God had deserted him,' &c.; but would not hear him reply. He was another time as it were poising his body on the top of the stairs, as if he was devising how to pitch so as to break his neck; but was prevented.

"On that happy morning of exaltation to others, but his downfall, he lay in bed till church-time; said he was well and cheerful; bade his wife go to church; when she was gone, charged his servants to go down for half an hour, he would take his rest, &c. Then arose in his shirt, bolted the door, took the kercher about his head and tied it about his neck with the knot under his chin; then put an handkerchief under it, and tied the handkerchief about the superliminare of the portal (the next panel to it being a little broken), which was so low that a man could not go through without stooping;

and so wilfully with the weight of his body strangled himself, his knees almost touching the floor. By his servants coming up by another way he was found too late. *Quis talia fando temperet a lacrymis?*

"*April the 4th*, 1632."[1]

The successor of Dr. Butts in the Vice-Chancellorship was his rival, Dr. Comber of Trinity; and it was during his first term of office,—the Easter or Midsummer Term of 1632,—that Milton completed his career at the University. Having fulfilled his studies and his exercises during that term, he was one of 207 Bachelors, from all the Colleges, who graduated as Masters of Arts at the Commencement held on July 3, 1632. On that occasion only two were admitted to the degree of D. D. The Respondent in the first Divinity Act was Dr. Gilbert, whose topics were as follows:—"1. *Sola Scriptura est regula fidei;* 2. *Reliquiæ peccati manent in renatis etiam post baptismum*" ("1. Scripture alone is the rule of faith; 2. The dregs of sin remain in the regenerate even after baptism"). The Respondent in the second Divinity Act was Mr. Breton, of Emanuel College; and *his* questions were:—"1. *In optimis renatorum operibus datur culpabilis defectus;* 2. *Nudus assensus divinitùs revelatis non est fides justificans*" ("1. In the best works of the regenerate there is a culpable defect; 2. Bare assent to what is divinely revealed is not justifying faith"). The subjects of the Philosophy Act, and the name of the Respondent, are unknown.

In taking his M.A. degree, Milton had again to subscribe to the three articles mentioned in the 36th of the ecclesiastical canons of 1603-4, or, in other words, to acknowledge the royal supremacy, the Church Liturgy, and the authorized doctrines of the Church of England. The subscription, like that on

[1] There are in the State Paper Office several letters of Butts's own, while Vice-Chancellor, on University business, written in a large, hurried hand. So far as I know, the only literary relic of him is a curious little 12mo volume, published in 1599, with the following title: "Dyet's Dry Dinner, consisting of eight severall courses,—1. Fruites; 2. Hearbes; 3. Flesh; 4. Fish; 5. Whitmeats; 6. Spice; 7. Sauce; 8. Tobacco: by Henry Butts, M.A., and Fellow of C. C. College in Cambridge: printed in London, by Thomas Creede, for William Warde." It is a kind of culinary manual, with medical notes and anecdotes for table talk. The author advertises a companion volume on Drinks; but it never appeared.

taking the B.A. degree, was formally entered in the graduation-book in presence of the Registrar. The following is the list of the names from Christ's College, in the exact form and order in which they are still to be seen in the graduation-book.

Joannes Milton.
Robertus Pory.
John Hieron.
Samuel Viccars.
Daniel Proctor.
William Dun.
Robert Seppens.
John Boutflower.
Thomas Baldwyne.
John Browne.
Rycard. Garthe.
Edmund Barwell.
Richard Buckenham.
Johannes Newmann.
John Welbye.
Petrus Pury.
Samuel Boulton.
Thomas Carre.
Robert Cooper.
William Finch.
Philip Smith.
Roger Rutley.
Bernard Smith.
William Wildman.
John Cragge.
Gulielmus Shotton.
Richard Pegge.[1]

Milton, therefore, took his M.A. degree along with twenty-six others from his College, one-and-twenty of whom had taken the prior degree of B.A. along with him three years before. Among the oaths in taking the Master's degree, was that of continued Regency in the University for five years more; but in practice, as we have seen, this oath was now next to meaningless; and in July, 1632, Milton's effective connexion with the University ceased.

In the main what has preceded has been an *external* history of Milton's life, as connected with the annals of the seven years which he passed at the University. In his letters and in his poems during this period, we have had glimpses also of the history of his *mind* during the same period—information respecting the manner in which the circumstances of the time and the place affected him, and respecting the nature of his

[1] Copied from the original by the permission of Mr. Romilly, the University Registrar. Is the circumstance that Milton's name stands first purely accidental; or are we to suppose that, when the twenty-seven graduates from Christ's appeared before the Registrar, Milton was, by common consent, called on to sign first? Pory, it will be noted, comes next. Pory seems to stick to Milton like a burr or a Boswell.

contemporary musings and occupations. To complete the view thus obtained, it is necessary now to make some farther inquiries, and to use some materials which have been kept in reserve.

The system of study at Cambridge in Milton's time was very different from what it is at present. The avatar of Mathematics had not begun. Newton was not born till ten years after Milton had left Cambridge; nor was there then, nor for thirty years afterwards, any public chair of Mathematics in the University. Milton's connexion with Cambridge, therefore, belongs to the closing age of an older system of education, the aim of which was to turn out *scholars*, according to the meaning of that term once general over Europe. This system had been founded very much on the mediæval notion of what constituted the *totum scibile*. According to this notion there were "Seven Liberal Arts," apart from and subordinate to Philosophy proper and Theology—to wit, Grammar, Logic, and Rhetoric, forming together what was called the *Trivium;* and Arithmetic, Geometry, Astronomy, and Music, forming together what was called the *Quadrivium*. Assuming some rudiments of these arts as having been acquired in school, the Universities undertook the rest; paying most attention, however, to the studies of the *Trivium*, and to Philosophy as their sequel.

By the Elizabethan Statutes of 1561, the following was the seven years' course of study prescribed at Cambridge prior to the degree of Master of Arts:—

"1. *The Quadriennium of Undergraduateship:* First year, *Rhetoric;* second and third, *Logic;* fourth, *Philosophy;*—these studies to be carried on both in College and by attendance on the University lectures (*domi forisque*); and the proficiency of the student to be tested by two disputations in the public schools and two responsions in his own College.[1]

"2. *The Triennium of Bachelorship:* Attendance during the whole time on the public lectures in *Philosophy* as before, and also on those in *Astronomy*, *Perspective*, and *Greek;* together with a continuance of the private or College-studies, so as to complete what had

[1] Statutes, Cap. VI. Dyer's Privileges," I 164.

been begun ;—moreover, a regular attendance at all the disputations of the Masters of Arts for the purpose of general improvement ; three personal responsions in the public schools to a Master of Arts opposing, two College exercises of the same kind, and one College declamation."[1]

There had, of course, been modifications in this scheme of studies before Milton's time. Studies formerly reserved for the *Triennium* were now included in the business of the *Quadriennium.* Thus, Greek was now regularly taught from the first year of a student's course. So also with arithmetic and such a smattering of geometry and physical science as had formerly been comprehended under the heads of Astronomy and Perspective. But, besides these modifications, there had been a further modification arising from the changed relations of the Colleges to the University. In the scheme of the statutes, it is presumed that the instruction in the various studies enumerated is to be received *domi forisque*—that is, almost equally in the Colleges of the students under their tutors, and in the public schools under the University lecturers or professors. Since then, however, the process had been going on which has raised the power of the Colleges at the expense of the University, and all but entirely superseded the teaching function of the public professors. The professors still lectured ; and their lectures were in certain cases attended. In the main, however, the work of instruction was now carried on in the separate Colleges, both by the private tutors among whom the students were distributed, and by those persons selected from among the tutors, who, under the name of College lecturers, were appointed, annually or otherwise, to hold classes on particular subjects. Save in so far as the students thus trained in the several Colleges met to grapple with each other in the disputations in the public schools, there was no means of ascertaining their relative proficiency as members of the entire University. That system of examinations had not yet been devised, which, by annually comparing the best men of all the Colleges and classifying them rigorously into Wranglers, &c.,

[1] Statutes, Cap. VII. Dyer, I. 164.

has in some degree revived the prerogative, if not the teaching function, of the University, and knit the Colleges together.

In Trinity College, the arrangements for the collegiate education of the pupils seem to have been very complete. Under one head lecturer, or general superintendent, there were eight special lecturers or teachers, each of whom taught and examined an hour or an hour and a half daily—the *lector Humanitatis, sive linguæ Latinæ*, who also gave weekly lectures on Rhetoric; the *lector Græcæ grammaticæ;* the *lector linguæ Græcæ;* the *lector mathematicus;* and four *sublectores*, under whom the students advanced gradually from elementary Logic to the higher parts of Logic and to Metaphysics.[1] In St. John's College, the next in magnitude after Trinity, the instruction—if we may judge from the accounts given by Sir Simonds D'Ewes of his studies there in 1618 and 1619—does not seem to have been so systematic. For this reason, it may be taken as the standard of what was usual in other colleges, such as Christ's.

D'Ewes, being a pious youth, was in the habit, of his own accord and while yet but a freshman, of attending at the Divinity professor's lectures, and also at the Divinity Acts in the schools. He also attended the public lectures of old Downes in Greek (Demosthenes's *De Coronâ* being the subject), and of Herbert the poet in Rhetoric. This was voluntary work, however, undertaken all the more readily that the lectures were gratis; and, when Downes, who was a fellow of St. John's, offered to form a private Greek class for the benefit of D'Ewes and a few others, D'Ewes was alarmed and sheered off. "My small stipend my father allowed me," he says, "affording me no sufficient remuneration to bestow on him, I excused myself from it, telling him," &c., and keeping out of his way afterwards as much as possible. All the education which D'Ewes received in his *College* during the two years he was there, consisted—first, in attendance on the problems, sophisms, disputations, declamations, catechizings, and other exercises which were regularly held in the College chapel; secondly, in the daily lessons he received in Logic, Latin, and everything else, from

[1] Dean Peacock's Observations on the Cambridge Statutes.

his tutor, Mr. Holdsworth ; and, thirdly, in his additional readings in his own room, suggested by his tutor or undertaken by himself. Here, in his own words, under each of these heads, is an exact inventory of his two years' work :—

(1.) *Public Exercises in the Chapel, &c.* "Mine own exercises, performed during my stay here, were very few—replying only twice in two philosophical Acts ; the one upon Mr. Richard Salstonstall in the public schools, it being his Bachelor's Act, the other upon Mr. Nevill, a fellow-commoner and prime student of St. John's College in the Chapel. My declamations also were very rarely performed—the first in my tutor's chamber, and the other in the College-chapel." (2.) *Readings with his Tutor.* "Mr. Richard Holdsworth, my tutor, read with me but one year and a half of that time [*i.e.* of the whole two years]; in which he went over all Seton's Logic[1] exactly, and part of Keckermann[2] and Molinæus.[3] Of Ethics or Moral Philosophy he read to me Gelius and part of Pickolomineus ;[4] of Physics, part of Magirus ;[5] and of History, part of Florus." (3.) *Private Readings and Exercises.* "Which [*i.e.* Florus] I afterward finished, transcribing historical abbreviations out of it in mine own private study; in which also I perused most of the other authors [*i.e.* of those mentioned as read with his tutor], and read over Gellius' Attic Nights and part of Macrobius' Saturnals. * * My frequent Latin letters and more frequent English, being sometimes very elaborate, did much help to amend and perfect my style in either tongue ; which letters I sent to several friends, and was often a considerable gainer by their answers—especially by my father's writing to me, whose English style was very sententious and lofty. * * I spent the next month (April, 1619) very laboriously, very busied in the perusal of Aristotle's Physics, Ethics and Politics [in Latin translations we presume] ; and I read logic out of several authors. I gathered notes out of Florus' Roman History. At night also for my recreation I read [Henry] Stephens' Apology for Herodotus, and Spenser's Fairie Queen, being both of them in English.

[1] "Dialectica Joannis Setoni, Cantabrigiensis, annotationibus Petri Carteri, ut clarissimis, ita brevissimis explicata. Huic accessit, ob artium ingenuarum inter se cognationem, Gulielmi Buclæi arithmetica : Londoni, 1611." There were editions of this work, with exactly the same title, as early as 1572, from which time it seems to have been the favourite elementary text-book in logic at Cambridge. The appended "Arithmetic" of Buclæus (Buckley) is a series of rules in addition, subtraction, &c., in memorial Latin verse—a curiosity in its way.

[2] Keckermanni Barthol. Systema Logicæ. 8vo. Hanov. 1600. Keckermann was also author of "Præcognita Logica; Hanov. 1606 ;" and of other works.

[3] Molinæus is Peter du Moulin, author, among other works, of an "Elementary Logic."

[4] Who this *Gelius* was, I do not know ; Pickolomineus was, doubtless, Alessandro Piccolomini, Archbishop of Patras, author, among other works, of one entitled "Della Institutione Morale : Venet. 1560," of which there may have been a Latin translation.

[5] Joannes Magirus was author of "Anthropologia, hoc est Comment. in P. Melancthonis Libellum de Animâ : Franc. 1603 ;" also of "Physiologia Peripatetica : 1611."

I had translated also some odes of Horace into English verse, and was now Englishing his book, 'De Arte Poetica.' Nay, I began already to consider of employing my talents for the public good, not doubting, if God sent me life, but to leave somewhat to posterity. I penned, therefore, divers imperfect essays; began to gather collections and conjectures in imitation of Aulus Gellius, Fronto and Cæsellius Vindex, with divers other materials for other writings. All which I left imperfect," &c.

The names of the books mentioned by D'Ewes bear witness to the fact otherwise known, that this was an age of transition at Cambridge out of the rigid scholastic discipline of the previous century into something different. The avatar of modern Mathematics, as superior co-regnant with Philology in the system of study, had not yet come; and that which reigned along with Philology, or held that place of supremacy by the side of Philology which Mathematics has since occupied, was ancient Logic or Dialectics.[1] *Ancient* Logic, we say; for Aristotle was still in great authority in this hemisphere, or rather two-thirds of the sphere, of the academic world. Not only were his logical treatises and those of his commentators and expositors used as text-books, but the main part of the active intellectual discipline of the students consisted in the incessant practice, on all kinds of metaphysical and moral questions, of that art of dialectical disputation, which, under the name of the Aristotelian method, had been set up by the schoolmen as the means to universal truth. Already, however, there were symptoms of decided rebellion. (1.) Although the blow struck at Aristotle by Luther, and some of the other Reformers of the preceding century, in the express interest of Protestant doctrine, had

[1] Speaking generally, the old system at Cambridge was philology in conjunction with logic, and the later system has been philology in conjunction with mathematics. Philology, or at least classic philology, has been the permanent element; the others have alternated in power, as if the one must be *out* if the other was *in*. On this mutual jealousy of logic and mathematics hitherto, and their apparent inability to co-exist in one centre of knowledge, whether a university or the brain of an individual thinker, see some fine and humorously comprehensive remarks by my colleague, Professor De Morgan, in his paper "On the Syllogism, and on Logic in general," in the Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, 1858. Noticing the fact of the recent revival of logical studies, Mr. De Morgan speculates as to the possibility that the time has arrived when the incompatibility will begin to cease, and logic and mathematics will sulkily shake hands. That there are a few who, already, with Mr. De Morgan himself to lead them, unite the characters of the logician and the mathematician, is a notable symptom.

been but partial in its effects, and Melancthon himself had tried to make peace between the Stagirite and the Reformed Theology, the supremacy of Aristotle had been otherwise shaken. In his own realm of Logic he had been assailed, and assailed furiously, by the Frenchman Ramus (1515—1572); and, though the Logic of Ramus, which he offered as a substitute for that of Aristotle, was not less scholastic, nor even essentially different, yet such had been the effect of the attack that Ramism and Aristotelianism now divided Europe. In Protestant countries Ramus had more followers than in Catholic, but in almost every University his "Logic" was known and studied. Introduced into Scotland by Andrew Melville, it became a text-book in the Universities of that country. In Oxford it made little way; but there is good evidence that in Cambridge, in the early part of the seventeenth century, Ramus had his adherents.[1] (2.) A still more momentous influence was at work, however, tending to modify the studies of the place, or at least the respect of the junior men for the studies enforced by the seniors. Bacon, indeed, had died only in 1626; and it can hardly be supposed that the influence of his works in England was yet wide or deep. It was already felt, however; more particularly in Cambridge, where he himself had been educated, with which he had been intimately and officially connected during his life, and in the University library of which he had deposited, shortly before his death, a splendidly-bound copy of his *Instauratio Magna*, with a glorious dedication in his own hand. Descartes, still alive, and not yet forty years of age, can have been little more than heard of. But the new spirit, of which these men were the exponents, already existed by implication in the tendencies of the time, as exemplified in the prior scientific labours of such men as Cardan and Kepler and Galileo. How fast the new spirit worked, after Bacon and Descartes had given it systematic expression, may be

1 "The Logic of Ramus," says Professor De Morgan, (paper above cited), "was adopted by the University of Cambridge, probably in the sixteenth century. George Downame, or Downam, who died Bishop of Derry in 1634, was prælector of logic at Cambridge in 1590. His 'Commentarii in P. Rami Dialecticam (Frankfort, 1616),' is an excellent work." As Seton's text-book is not a Ramist book, Mr. De Morgan supposes that Downam was the Cambridge apostle of this doctrine.

inferred from the fact that in 1653 there appeared a treatise on the system of English University studies, in which it was proposed to reform them on thoroughly Baconian and even modern utilitarian principles. The author quotes Bacon throughout; he attacks the Universities for their slavishness to antiquity, and their hesitations between Aristotle and Ramus, as if either were of the slightest consequence; he argues for the use of English instead of Latin as the vehicle of instruction; he presses for the introduction of more Mathematics, more Physics, and more of what he calls the "sublime and never-sufficiently-praised science of Pyrotechny or Chymistry," into the course of academic learning. "If we narrowly take a survey," he says, "of the whole body of their scholastic theology, what is there else but a confused chaos of needless, frivolous, fruitless, trivial, vain, curious, impertinent, knotty, ungodly, irreligious, thorny, and hell-hatched disputes, altercations, doubts, questions, and endless janglings multiplied and spawned forth even to monstrosity and nauseousness?" This was written twenty years after Milton had left Cambridge; but even while Milton was there, as we shall see, something of the same feeling was already fermenting.

Mutatis mutandis, the course of Milton's actual education at Cambridge may be inferred from that of D'Ewes. In passing from D'Ewes to Milton, however, the *mutanda* are, of course, considerable. In the first place, Milton had come to College unusually well prepared by his prior training. Chappell and Tovey, we should fancy, received in him a pupil whose previous acquisitions might be rather troublesome. We doubt not, however, that they did their duty by him. Chappell, to whose charge he was first committed, must have read Latin and Greek with him; and in Logic, Rhetoric, and Philosophy, where Chappell was greatest, Milton must have been more at his mercy. Tovey also was very much in the logical and scholastic line, as may be inferred from the fact of his having filled the office of College lecturer in Logic in 1621. Under him, we should fancy, Latin and

[1] "Academiarum Examen; or the Examination of Academies, &c., by John Webster: London, 1653." It is dedicated to Major-General Lambert.

Greek for Milton would be very much *ad libitum;* and the formal lessons in these tongues would be subservient to Logic. Whatever arrangements for collegiate instruction there were in Christ's, as distinct from the instruction of the students under their respective tutors, of these also Milton would avail himself to the utmost. He would be assiduous in his attendance at the "problems, catechisings, disputations, &c." in the Chapel. There, as well as in casual intercourse, he would come in contact with Meade, Honeywood, Gell, and the other fellows, and with Bainbrigge himself; nor, after a little while, would there be an unfriendly distance between Chappell and his former pupil. Adding all this together, we can see that Milton's education *domi*, or within the walls of his own College, must have been very miscellaneous. There still remains to be taken into account the contemporary education *foris*, or in the University schools. Of what of this consisted in the statutory attendance at acts, disputations, &c. Milton had, of course, his full share. Seeing, however, that his father did not grudge expense, as D'Ewes's father had done, we may assume that from the very first, and more particularly during the *triennium*, he attended various courses of instruction out of his college. He may have added to his Greek, under Downes's successor, Creighton of Trinity. If there were any public lectures on Rhetoric, they were probably also by Creighton, who had succeeded Herbert as Public Orator in 1627. Bacon's intention at his death of founding a Natural Philosophy professorship had not taken effect; but there must have been some means about the University of acquiring a little mathematics. A very little served; for, more than twenty years later, Seth Ward, when he betook himself in earnest to mathematics, had to start in that study on his own account, with a mere pocketful of College geometry to begin with.[1] In Hebrew, the University was better off, a Hebrew Professorship having existed for nearly eighty years. It was now held by Metcalfe, of St. John's, whose lectures Milton may have attended. Had not Whelock's Arabic Lecture been founded only just as Milton

[1] Powell's History of Natural Philosophy.

was leaving Cambridge, he might have been tempted into that other oriental tongue. Davenant, the Margaret professor of Divinity, had been a Bishop since 1621; but excellent lectures were to be heard, if Milton chose, from Davenant's successor, Dr. Samuel Ward, as well as from the Regius professor of Divinity, Dr. Collins, Provost of King's. Lastly, to make a leap to the other extreme, we know it for a fact that Milton could fence, and, in his own opinion, fence well. It is probable that he took his first lessons in this accomplishment at Cambridge. If so, they were not taken from Chappell or Tovey.

Of the *results* of all these opportunities of instruction, we have already had means of judging. There was not in the whole University, I believe, a more expert, a more cultured, or a nobler Latinist than Milton, whether in prose or in verse. His knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew tongues cannot at present be so directly tested;[2] but there is evidence of his acquaintance with Greek authors, and of his having more than ventured on Hebrew. That in Logic and Philosophy he had fulfilled all that was to be expected of an assiduous student, might be taken for granted, even were certain proofs wanting, which we shall presently adduce. It seems not improbable that the notes from which, in after-life, he compiled his summary of the Logic of Ramus, were prepared by him while he was a student at Cambridge. Lastly, in the matter of miscellaneous private reading, there is proof that we can hardly exaggerate what Milton accomplished during his seven academic years. Aulus Gellius, Macrobius, Stephens's Apology for Herodotus, and Spenser's Faerie Queene, are the chief authors on D'Ewes's list; but what a list of authors—English,

[1] *Defensio Secunda:* Works, pp. 266, 267.

[2] In the British Museum there is a copy of Aratus, the Greek astronomical poet, which belonged to Milton. It is a quarto edition published by Morel of Paris in 1559, and containing, besides the poet's works, *scholia* and a commentary. On the fly-leaf is Milton's name, "Jo. Milton," very neatly written, with the date "1631," and the words "pre. 2*s*. 6*d*." indicating the price paid for the book. On the title-page is this line from Ovid, in Milton's hand:—"*Cum sole et luna semper Aratus erit.*" In the margin of the book there are occasional corrections of the text, various readings, and brief references to authorities; showing the care with which Milton must have read the poet. These marginal notes may be seen in the *Addenda* to the Rev. John Mitford's Life of Milton, prefixed to his edition of the poet's works.

Latin, French, and Italian—we should have before us if there survived an exact register of Milton's voluntary readings in his chamber during his seven years at Christ's! What piles of ephemeral books and pamphlets, over and above Shakespeare, Spenser, Homer, Dante, and the other solid ones; and what commonplace books filled with notes and extracts!

It is well, however, to have before us in their literal form the written testimonies that remain to Milton's industry at the University, and to the degree of his reputed success there in comparison with his coevals.

Aubrey's Statement. "And was a very hard student in the University, and performed all his exercises there with very good applause."

Wood's Statement. "There [at Christ's College], as at school for three years before, 'twas usual with him to sit up till midnight at his book, which was the first thing that brought his eyes into the danger of blindness. By his indefatigable study he profited exceedingly . . . performed the collegiate and academical exercises to the admiration of all, and was esteemed to be a virtuous and sober person, yet not to be ignorant of his own parts."

Philips's Statement. "Where, in Christ's college . . . he studied seven years and took his degree of Master of Arts, and, for the extraordinary wit and reading he had shown in his performances to attain his degree, . . . he was loved and admired by the whole University, particularly by the Fellows and most ingenious persons of his House."

Milton's own Statement in 1652. "There for seven years I studied the learning and arts wont to be taught, far from all vice (*procul omni flagitio*) and approved by all good men, even till having taken what they call the Master's degree, and that with praise (*cum laude etiam adeptus*), I . . . of my own accord went home, leaving even a sense of my loss among most of the Fellows of my College, by whom I had in no ordinary degree (*haud mediocriter*) been regarded."

Milton's own Statement in 1642.[1] "I must be thought, if this libeller (for now he shows himself to be so) can find belief, after an inordinate and riotous youth spent at the University, to have been at length 'vomited out thence.' For which commodious lie, that he may be encouraged in the trade another time, I thank him; for it hath given me an apt occasion to acknowledge publicly, with all grateful mind, that more than ordinary respect which I found, *above any of my equals*, at the hands of those courteous and learned men, the Fellows of that College wherein I spent some years; who, at my parting, after I had taken two degrees, as the manner is, signified

[1] *Defensio Secunda:* Works, VI. 287.

many ways how much better it would content them that I would stay; as by many letters full of kindness and loving respect, both before that time and long after, I was assured of their singular good affection towards me." [1]

These passages, and especially the last of them—published only ten years after Milton had left College, and when Bainbrigge was still Master there, and most of the Fellows were either still in their old places, or alive and accessible elsewhere—distinctly prove that, when Milton closed his connexion with the University, his reputation there was extraordinary.

So far, therefore, Johnson's statement, "There is reason to believe that he was regarded in his College with no great fondness," is flatly contradicted. And yet, Johnson's statement was not made at random. We have seen that, in the first or second year of Milton's stay at College, he and the College authorities did not agree well together. Whatever we make of the tradition of his rupture with Chappell and his temporary rustication, the allusions in his first Elegy to the "reedy Cam," its "bare and shadeless fields," the "unsuitableness of the place for worshippers of Apollo," the "threats of the harsh master," and "the hoarse hum of the schools," all signify something. Later still, (*i. e.* in 1628) we have his words to Gill, complaining of the want of genial companionship at Cambridge, and of the low intellectual condition of those with whom he was obliged to consort. Johnson's error, therefore, was not so much in making the statement which he has made, as in extending its application to Milton's University career as a whole, instead of confining it to the period of his undergraduateship. And yet, here again, Johnson does not speak without reason. With whatever reputation Milton left College in 1632, there remains the fact that within ten years from that date a report did arise, and was circulated in print by his adversaries, that he and the University had parted on bad terms. The report was a calumny, and he was able to give it the lie; but that a calumny against him should have taken this form shows that there were circumstances aiding in its invention. It is not difficult to see

[1] Apology for Smectymnuus: Works, III. 265.

what these were. At the time when the calumny was produced, Milton had begun his polemic against those institutions in Church and State which had their most determined supporters among the University chiefs; he, a University man, was vexing the soul of his Alma Mater; and what more likely than that, if there was any single fact in his University career on which the charge could be raised that he had always been a rebellious son, it should now be recollected and whispered about? Nay, more, at the very time when Milton was contradicting the calumny, he was furnishing additional provocations which were very likely to perpetuate it. Immediately after the passage last quoted from his pamphlet of 1642, he takes care to let his calumniator know that, while speaking of the mutual esteem which existed between him and the best men at the University while he was there, he does not mean to extend the remark to the *system* of the University.

"As for the common approbation or dislike of that place, as it now is, that I should esteem or disesteem myself or any other the more for that, too simple and too credulous is the Confuter, if he think to obtain with me or any right discerner. Of small practice were that physician who could not judge, by what both she [Cambridge] and her sister [Oxford] hath of long time 'vomited,' that the worser stuff she strongly keeps in her stomach, but the better she is ever kecking at and is queasy. She vomits now out of sickness, but, ere it be well with her, she must vomit by strong physic * * In the meanwhile . . that suburb [in London] wherein I dwell shall be in my account a more honourable place than his University. Which *as, in the time of her better health and mine own younger judgment, I never greatly admired,* so now much less," &c. [1]

It is to the statement in the last sentence that we would at present direct attention. Most University men do look back with affection to their Alma Mater; and it is becoming that they should. The place where a man has been educated, where he has formed his first friendships, where he has first learnt to think or imagine that he did so, where he has first opened his lips in harangue and exchanged with other bold youths his darling crudities on the universal problems, one

[1] Works, III. 265-6.

does not ordinarily like to hear of a man in whom the memory of such a place survives otherwise than in pleasant associations. What matters it that the system was wrong, that half the teachers were dotards who used to be ridiculed and mimicked to their faces, or that some were a great deal worse? One must be educated under *some* system; one must struggle up to the light through *some* pyramid of superincumbent conventions, more or less disintegrable according as one works vertically or horizontally to get out; it is hard if, even in the worst system, there are not sterling men who redeem it and make it answer; and, where there cannot be reminiscences of respect and gratitude, there can at least be reminiscences of hilarity and fun. There have been men of eminence, however, who, having, during the process of their education, been old enough or serious enough to note its defects, have kept the account open, and, setting aside pleasant reminiscences as irrelevant, have sued for the balance as a just debt during all the rest of their lives. Wordsworth would not own much filial respect for Cambridge.[1] It was the same with Milton before him. His references to his first tutor, Young, and to Gill, as his teacher at St. Paul's School, are uniformly respectful; but his subsequent allusions to the University are uniformly critical.

The consideration of his more mature views on the subject of University education will belong to that point of his life—twelve years in advance of that which we have yet reached—with which they are historically connected. For the present it is enough to say that, as Milton in 1644 was one of those who advocated a radical reform in the system of the English Universities, and helped to bring the system as it existed into popular disrepute, so the dissatisfaction which then broke out so conspicuously, indubitably began while Milton was still at the University, and not only then began, but was then manifested. In other words, Milton, while at Cambridge, was one of those younger spirits—Ramists, Baconians, Platonists, as they might be called collectively or distributively—who were at war with the methods of the place, and did not

[1] See the part of his *Prelude* referring to his residence at the University.

conceal that they were so. This fact, and, indeed, the whole history of Milton's relations to Cambridge, and, through Cambridge, to the intellectual tendencies of his time, will be better understood if I proceed now to use some additional materials of a contemporary kind with which his works supply us.

In 1674 (the last year of Milton's life, and when he was as widely known as the author of "Paradise Lost," as it was his fate to be while living) there was published by a bookseller named Brabazon Aylmer, at the "Three Pigeons" in Cornhill, a little volume containing those "Familiar Letters" of the poet, the earliest of which we have already quoted. It had been intended to include in the volume his "Public Letters" also—*i. e.* his "Letters of State," written while he was Latin Secretary to the Commonwealth and to Cromwell's Government, and which were ultimately published, under the care of his nephew Philips, in 1694. As we learn, however, from a Latin preface in the printer's name prefixed to the volume, it had been found impossible to fulfil this intention. "With respect to the public letters," he says, "having ascertained that those who alone had the power [the Foreign Office, to wit, of Charles II.] were for certain reasons averse to their publication, I, content with what I had got, was satisfied with giving to the world the Familiar Letters by themselves." Here, however, there occurred a publisher's difficulty. "When I found these Familiar Letters to be somewhat too scanty for a volume even of limited size, I resolved to treat with the author through a particular friend of both of us, in order that, if he chanced to have by him any little matter in the shape of a treatise, he might not grudge throwing it in, as a make-weight, to counterbalance the paucity of the Letters, or at least occupy the blank. He, influenced by the adviser, having turned over his papers, at last fell upon the accompanying juvenile compositions, scattered about, some here and others there, and, at my friend's earnest request, made them over to his discretion. These, therefore, when I perceived that, as they were sufficiently approved of by the common friend in whom I trusted, so the author did not seem to think he ought

to be ashamed of them (*authori non pœnitenda videri animadverterem*), I have not hesitated, juvenile as they are, to give to the light; hoping, as it is very much my interest to do, that they will be found not less vendible by me than originally, when they were recited, they were agreeable to their auditors."[1] The "juvenile compositions" thus thrown in to fill up the volume, were certain Latin "Prolusiones Oratoriæ" or "Rhetorical Essays" of Milton, written while he was at College, and the manuscripts of which had remained by him during the intervening two-and-forty years. They have, accordingly, been sometimes printed since among Milton's collected prose works. Though printed, however, they do not seem ever to have been read; and, so far as I am aware, it falls to me for the first time to give an account of their contents.[2] I have reserved them till now because they illustrate Milton's College career as a whole, and throw light on various points that might be otherwise obscure.

The title prefixed to the little body of Essays is "*Autoris jam olim in Collegio adolescentis Prolusiones quædam Oratoriæ*" ("Some Oratorical Exercises of the Author when he was long since a youth at College"). They are seven in number, filling in all about sixty dense octavo pages, and are headed severally as follows:—

1. "Utrum Dies an Nox præstantior sit?" (Whether Day or Night is the more excellent?") pp. 10.

2. "In Scholis Publicis: 'De Sphærarum Concentu.'" ("In the Public Schools: 'Of the Music of the Spheres.'") pp. 3.

3. "In Scholis Publicis: 'Contra Philosophiam Scholasticam.'" ("In the Public Schools: 'Against the Scholastic Philosophy.'") pp. 5½.

4. "In Collegio Thesis, &c.: 'In rei cujuslibet interitu non datur resolutio ad materiam primam.'" ("Thesis in College: 'In

[1] Translated from the preface to the original edition of the "Epistolæ Familiares," 1674. I may here remark on the impropriety of the practice, too common, of reprinting the writings of authors in what are offered as "Collected Works," without reprinting at the same time all original prefaces, &c., such as the present, which might throw light on the circumstances of the individual publications, and so on the lives of the authors.

[2] The "Prolusiones" do not seem even to have been read intelligently through by any editor of Milton's Works. The punctuation of them proves this—being so deplorably bad, that frequently it is only by neglecting the points as they stand, and changing commas into periods and the like, that sense is to be made of important passages. This remark applies, however, to nearly all Milton's Latin prose.

the destruction of anything whatsoever, there is no resolution into first matter.'") pp. 6½.

5. "In Scholis Publicis: 'Non dantur formæ partiales in animali præter totalem.'" ("In the Public Schools: 'There are no partial forms in an animal in addition to the total.'") pp. 4.

6. "In feriis æstivis Collegii, sed concurrente, ut solet, totâ fere Academiæ juventute, oratio: 'Exercitationes nonnunquam ludicras Philosophiæ studiis non obesse.'" ("Speech in the summer vacation of the College, but almost all the youth of the University being, as usual, present. *Subject:* 'That occasional sportive relaxations are not obstructive to philosophical studies.'") To this speech there is appended a "Prolusio," delivered after it, and in connexion with it. pp. 15.

7. "In sacrario habita pro Arte Oratio: 'Beatiores reddit homines Ars quam Ignorantia.'" ("Speech held in the Chapel in defence of Art: 'Art is more conducive to human happiness than Ignorance.'") pp. 13½.

Of these seven exercises, three, it will be seen, were read or recited in the public schools—the 2d, the 3d, and the 5th—forming, doubtless, a portion of the statutory exercises required to be performed there. Three others—the 1st, the 4th, and the 7th—were read or recited in College, also according to regulation; the title of the last seeming to indicate that it was the "declamation" required as the last exercise in College previous to taking the M.A. degree. The 6th exercise stands by itself, as a voluntary discourse delivered by appointment at a meeting of the students of Christ's and the other youths of the University, held, by way of frolic, during the autumn holidays. This exercise, it can be ascertained, was written in the autumn of 1628, when Milton was in his twentieth year, and a sophister looking forward to his B.A. degree. The date of the 7th, if my surmise is correct, must be fixed in the session 1631-2. The dates of the others I cannot fix. It is presumed, however, that they extend pretty equably over Milton's whole University course, and may jointly represent the whole of it. We shall go over them in the order in which they stand.[1]

[1] As, at this point, I constitute myself the translator and editor, after a fashion, of a hitherto unedited portion of Milton's writings, I put my own connecting and explanatory remarks into small type. But that they are rather bulky, I would have given a translation of the "Oratorical Exercises" in full. What I do give, however, is perhaps as much as on any ground is necessary.

Exercise I.

This is the the opening speech or argument in a College disputation on the question "Whether Day or Night is the more excellent?" The reader must fancy the fellows and students assembled in the Hall or in the Chapel at Christ's, a moderator presiding over the debate, and Milton standing on one side in a little pulpit or tribune, with his manuscript before him. His thesis is that Day is altogether a much more excellent institution than Night. The treatment, as one might anticipate, is only semi-serious, the orator all the while smiling, as it were, at the absurdity of the question. Nevertheless, he enters fully into the spirit of the affair, and advocates the cause of Day splendidly. He begins thus (save that we give lame English for his sounding Latin):—

"All the noblest masters of Rhetoric have left it everywhere written behind them, nor has the fact escaped yourselves, Fellow-Academics, that in every kind of speaking—whether the demonstrative, the deliberative, or the judicial—one ought to draw one's exordium from what will ensure the favour of his hearers; otherwise, neither can the minds of the hearers be moved, nor can the cause succeed according to purpose.[1] But if this is the case,—and that so it is, not to conceal the truth, is, I know, fixed and ratified by the assent of all the learned,—alas for me! to what straits am I this day reduced, fearing as I do that, in the very outset of my oration, I may be going to bring forward something far from oratorical, and may have necessarily to deviate from the first and chief duty of an orator. For how can I hope for your good will, when, in this so great concourse, as many heads as I behold with my eyes, almost the same number do I see of visages bearing malice against me; so that I seem to have come as an *orator* to persons not *exorable?* (*Quò possim ego vestram sperare benevolentiam, cum in hoc tanto concursu, quot oculis intueor, tot fermè aspiciam infesta in me capita; adeo ut orator venisse videar ad non exorabiles?*) Of so much efficacy in producing private grudges is the rivalry even in schools of those who follow different studies or different methods in the same studies. * * * Nevertheless, that I may not wholly despond,

[1] In this sentence we see the student of Aristotle, Cicero, and the other ancient writers on Rhetoric. The division of oratory into the three species of the demonstrative, the deliberative, and the judicial, is Aristotle's; the rule about the exordium ("*reddere auditores benevolos, attentos, dociles*") is Cicero's and everybody's.

I do, unless I am mistaken, see here and there some, who, even by their silent aspect, signify to me not obscurely how well they wish me; by whom, very few though they be, I, for my part, prefer being approved than by numberless hundreds of unskilled ones, in whom there is no mind, no right reason, no sound judgment, priding themselves on a certain overboiling and truly laughable foam of words; from whom, if you strip the rags they have borrowed from new-fangled authors, then, immortal God! how much barer than my nail you would behold them, and, their empty stock of words and little maxims being exhausted, μηδὲ γρῦ φθέγγεσθαι [not able to emit a grunt]. O, with what difficulty Heraclitus himself would refrain from laughing, if he were among the living, and were to see these, (please the gods!) little orators, whom a little before he might have heard spouting forth grandeurs in the buskined Orestes of Euripides, or in Hercules madly dying, their very slender store of words at length exhausted, walking with lowered crest, or, their horns drawn in, creeping away like certain little animals. * * * If, however, there is any one who, scorning terms of peace, has declared truceless war against me, him at present I will not disdain to beg and entreat, that, setting aside rivalry for a little, he be among us as a fair arbiter in this debate, and do not, for the fault of the orator, if there is any, bring into obloquy a cause the best and most illustrious possible. And, should you think what I have said a little too biting, and mixed with too much vinegar, I profess that I have done this purposely; for I wish that the beginning of my speech should resemble the first dawn of morning, out of which, when it is somewhat cloudy, there generally arises a very clear Day. Which, whether it be more excellent than Night," &c.

Here is certainly a castigation for somebody, if not for the whole College of Christ's. A freshman could hardly have ventured on such language; I conclude, therefore, that the exercise was written in or about the third year of Milton's course. At whatever time it was written, the fact is distinctly intimated that the author was then, for some reason or other, unpopular in the College. He had a few friends, but the majority were against him! The allusions to certain peculiarities in the direction or method of his studies, as being the cause of his unpopularity, are worth being attended to.

After the exordium, the orator proceeds to the question. He undertakes to show the superiority of Day over Night on three grounds—first, the ground of more honourable parentage; secondly, that of the greater respect of antiquity; and, thirdly, that of higher utility for all human uses. Under the first two heads there is an

examination of the pedigrees of Day and Night respectively, according to the ancient Greek mythology, with quotations from Hesiod, &c. On the whole, from this logomachy, Day dances out beautifully as the nobler-born and the more classically applauded; and the remainder of the oration is taken up chiefly with a contrast, by the speaker himself, between the phenomena of Night and those of Day. Here, through the mock-heroic argumentation and the heaviness of the Latin, there breaks the genius of the poet.

"And truly, first, how pleasant and desirable Day is to the race of all living things, what need is there to expound to you, when the very birds themselves cannot conceal their joy, but, leaving their little nests, as soon as it has dawned, either soothe all things by their sweetest song of concert from the tops of trees, or, balancing themselves upward, fly as near as they can to the sun, eager to congratulate the returning light? First of all the sleepless cock trumpets the approaching sun, and, like some herald, seems to admonish men that, shaking off sleep, they should go forth to meet and salute the new Aurora. The kids also skip in the fields, and the whole world of quadrupeds leaps and exults with joy. Sorrowful Clytie, having waited, her countenance turned eastwards, for her Phœbus almost all through the night, now smiles and looks caressingly towards her coming lover. The marigold also and the rose, not to be behind in adding to the common joy, opening their bosoms, breathe forth their odours, preserved for the sun alone, which they disdain to impart to the night, shutting themselves up in their little leaves as soon as the evening touches them; and the other flowers, raising their heads a little drooping and languid with dew, offer themselves, as it were, to the Sun, and silently ask him to wipe away with his kisses those little tears which they had given to his absence. The Earth, too, clothes herself for the Sun's approach with her comelier vestment; and the near clouds, cloaked in various colours, seem, with solemn pomp and in lengthened train, to wait on the rising god. [Here follows a quotation from the hymn of Orpheus to Morning.] And no wonder, seeing that Day brings not less utility than delight, and is alone suited for the encountering of business; for who could endure to cross broad and immense seas, if he despaired of the advent of day? Men would then navigate the ocean no otherwise than as ghosts do Lethe and Acheron, surrounded on all sides by soul-appalling darkness. And every one would shut himself up in his narrow crib, scarcely ever daring to creep abroad; so that, necessarily, human society would be straightway dissolved. * * Justly

have the poets written that Night takes its rise from Hell; for it is clearly impossible that, except from that place, could so many and so great evils be brought among mortals. For when Night comes on, all things grow sordid and obscure; nor is there truly then any difference between Helen and Canidia, or between the most precious and vile stones, except that some gems conquer even the obscurity of night. To this it is added, that even the most pleasant places then strike a horror into the mind, which is increased by the deep and sad silence; and, if anything is then abroad in the fields, whether man or beast, it makes with all haste either to its house or its cave, where, stretched on its bed, it shuts its eyes to the terrible aspects of Night. You will behold none abroad save robbers and light-shunning rascals, who, breathing murder and rapine, plot against the goods of the citizens, and wander only at night, lest they should be detected in the day, because Day searches out all criminality, unwilling to suffer the light to be stained by deeds of that nature; you will meet nothing but goblins and phantoms and witches, which Night brings with her, as her companions, from the subterranean regions, and which, while night lasts, claim the earth as in their control and as common to them with human beings. Therefore I think it is that night makes our hearing sharper, in order that the groanings of spirits, the hootings of owls and night-hags, and the roarings of lions whom hunger calls forth, may the sooner pierce the ears and minds, and afflict them with heavier fear."

From this scenic contrast of the phenomena of Day with those of Night, forming the body of the discourse, the orator passes, with a humorous ingenuity which the auditors may have relished, to a knock-down conclusion against his antagonist.

"Who, then, unless he were a son of darkness, a burglar, or a gambler, or unless he were accustomed to spend the whole night in debauchery (*inter scortorum greges*) and to snore through entire days, —who, I say, unless such an one, would have undertaken the defence of so dishonourable and so invidious a cause as that of Night? Truly, I wonder that he dares to face this sun, and to enjoy, in common with others, the light which he ungratefully vilifies. Worthy, indeed, he of being killed, like a new Python, by the strokes of the sun's adverse rays; worthy of being shut up in Cimmerian darkness, there to end his long and hated life; nay, worthy, last of all, that his speech should send his auditors to sleep,

so that what he said should no more convince than a dream, and that, drowsy himself, he should be deceived into the fancy that his nodding and snoring auditors were assenting to what he said and applauding his peroration! But I see the swart eyebrows of Night, and I perceive black darkness arising [Is this a jest at the personal appearance of his opponent?]; I must withdraw, lest Night seize me unawares! You, therefore, my hearers, since Night is nothing else than the decline and as it were death of the Day, do not allow death to be preferred to life; but deign to adorn my cause with your suffrages. So may the Muses prosper your studies, and may Aurora, the friend of the Muses, hearken to you, and Phœbus also, who sees all things, and hears how many well-wishers to his praise he has in this assembly! I have done."

Exercise II.

This is a short Essay "On the music of the spheres," read in the public schools. From the modest tone in which it opens, we infer that it was among the first of Milton's public exercises in the University. It appears, moreover, to have been delivered on some day of special note in the calendar, as one out of many speeches, and as a rhetorical prelude to a disputation on the same subject. Here is the opening:—

"If there is any place, Academicians, for my insignificance, after so many and so great orators have to-day been heard through, I also will endeavour, according to my small measure, to express how well I wish to the solemn ceremony of this day, and, as if afar off, I will follow this day-long triumph of eloquence. While, therefore, I wholly eschew and am in horror of those threadbare and hackneyed subjects of discourse, my mind is kindled and straightway erected to the arduous attempting of some new matter, by the thought of the day itself, as well as of those who, I was not wrong in guessing, would speak what would be worthy of the day; which two things might well have added energy and acumen even to a genius otherwise sluggish and obtuse. Hence, accordingly, it falls to me to preface, with opened hand, as they say, and oratorical exuberance, a few things concerning that celestial music, about which there is presently to be a dispute as it were with closed fist;[1] account, however, being taken of time, which at once urges me on and straitens me."

[1] Milton here uses a common comparison of the schools, according to which the *rhetorical* treatment of a subject was to the *logical* treatment of the same, as the opened and outspread hand is to the closed fist. Constitutionally, Milton always prefers the opened and outspread hand.

The orator then goes on to say that this notion of the music of the spheres is not to be taken literally. Pythagoras was too wise a man to have inculcated such a puerility; and whatever harmony of the spheres he taught was nothing else than the friendly relations of the celestial orbs and their obedience to fixed law!

"It was Aristotle, the rival and constant calumniator of Pythagoras and Plato, who, desiring to strew his own way to glory with the wreck of the opinions of so great men, attributed to Pythagoras the notion of this unheard symphony of the heavens, this music of the spheres. But if either fate or chance had so allowed it, Father Pythagoras, that thy soul should have passed into me, there would then not be wanting one to defend thee, though long labouring under heavy obloquy. And, truly, why should not the heavenly bodies, in those perennial circuits of theirs, produce musical sounds? Does it not seem just to you, Aristotle? 'Faith, I could hardly believe that *your* intellectual faculties could have endured that sedentary labour of rolling the heavens for so many ages, unless that unspeakable melody of the stars had kept them from leaving their places, and persuaded them to stay by the charm of music. If you take from space those fine sensations, where do you place your ministering deities but in a bridewell; to what do you condemn them but a treadmill?"

The speaker then proceeds to cite those stories of the ancient mythology which show the universality of the belief in music as filling space. What of Arion and his lyre? What of Apollo's skill as a musician? How of that fable of the Muses dancing day and night, from the first beginning of things, round Jove's altars? And what, he continues, though no one on earth *now* has ever heard this starry symphony! Shall all above the moon's sphere be therefore supposed mute? Rather let us accuse our own feeble ears, which either are not able or are not worthy to receive the sounds of so sweet a song! (Here Milton must have had a well-known passage from Shakespeare in his mind.) Nay, but the starry music *may* be heard!

"If *we* carried pure and chaste and snow-clean hearts, as erst did Pythagoras, then should *our* ears sound and be filled with that most sweet music of the ever-wheeling stars; and all things should, as it were, return to the golden age; and, free at last from misery, we should lead a quiet existence of happiness, enviable even by the gods."

EXERCISE III.

This, like the last, is a half-hour's oration before an audience in the public schools. It is an attack on the Scholastic Philosophy. After a modest introduction, in which Cicero's observation is quoted, that a good speech ought at once to instruct, delight, and actively influence, the orator proceeds :—

"I shall produce abundant active effect at present if I can induce you, my auditors, to turn over seldomer those huge and almost monstrous volumes of the subtle doctors, as they are called, and to indulge a little less in the warty controversies of the sophists."

He undertakes to show that scholastic studies are neither pleasant nor fruitful. Under the first head he says :—

"Frequently, my hearers, when there chanced to be imposed upon me now and then the necessity of investigating these subtle trivialities, after blunting both my mind and my eyes with a day's reading, I have stopped to take breath, and thereupon, measuring the task with my eyes, I have sought a wretched relief from my fatigue ; but, as I always saw more remaining than I got through in my reading, I as often wished that, instead of these vanities, there had been given me as a task the recleansing of the Augean cow-house, and I called Hercules a happy fellow, to whom Juno in her good nature had never commanded the endurance of this kind of toil. Nor is this nerveless, languid, and earthy matter elevated or dignified by any beauty of style. * * * I think there never can have been any place for these studies on Parnassus, unless perhaps some uncultivated nook at the foot of the hill, unlovely, rough, and horrid with brambles and thorns, overgrown with thistles and thick nettles, far removed from the dance and company of the goddesses, producing neither laurel nor flowers, and never reached by the sound of Apollo's lyre."

Poetry, Oratory and History, he says, are all delightful, each in its own way ; but this Scholastic Philosophy does nothing but irritate. He then passes to the second argument against it—its inutility :—

"By these two things chiefly I perceive a country to be advanced and adorned—noble speaking and brave action ; and this litigious battling of discording opinions seems unable either to

qualify for eloquence, or to instruct in prudence or incite to brave deeds. * * How much better would it be, Academicians, and how much more worthy of your reputation, to wander, walking as it were with the eyes, through the universe of lands as it is now portrayed in the map; to see places trodden by the ancient heroes; to traverse regions ennobled by wars, triumphs, and even the fables of illustrious poets; now to cross the stormy Adriatic, now to approach safely the flame-emitting Ætna; and, finally, to observe the manners of men and the fairly ordered states in which nations have arranged themselves, and thence to investigate and study the natures of all living things, and thence again to direct the mind to the secret virtues of stones and plants! Nor hesitate, my hearers, even to soar into the heavens, and there contemplate the multiform appearances of the clouds, and the collected power of the snow, and whence those morning tears, and then look into the coffers of the hail, and thoroughly survey the armies of the lightnings! Nor let there be hidden from you what either Jupiter or Nature means, when a dreadful and vast comet menaces the heaven with conflagration; nor let even the minutest little stars, in all their number, as they are scattered between the two poles, escape your notice! Nay, follow the wandering sun as his companions, and call time itself to a reckoning, and demand an account of its eternal march! But let not your mind suffer itself to be contained and circumscribed within the same limits as the world is, but let it stray also beyond the boundaries of the universe; and let it finally learn (which is yet the highest matter) to know itself, and at the same time those holy minds and intelligences with whom hereafter it is to enter into everlasting companionship. But why too much of this? Let your master in all this be that very Aristotle who is so much delighted in, and who has left almost all these things scientifically and exquisitely written for our learning. At the mention of whose name I perceive you to be now suddenly moved, Academicians, and to be drawn step by step into this opinion, and, as it were, to be borne on in it more resolutely by his invitation."

The reader will observe Milton's prepossession in favour of that real or experimental knowledge (Geography, Astronomy, Meteorology, Natural History, Politics, &c.), which it was Bacon's design to recommend in lieu of the scholastic studies. He will also observe, however, the reverent mention of Aristotle as himself an authority and exemplar in the right direction.

Exercise IV.

This is a College thesis on the proposition, "In the destruction of anything there is not a resolution of it into first matter." As might be guessed from the heading, the exercise is, in fact, one of those metaphysical ingenuities of the schools, on the absurdity and uselessness of which Milton has just been heard. As if loth to enter upon the question, he opens with a somewhat long and irrelevant introduction on the potency of error in the world, in the course of which he seems again to glance at the unsatisfactory nature of the scholastic discussions. He then continues :—

"But I seem to hear some grumbling, 'What is he driving at now? While he is inveighing against error, he is himself errant through the whole universe.' I confess the error; nor would I have done this, if I had not promised myself much from your indulgence. Now, therefore, at length let us gird ourselves for the prescribed task; and from these so great difficulties may the goddess Lua (as Lipsius says) happily deliver me! The question which is this day proposed to us to be disentangled is this: Whether in the destruction of anything there takes place a resolution into first matter? Which in other words is wont to be stated thus: Whether any accidents that were in a corrupted substance remain also in that produced from it? that is, Whether, the form perishing, there perish also all the accidents that pre-existed in the compound?"

There are illustrious names, he says, on both sides of this controversy; but *he* takes part with those who contend that, in the destruction of a substance, there is never a resolution into first matter.

"If there is resolution into first matter, it is essentially implied that this is rashly predicated of first matter,—to wit, that it is never found pure. Adversaries will reply, 'This is said in respect of form;' but let those sciolists, then, thus hold that substantial forms are nowhere found apart from (citra) accidental forms. But this is trifling, and does not go to the root of the case. Stronger arguments must be used. And first let us see what ancient philosophers we have favouring our side. Lo! as we inquire, Aristotle spontaneously presents himself, and, with a chosen band of his interpreters, gives us the advantage of his bulk; for I would have you understand, my hearers, that this battle was begun under the leadership and

advice of Aristotle himself, and begun with good auspices, as I hope. Who himself seems to hint the same that we think—*Metaph.* VII. *Text.* 8—where he says that quantity first of all inheres in matter. Whoever shall oppose this opinion, is, I may tell him, guilty of heresy against what has been ruled by all the sages. Moreover, Aristotle elsewhere clearly asserts quantity as a property of first matter, which is also asserted by most of his followers; but that he dissevers property from its subject who would say, even on the sentence of a selected judge? But come, let us proceed piece by piece, and consider what reason advises! Our assertion, then, is proved first from this, that matter has proper actual entity from its own proper existence, and accordingly may support quantity, or at least that kind of it which is called unlimited. What though some confidently affirm that form is not received into matter except through the medium of quantity? Secondly, if an accident is destroyed, it must necessarily be destroyed in these ways—either by the introduction of a contrary, or *per desitionem termini*, or by the absence of another conserving cause, or, finally, from the defect of the proper subject in which it inheres. Quantity cannot be destroyed in the first way, seeing," &c.

After two or three pages of metaphysical reasoning of this kind—utterly, and, I think, purposely bewildering to the wits of his auditors, but in which the old metaphysical terms, *Substance*, *Accident*, *Quantitative*, *Extension*, *Intension*, &c. are apparently used in their proper senses and flourished about in the most approved academic fashion—the disputant emerges, with a smile on his face, thus :—

"I might dwell and I ought to dwell longer on this matter. Whether to you I know not, however, but certainly to myself I am a great bore (*maximopere sum tædio*). It remains that we now descend to the arguments of our opponents; which the Muses grant I may pound if possible into first matter, or rather into nothing!"

There is then another plunge into the metaphysical region in pursuit of his opponents; but whether he overtakes them there, and succeeds in executing his threat upon them, the reader may find out, in the original Latin, for himself.

Exercise V.

This is another physio-metaphysical discussion—read, however, not in College, like the last, but in the public schools. The proposition maintained is, "There are not partial forms in an animal, in addition to the whole." As before, there is a rhetorical introduction of some length, in itself quite irrelevant to the topic on hand, but which the speaker cleverly makes relevant. He dilates for about a page on the singular growth of the Roman empire, and its ultimate destruction by barbaric invasion; and then he says that all this reminds him of the position of truth in this world, assailed by so many errors and enemies. One of these errors he is to discuss, and he promises to be very brief.

"Some pertinaciously contend that there is a plurality of total forms in an animal, and each of them defends this opinion according to his own taste; others assert more importunately that there is one only total form, but a multiplicity of partial forms lodged in the same matter. With the former for the time we in warlike fashion make truce, while we direct the whole strength and force of the battle against the latter. In the forefront be placed Aristotle, who is clearly with us, and who, towards the close of his first book *De Animâ*, favours our assertion not obscurely. To add to this authority other arguments, requires little trouble. First there offers Chrysostomus Javellus, from whose rubbish-heap, despite his horrid and unpolished style, we may dig out gold and pearls, which if any one is fine enough to despise, Æsop's fable of the cock will fit him rather nicely. He argues much in this fashion:—The distinction and organization of dissimilar parts must precede the introduction of the soul, as this is the act not of any body whatever, but of the organic physical agent; wherefore, immediately before the production of the total form, the partial ones must necessarily be destroyed," &c. &c.

After a continuation in the same strain, Milton again takes refuge in more congenial rhetoric, and concludes with a fine passage on the invincibility of truth.

Exercise VI.

This is by far the most interesting of the Essays autobiographically. It was delivered, as we shall see, in the summer or autumn of 1628—the place being the hall of Christ's College, and the occasion a great meeting of the Fellows and students, both of that College

and of others, for the purpose of fun and frolic after the labours of the session. The essay consists of two parts—the first being a dissertation on the compatibility of occasional frolic with philosophical studies; and the second a frolicsome discourse introductory to the other sports of the day. We feel bound to translate both nearly at length.

Oration.

"*That sportive exercises on occasion are not inconsistent with the studies of Philosophy.*"

"When lately, Academicians, I returned hither from that city which is the head of cities [*i. e.* London], filled, even to repletion, with all the delights with which that place overflows, I hoped to have again for some time that literary leisure, in which as a mode of life I believe that even celestial souls rejoice; and it was quite my intention to shut myself up in literature, and study sweetest philosophy day and night. For the change from work to pleasure always removes the fatigue of satiety, and causes tasks left unfinished to be sought again with more alacrity. But, just as I was getting into a glow, this almost annual celebration of a very old custom has suddenly called me and dragged me from these studies, and I am ordered to transfer to trifles and the excogitation of new frivolities those pains which I had first destined for the acquisition of wisdom. As if, forsooth, all things were not now full of follies; as if that illustrious Ship of Fools (*navis stultifera*), no less celebrated in song than the Argo, had gone to wreck; as if, finally, matter for laughter were now wanting to Democritus himself!

"But pardon me, I pray, my hearers; for this custom of ours today, though I have spoken of it a little too freely, is indeed not foolish, but much rather laudable—which, indeed, is what I have proposed now exhibiting more lucidly to you. And if Junius Brutus, that second founder of the Roman state, that great punisher of regal lust, deigned to suppress, under simulated idiotcy, a soul almost a match for the immortal gods and a wondrous genius, truly there is no reason why I should be ashamed to play the fool a little (*aliquantisper μοροσοφῶς nugari*), especially at the bidding of him whose business it is, as our ædile, to take charge of these, so to speak, our solemn games. Then also there drew and invited me, in no ordinary degree, to undertake this part, your very recently discovered graciousness to me—you, I mean, who are of the same College with

me (*vestra, vos qui ejusdem estis mecum Collegii, in me nuperrime comperta facilitas*). For when, some few months ago, I was about to perform an oratorical office before you, and was under the impression that any lucubrations whatsoever of mine would be the reverse of agreeable to you, and would have more merciful judges in Æacus and Minos than almost any of you would prove, truly, beyond my fancy, beyond my hope if I had any, they were, as I heard, nay as I myself felt, received with the not ordinary applause of all—yea, of those who, at other times, were, on account of disagreements in our studies, altogether of an angry and unfriendly spirit towards me (*qui in me aliàs, propter studiorum dissidia, essent prorsus infenso et inimico animo*).[1] A generous mode of exercising rivalry this, and not unworthy of a royal breast, if, when friendship itself is wont often to misconstrue much that is blamelessly done, yet then sharp and hostile enmity did not grudge to interpret much that was perchance erroneous, and not a little, doubtless, that was unskilfully said, more clemently than I merited! * * *

"Truly, I am highly delighted and wonderfully pervaded with pleasure, when I see myself surrounded and on all sides begirt with so great a crowd of most learned men; and yet again, when I descend into myself, and secretly, as it were with inturned eyes, behold my weakness, I indeed am conscious of often blushing to myself, and a certain intruding sadness depresses and chokes my rising joy. * * * Let no one wonder if I triumph, as one placed among the stars, that so many men eminent for erudition, and nearly the whole University have flocked hither. For I hardly think that more went of old to Athens to hear the two supreme orators, Demosthenes and Æschines, contending for the sovereignty of eloquence, nor that such felicity ever befel Hortensius when speaking, nor that so many so extraordinarily cultured men ever graced with their company a speech of Cicero's; so that, though I should discharge this duty all the more lamely, it will yet be no despicable honour for me even to have uttered words in so great a concourse and assembly of most excellent men. * * I have said all this not in a spirit of boasting; for I would that there were now granted me any such honeyed or rather nectarean flood of eloquence as of old ever steeped, and, as it were, celestially bedewed, Athenian or Roman genius; I would that it

[1] If the reader will refer back (p. 242) he will probably conclude, as I do, that the reference here is to the College oration which stands first in the present series—*i. e.* that on the superiority of Day to Night.

were given me to suck out the whole marrow of persuasion, and to pilfer the very scrips of Mercury himself, and thoroughly to exhaust all the hiding-places of the elegancies, so that I might bring hither something worthy of so great expectation, of so illustrious an assembly, of so polished and delicate ears. * * *

"However this may be, I entreat you, my hearers, not to repent of giving yourselves a brief holiday with these frivolities of mine; for all the gods themselves are known often, the care of their heavenly polity being laid aside for the time, to have been present at the spectacle of pigmies fighting (*depugnantium homunculorum*); sometimes even they are related, not disdaining humble cottages, and received with a poor hospitality, to have made a meal of beans and leeks. I, in like manner, beseech and beg you, excellent hearers, that this poor little feast of mine, such as it is, may pass for a feast to your subtle and knowing palates. Truly, though I know very many sciolists with whom it is a constant custom, if they are ignorant of anything, haughtily and foolishly to contemn that in others as something not worth *their* bestowing pains upon—this one for example impertinently carping at Dialectics, which he never could acquire, and this other making no account of Philosophy, because forsooth Nature, that fairest of the goddesses, never deemed him worthy of such an honour as that she should let him behold her naked charms—yet I will not grudge to praise, to the extent of my power, festivities and jests, in which I do acknowledge my faculty to be very slight (*festivitates et sales, in quibus quoque perexiguam agnosco facultatem meam*); premising only this, that it seems an arduous and far from easy task for me this day to praise jocularity in serious terms.

"Nor are my praises undeserved! What is there that sooner conciliates and longer retains friendship than a pleasant and festive disposition? Let there be a person who has no jests, nor fun, nor nice little facetiæ in him, and you will hardly find one to whom he is agreeable and welcome. And, were it our daily custom, Academicians, to go to sleep and as it were die in Philosophy, and to grow old among the thickets and thorns of Logic, without any relaxation or any breathing-time granted, what else, pray, would philosophising be but prophesying in the cave of Trophonius, and following Cato's too rigid sect? The very rustics themselves would say that we lived on mustard. Add this also, that, as those who accustom themselves to field strife and sports are rendered much stronger than others, and readier for all work, so in like manner it happens

that by this intellectual gymnastic the sinews of the mind are strengthened, and better blood and juice, as it were, is procured, and the genius becomes clearer and acuter, and nimble for anything, and versatile. But, if there is any one who would rather not be considered urbane and gay, let him not take it to heart if he is called country-bred and clownish. Well we do know a certain illiberal kind of fellows, who, being themselves perfectly morose and unfestive, and silently valuing with themselves their meanness and ignorance, whatever they chance to hear delivered of a witty nature, immediately think it levelled at them—worthy truly, as they are, of having that happen to them which they wrongly suspect, and to be pelted with the jeers of all till they all but think of hanging themselves. Those riff-raff gentry, however, (*istæ hominum quisquiliæ*) avail nothing against the freedom of elegant politeness.

"Will you, my hearers, that on this foundation of reason I should pile an argument from instances? Such are supplied me abundantly. First of all there is Homer, that rising star and Lucifer of cultivated literature, with whom all learning was born as a twin; for he, sometimes recalling his divine mind from the counsels of the gods and the deeds in heaven, and turning aside into humour, described most amusingly the battles of the mice and the frogs. Moreover, Socrates, the wisest of mortals, Apollo himself being witness, is said often to have pleasantly turned off the brawling bad humour of his wife. Then we everywhere read reports of the pithy sayings of the old philosophers, well sprinkled with salt and classic wit; and surely it was this alone that conferred an eternity of name on all the ancient writers of comedies and epigrams, both Grecian and Latin. Moreover we hear of Cicero's jokes and facetiæ as having filled three books, when collected by a disciple. And every one now has in his hands that most ingenious 'Encomium of Folly,' the work of no low writer [Erasmus]; and many other not unamusing essays of very celebrated orators are extant on laughable topics. Will you have the greatest commanders, and kings, and warriors? Take Pericles, Epaminondas, Agesilaus, and Philip of Macedon, who (if I may speak in the Gellian manner) are related by historians to have abounded in jocosities and witty sayings; and, with them, Caius Lælius, Publius Cornelius Scipio, Cneius Pompeius, and Caius Julius Cæsar, and also Octavius, who are said, on the authority of M. Tullius, to have excelled all their contemporaries in this sort of thing. Will you have yet greater names? The poets, most sagacious shadowers forth of truth, bring

in Jupiter himself and the rest of the celestials abandoning themselves to joviality at their feasts and cups. * *

"But perchance there are not wanting some bearded Masters (*barbati magistri*) very crabbed and harsh, who, thinking themselves great Catos, and not little Catos, their countenances composed to a Stoic severity, and shaking their stiff polls, will tetchily complain that everything now-a-days is in confusion and growing worse, and that, in place of an exposition of the Prior Analytics of Aristotle by the recently initiated Bachelors, scurrilities and empty trivialities are shamelessly and unseasonably bandied about, and that this day's exercise, doubtless rightly and faithfully established by our ancestors for the obtaining of some signal benefit whether in Rhetoric or in Philosophy, is now of late rashly changed into a display of insipid wit.[1] But I have an answer at hand and ready for these. Let them know, if they do not know, that letters had hardly been brought from foreign countries to these coasts, at the time when the laws of our literary republic were first framed—wherefore, as skill in the Greek and Latin tongues was then, from its cost, rare and unusual, it was fitting that by the harder study and the more assiduous practice men should labour and aspire after them. But we, though we are worse moralled than our predecessors (*pejus sumus morati*) being yet better instructed, ought to leave these studies which have not much difficulty, and go on to those to which they would have betaken themselves, if they had had leisure. Nor has it escaped you that all early legislators are wont always to promulgate edicts a little harder and more severe than can be borne, so that men by deviating and gradually relapsing from them hit the right mean. * * But truly I think that the man who is wont to be so taken with jests as plainly to neglect for them what is serious and more useful —I think, I say, that that man could not make much progress either in this line or in that: not certainly in serious matters, because, were he equipped and fashioned by nature for treating serious

[1] The scurrilities and jokes indulged in by disputants in the public and College Acts had long been a matter of complaint with the Heads and graver seniors of the University. Thus, by a grace of 1608, it was provided that "all scurrility and foolish and improper jesting moving to theatrical laughter" should be banished from disputations at the Commencement, though "graceful witticisms concocted with literate elegance" were to be encouraged in the philosophical Act, especially in the prævaricator. Again, as late as 1626 (in Gostlin's Vice-Chancellorship), it had been decreed that, whereas ridiculous gesticulations, facetious remarks, and jests against the laws and the authorities of the University, were but too common in College and University disputations, all such irreverence should be repressed in future by severe penalties. Milton has evidently these regulations and their promoters in view.

things, I believe he would not so easily suffer himself to be drawn away from them; nor yet in lightsome affairs, because scarce any one can jest well and gracefully unless he has first learnt to act seriously.

"But I fear, Academicians, I have drawn out the thread of my discourse longer than I ought. I will not excuse myself as I might, lest, in excusing myself, I should aggravate the fault. And now, released from all oratorical laws, we are about to plunge into comic licence. In which, if by chance I shall outgo a finger's breadth, as they say, my proper character and the rigid laws of modesty, know, fellow-academicians, that I have thrown off and for a little while laid aside my proper self in your interest; or, if anything shall be said loosely or floridly, consider it suggested to me not by my own mind and disposition, but by the rule of the time and the genius of the place. Therefore, that which comedians are wont similarly to beg as they go off the stage, I entreat as I begin. *Plaudite et ridete.*"

The reader will understand that here Milton breaks off his serious introductory discourse, and dashes, as the leader of the absurdities of the day, into an expressly comic and even coarse harangue.

The Prolusion.

"By what merit of mine I have been created dictator of the labouring and all but down-tumbling commonwealth of fools, I am verily ignorant. Wherefore I, when that very chief and standard-bearer of all the Sophisters [who is meant I know not] was both eagerly ambitious of this office and would have most valiantly performed its duties? For that veteran soldier some little time ago laboriously led about fifty Sophisters armed with short bludgeons through the Barnwellian fields, and, being about to besiege the town, did in proper military fashion throw down the aqueduct, that he might force the townsmen to a surrender by thirst. But truly I mightily grieve that the gentleman has gone off, if, by his departure, he has left all of us Sophisters not only headless but also beheaded (*non solum ἀκεφάλους reliquit, sed et decollatos*).[1]

"And now, my hearers, suppose with yourselves that, though this is not the first of April, the feast of *Hilary* is near, dedicated to the

[1] The reader must make what he can of this passage, which seems to be a reference to some University frolic in which the town-conduit suffered, and the memory of which was still fresh.

mother of the gods, and that divine homage is paid to the god Laughter. Laugh, therefore, and raise a cachinnation from your saucy spleens, wear a cheerful front, hook your nostrils for fun, but don't turn up your noses; let all things ring with most abundant laughter, and let a still freer laugh shake out tears of joy, that, these being all exhausted with laughing, grief may not have a single drop left with which to grace her triumph. I, in truth, if I see any one laughing too niggardly with suppressed grinning, will say that he is hiding teeth either bad and decayed and covered with scurf, or sticking out all misplaced; or else that, in dining to-day, he has so filled his stomach *ut non audeat ilia ulterius distendere ad risum, ne præcinenti ori succinat, et ænigmata quædam nolens affutiat sua non Sphinx sed sphincter anus, quæ medicis interpretanda, non Œdipo, relinquo.*" * *

Here follows a long passage (not now very intelligible) alluding to certain portions of the ceremonial of the orgy over which the speaker was presiding—in particular to certain "fires," "flames," and "whirling clouds of smoke," with the College porter and his imps looming diabolically amidst them, through which, it appears, all had to pass on entering the hall, to join in the Saturnalia. This over, he resumes :—

"I return to you, my hearers. Repent not of so troublesome and formidable a journey hither. Lo! the entertainment prepared for you! the tables spread with quite Persian luxury, and loaded with the most exquisite dainties, such as would delight and appease the most Apician taste. They say that eight whole wild boars were set before Antony and Cleopatra at a feast; but here for you, for the first course, are fifty full-fed wild boars that have been soaked in pickle for three years, and are yet so brawny that they may well fatigue even your dog teeth [the older undergraduates, doubtless]. Next, as many capital oxen with splendid tails, just roasted before the door by our servant; but I fear they may have exuded all their juice into the dripping-pan. After them behold as many calf-heads, very crass and fleshy, but with a supply of brains so very small as not to suffice for seasoning. Then again also a hundred kids, more or less, but too lean, I think." * *

Besides these there are "rams," "Irish birds," "parrots," a "very fat turkey cock," "eggs," "apples," &c.—all metaphorical names, I suppose, for students or classes of students present. In the description of some of these metaphorical viands Milton (it is

right that the reader should know) is about as nauseous and obscene as the resources of the Latin dictionary could well enable one to be.

"But now I proceed to what more nearly concerns me. The Romans had their Floralia, rustics have their harvest-homes, bakers have their oven-warmings; and we also, being more particularly at this time free from cares and business, are wont to sport in a Socratic manner. Now, the Inns of Court (*hospitia leguleiorum*) have their Lords, as they call them, even thus indicating how ambitious they are of rank. But we, fellow-academicians, desiring as we do to get as near as possible to paternity, take pleasure in acting under a feigned name that part which certainly we dare not act unless in secret;[1] just as girls solemnly play at pretended weddings and child-births, thus catching at and enjoying the shadows of what they sigh for and desire. On what account this solemnity was let pass last year truly, I cannot truly divine, unless it was that those who were to act the part of Fathers behaved so valiantly in town, that he who had the care of the arrangements, pitying the labours they had undergone, voluntarily released them from their duty. But why is it that I am so suddenly made Father? Ye gods, support me! What prodigy is this, beating all Pliny's portents! Have I, for killing some snake, become liable to the fate of Tiresias? Has some Thessalian witch smeared me with magic ointment? *An denique ego a deo aliquo vitiatus, ut olim Cnæeus, virilitatem pactus sum stupri pretium, ut sic repente* ἐκ θηλείας εἰς ἄῤῥενα ἀλλαχθείην ἄν? By some of you I used lately to be nicknamed 'The Lady.'"

Here I must interrupt the speaker with an explanation. The original words in the last sentence are "*a quibusdam audivi nuper* '*Domina*,'" which might mean also, "I heard some of you lately call out 'Lady.'" In that case what follows would have to pass as said *extempore*. As this is unlikely, however, I have preferred the other translation. In any case we have the interesting fact here authenticated for us by Milton himself, that, at Christ's College, he used to go by the nickname of "the Lady." The fact is independently handed down to us by Aubrey, and, after him, by Wood. "He was so fair," says Aubrey, "that they called him 'the Lady of Christ's Coll.;'" and Wood says, "When he was a student in Cambridge, he was so fair and clear that many called him 'the Lady of Christ's College.'" From the sequel it will be seen, that

[1] On academic occasions of this kind, the elected president was called "The Father."

it was not only with reference to his clear complexion that this nickname was used.

"Why seem I then too little of a man? Is there no regard for Priscian? Do pert grammaticasters thus attribute the '*propria quæ maribus*' to the feminine gender? Is it because I never was able to quaff huge tankards lustily, or because my hands never grew hard by holding the plough, or because I never, like a seven years' herdsman, laid myself down and snored at midday; in fine, perchance, because I never proved my manhood in the same way as those debauched blackguards? I would they could as easily doff the ass as I can whatever of the woman is in me. But see how absurdly and unreflectingly they have upbraided me with that which I on the best of grounds will turn to my glory. For Demosthenes himself was also called too little of a man by his rivals and adversaries. Quintus Hortensius, too, the most renowned of all orators after M. Tullius, was nicknamed 'a Dionysiac singing-woman' by Lucius Torquatus. * *

"I turn me therefore, as Father, to my sons, of whom I behold a goodly number; and I see too that the mischievous little rogues acknowledge me to be their father by secretly bobbing their heads. Do you ask what are to be their names? I will not, by taking the names of dishes, give my sons to be eaten by you, for that would be too much akin to the ferocity of Tantalus and Lycaon; nor will I designate them by the names of parts of the body, lest you should think that I had begotten so many bits of men instead of whole men; nor is it my pleasure to call them after the kinds of wine, lest what I should say should be not according to Bacchus. I wish them to be named according to the number of the Predicaments, that so I may express their distinguished birth and their liberal manner of life; and by the same means I will take care that all be promoted to some degree before my death.[1] * *

"I do not wish, my children, in giving advice to you, to be excessively laborious, lest I should seem to have taken more pains in instructing you than in begetting you; only let each of you beware

[1] The joke (it may be necessary to explain) seems to be as follows:—"You have made me your *Father* on this occasion," says the speaker, "*that* being the name you bestow on your president on such solemnities. I accept the title, and fancy I see my sons. How shall the rogues be named? I will not call them *Beef, Mutton, Pork, Veal,* &c.; nor will I call them *Head, Neck, Breast, Back,* &c.; nor will I call them *Sack, Rhenish, Sherris,* &c. No; I will call them after the ten predicaments or categories of Aristotle."

lest of a son he become a nephew; and don't let my sons get drunk, if they would have me for a father. [There are puns in the Latin here which cannot be translated: "*Tantum caveat quisque ne ex filio fiat nepos; liberique mei ne colant Liberum, si me velint patrem.*"] If I give any advices, I think they ought to be proffered in the vernacular tongue; and I will make my utmost effort that you may understand all. But, first, Neptune, Apollo, Vulcan, and all the artificer-gods are to be implored by me, that they may have the goodness to strengthen my ribs with wooden stays or bind them round with plates of iron. Moreover, goddess Ceres is likewise to be supplicated by me, that, as she gave Pelops an ivory shoulder, in like manner she may deign to repair my almost exhausted sides. Nor is there reason why any one should be surprised if, after so great a bawling and the birth of so many sons, they should be a little weaker than usual. In these matters, therefore, I have in a Neronian sense delayed longer than enough; and now, leaping over the University Statutes, as if they were the walls of Romulus, I run across from Latin to English. Do you, whom such things please, now give me attentive ears and minds."

Here the orator, as he has just forewarned his hearers, breaks off his Latin prose harangue, and commences a peroration in English verse. This peroration is not included in the "*Prolusiones*" as published in 1674, and as sometimes since reprinted in Milton's Works; but the bulk of it had already appeared in a new edition of his "Miscellaneous Poems," published in the preceding year, 1673, and it is consequently to be seen still among his *poetical* writings. It is the piece headed: "*Anno ætatis* 19: *At a Vacation Exercise in the College, part Latin, part English: The Latin Speeches having ended, the English thus began*," &c.[1] As it stands in all our copies of the poet, detached from the exercise of which it formed a part, the piece is almost unintelligible; and I am glad to be able to restore it here, for the first time, to its proper connexion. The reader will see, however, that some parts are omitted, and the blanks filled up with explanatory prose. The piece must originally have been considerably longer: whence perhaps Milton's prayer for stronger ribs in order to do it justice after so much previous speaking.

[1] This heading fixes the date of the Exercise; which, however, is also indicated by allusions contained in it. The lines, as stated in the text, were first printed in 1673; having been omitted in the first edition of the Poems in 1645. In the volume of 1673, they are printed near the end; but there is a notice in the *Errata* directing them to be placed near the beginning, immediately after the Lines "*On the Death of a Fair Infant.*" They had probably, therefore, been recovered by Milton among his papers, as the volume was passing through the press; and possibly they were then recovered, because he was searching for the "*Prolusiones*" to eke out the prose volume which appeared in the following year.

"Hail! native language, that by sinews weak
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
And mad'st imperfect words, with childish trips,
Half-unpronounced, slide through my infant-lips,
Driving dumb Silence from the portal-door
Where he had mutely sat two years before!
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask
That now I use thee in my latter task:
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee;
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee:
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first;
Believe me I have thither packed the worst;
And, if it happen as I did forecast,
The daintiest dishes shall be served up last.
I pray thee, then, deny me not thy aid
For this same small neglect that I have made;
But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure—
Not those new-fangled toys and trimming slight
Which takes our late fantasticks with delight;
But cull those richest robes and gay'st attire,
Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire:
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their passage out;
And, weary of their place, do only stay
Till thou hast decked them in thy best array,
That so they may, without suspect or fears,
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears.
Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,
Thy service in some graver subject use,
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:—
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door
Look in, and see each blissful Deity,
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings
To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
Immortal nectar to her kingly sire;
Then, passing through the spheres of watchful fire,

And misty regions of wide air next under,
And hills of snow, and lofts of piled thunder,
May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves,
In Heaven's defiance muttering all his waves;
Then sing of secret things that came to pass
When beldame Nature in her cradle was;
And, last, of kings and queens and heroes old,
Such as the wise Demodocus once told
In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast,
While sad Ulysses' soul and all the rest
Are held, with his melodious harmony,
In willing chains and sweet captivity.
But fie! my wandering Muse, how thou dost stray!
Expectance calls thee now another way.
Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
To keep in compass of thy predicament;
Then quick about thy purposed business come,
That to the next I may resign my room.

The ENS *is represented as Father of the Predicaments, his ten Sons, whereof the Eldest stood for* SUBSTANCE, *with his canons; which* ENS, *thus speaking, explains:*" [1]

"Good luck befriend thee, Son; for, at thy birth,
"The faery ladies danced upon the hearth;
"Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she them did spy
"Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,

[1] The Aristotelian Categories or Predicaments (*i.e.* conditions or affections of real being, in one or other of which every object whatever must necessarily be predicated, if it is thought of at all) are all so many subdivisions of ENS or Being generally; which may therefore be called their Father. ENS or Being is subdivided into,—1. *Ens per se* or *Substance*, and, 2. *Ens per Accidens* or *Accident*. By farther subdivisions of *Accident*, there arise as its varieties these nine:—Quantity, Quality, Relation, Action, Passion, Place where, Time when, Posture, and Habit. These nine, together with *Substance*, make the *Ten* Predicaments; but it is evident that they are not of co-ordinate rank. *Substance* is clearly of greater importance than the other nine, which all arise out of Accident, and are so many modifications of Accident. He may well be called the eldest son of ENS, therefore. Milton, as Father, speaks for ENS, we may suppose; but whether, by way of keeping up the dramatic form, he got other students to represent the ten Predicaments, and either speak as his sons or be addressed by him in that capacity, we cannot say. *Substance*, it will be seen, makes no speech himself, but listens to one from ENS; Quantity and Quality do speak, but it is in prose; Relation also is called up and probably speaks; but what use was made of Action, Passion, Where, When, Posture, and Habit, is left untold.

" And, sweetly singing round about thy bed,
" Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head.
" She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still
" From eyes of mortals walk invisible.
" Yet there is something that doth force my fear ;
" For once it was my dismal hap to hear
" A sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
" That far events full wisely could presage,
" And, in Time's long and dark prospective glass,
" Foresaw what future days should bring to pass :
" ' Your son,' said she, ' (nor can you it prevent,),
" ' Shall subject be to many an *Accident.*
" ' O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king,
" ' Yet every one shall make him underling ;
" ' And those who cannot live from him asunder
" ' Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under.
" ' In worth and excellence he shall outgo them ;
" ' Yet, being above them, he shall be below them.
" ' From others he shall stand in need of nothing ;
" ' Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.
" ' To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
" ' And Peace shall lull him in her flowery lap ;
" ' Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
" ' Devouring war shall never cease to roar ;
" ' Yea, it shall be his natural property
" ' To harbour those that are at enmity.' "

What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot ?

" *The next*—Quantity *and* Quality—*spake in prose ;*" [the speeches of these two Predicaments, however, not being preserved ;] " *then* Relation *was called by his name.*

" Rivers, arise ; whether thou be the son
" Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulphy Dun,
" Or Trent, who, like some earth-born giant, spreads
" His thirty arms along the indented meads ;
" Or sullen Mole, that runneth underneath ;

"Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death;
"Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,
"Or coaly Tyne, or ancient hallowed Dee;
"Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name;
"Or Medway smooth, or royal-towerèd Thame."[1]

"*The Rest was Prose*" [and is wanting].

I shall not attempt any commentary upon this somewhat extraordinary production, but shall leave it to make its own impression. It will be seen, by those who have read it, that Milton's preliminary apology for anything in it that might be out of keeping with his usual character, was not altogether unnecessary. Every year there were in the University such revelries, in which the Latin tongue was ransacked for terms of buffoonery and scurrility, and the classic mythology for its gross anecdotes. From what I have seen of other extant specimens of such revelry, I think I can aver that Milton could beat the Clevelands and the Randolphs even in this sort of thing when he chose. His Latin fun, if not so brisk and easy as theirs, is more ponderous, outrageous, and smashing. I note, too, in comparing Milton's oratorical exercises generally with those of Cleveland and others,[2] that Milton's are uniformly much the longer. I fancy that his auditors may have thought him laborious and long-winded. The present oration, for example, cannot have occupied in the delivery less than an hour and a half.

Exercise VII.

This is also a long oration. It must have occupied about an hour in speaking. It was delivered in the chapel of the College, most probably in 1631-2, as the "Declamation," or, more probably, as part of the "Act" required of all intending commencers in the Master's degree. The proposition maintained is, that "Art [*i.e.* Knowledge] is more conducive to human happiness than Ignorance." The oration opens thus:—

"Although nothing is more agreeable and desirable to me, my hearers, than the sight of you and the constant company of gowned gentlemen, and also this honourable office of speaking, which on more occasions than one I have with no unpleasant pains discharged among you; yet, to confess the actual truth, it always so happens

[1] To these lines Warton appends this note:—"It is hard to say in what sense or in what manner this introduction of the rivers was to be applied to the subject." Probably, something is omitted which would have shown the appropriateness of the lines as an address to, or a speech of "Relation."

[2] Cleveland's Academic Orations and Prolusions, printed in his works in Latin, are worth looking at in connexion with Milton's.

that, though neither my genius nor the nature of my studies is at all out of keeping with the oratorical office, nevertheless I scarcely ever come to speak of my own free will and choice. Had it been in my power, I should not unwillingly have spared myself even thi evening's labour; for, as I have learned this from the books and sayings of the most learned men, that, no more in the orator than in the poet, can anything common or mediocre be tolerated, and that it behoves him who would truly be and be considered an orator, to be instructed and thoroughly finished in a certain circular education of all the arts and all science, so, my age not permitting this, I would rather be working with severe study for that true reputation, by the preliminary practice of the necessary means, than hurrying on a false reputation by a forced and precocious style. In which thought and purpose of my mind while I am daily tossed and kindled more and more, I have never experienced any hindrance and delay more grievous than the frequent mischief of interruption, and nothing more nurturing to my genius and conservative of its good health, as contra-distinguished from that of the body, than a learned and liberal leisure. This I would fain believe to be the divine sleep of Hesiod; these to be Endymion's nightly meetings with the Moon; this to be that retirement of Prometheus, under the guidance of Mercury, to the steepest solitudes of Mount Caucasus, where he became the wisest of gods and men, so that even Jupiter himself is said to have gone to consult him about the marriage of Thetis. I call to witness for myself the groves, and rivers, and the beloved village-elms (*dilectas villarum ulmos*), under which in the last past summer, (if it is right to speak the secrets of goddesses,) I remember so pleasantly having had supreme delight with the Muses; where I too, among rural scenes and remote forests, seemed as if I could have grown and vegetated through a hidden eternity. Here also I should have hoped for the same large liberty of retirement (*delitescendi copiam*), had not this troublesome business of speech-making quite unseasonably interposed itself; which so disagreeably drove off my sacred sleep, so drew off my mind fixed on other matters, and was such an impediment and burden among the precipitous difficulties of the Arts, that, losing all hope of continuing my quiet, I began sorrowfully to think how far off I was from that tranquillity which letters first promised me—that life would be bitter amid these heats and tossings, that it would be better even to have lost knowledge of the arts altogether. And so, scarce master of myself, I undertook the

rash design of praising Ignorance, as having none of these inflictions disturbing it; and I proposed as a subject of debate, which of the two, Art or Ignorance, made its votaries happier? I know not what it is, but either fate or my genius has willed that I should not depart from my once begun love of the Muses; nay, blind Chance herself, as if suddenly become prudent and provident, seems to have set herself against the same result. Sooner than I could have anticipated, Ignorance has found an advocate for herself; and Knowledge is left to be defended by me."[1] * *

After this characteristic introduction, Milton proceeds to his subject. The discourse—notwithstanding that the title of it has the trivial look common in such debating-society questions—is one of the noblest pieces of Latin prose ever penned by an Englishman. The Latin differs from Bacon's Latin precisely as Milton himself differed from Bacon. It is eloquent after a different fashion; a magnanimous chant rather than a splendid dissertation. It might be worth while to translate the whole into English, so as to compare Milton's essay "On the objects, pleasures and advantages of Knowledge" with others that are better known. Abbreviation here, however, may not be amiss.

"This I consider, my hearers, as known and received by all, that the great Maker of the Universe, when he had framed all else fleeting and subject to decay, did mingle with man, in addition to that of him which is mortal, a certain divine breath, and, as it were, part of Himself, immortal, indestructible, free from death and all hurt; which, after it had sojourned purely and holily for some time in the earth, as a heavenly visitant, should flutter upwards to its native heaven, and return to its proper place and country: accordingly, that nothing can deservedly be taken into account as among the causes of our happiness, unless it somehow or other regards both that everlasting life and this secular one."

This being his main proposition, he argues that it is only by the exercise of the soul in contemplation, so as to penetrate beyond the grosser aspects of phenomena to the cardinal *ideas* of things human and divine, that man can be true to his origin and destiny, and so in the highest sense happy. He then passes, in poetic rather than in logical order, to such thoughts related to his subject as successively present themselves.

[1] Milton had, it seems, proposed the subject of his present essay as one for debate, and had first thought of taking the side of Ignorance.

"That there have been many very learned men who were bad, many more who were slaves to anger, hatred, and evil lusts; and that, on the other hand, men ignorant of letters have proved themselves good and excellent—what of that? Is Ignorance the more blessed state? By no means! * * Where no Arts flourish, where all learning is exterminated, there there is no trace of a good man; but cruelty and horrid barbarism stalk abroad. I call as witness to this fact not one state, or province, or race, but Europe, the fourth part of the globe, over the whole of which some centuries past all good Arts had perished. The presiding Muses had then long left all Academies; blind inertness had invaded and occupied all things; nothing was heard in the schools except the impertinent dogmas of most stupid monks; the profane and formless monster, Ignorance, having forsooth obtained a gown, capered boastingly through our empty reading-desks and pulpits, and through our squalid cathedrals. Then piety languished, and Religion was extinguished and went to wreck, so that even but lately, and scarce even at this day, has there been a recovery from the heavy wound. But, truly, my hearers, it is sufficiently agreed upon, as an old maxim in philosophy, that the cognisance of every art and every science belongs only to the Intellect, but that the home and abode of the virtues and of goodness is the Will. Since, however, in the judgment of all, the human Intellect shines as chief and ruler over the other faculties of the mind, it governs and illuminates the Will itself, otherwise blind and dark; the Will, as the moon, then shining with borrowed light. Wherefore, though we concede and spontaneously allow that virtue without knowledge is better for a happy life than knowledge without virtue, yet, when once they have been mutually consociated by a happy connexion,—as they chiefly ought, and as very often happens,—then straightway Science appears and shines forth far superior, with countenance erect and lofty, and places itself on high with king and emperor Intellect, and thence regards as humble and low under foot whatever is done in the Will."

The orator then passes to civil life and to historical instances. After speaking of great princes who had voluntarily retired, in the end of their lives, into the recluse enjoyment of letters, as a happiness higher than that of conquest or statesmanship, he continues:—

"But the greatest share of civil happiness is generally made to consist in human companionship and the contracting of friendships.

Now, many complain that most very learned men are harsh, uncourteous, of ill-ordered manners, with no grace of speech for the conciliation of men's minds. I admit, indeed, that one who is almost wholly secluded and immersed in studies, is readier to address the gods than men—whether because he is generally at home with the gods, but a stranger and pilgrim in human affairs, or because the mind, having been made larger by the constant contemplation of divine things, and so wriggling with difficulty in the straits of the body, is less clever at the more exquisite gestures of salutation (*ad exquisitiores salutationum gesticulationes*). But if worthy and suitable friendships are formed by such a person, no one cherishes them more sacredly; for what can be imagined pleasanter or happier than those colloquies of learned and most grave men, such as the divine Plato is said to have often largely held under his plane-tree,—colloquies worthy, surely, to be received with the attentive silence of the whole human race flocking to hear! But to talk together stupidly, to humour one another in luxury and lusts—this is the friendship of Ignorance, or truly rather the ignorance of Friendship (*Ignorantiæ est amicitia, aut certe Amicitiæ ignorantia.*)

Moreover, if civil happiness consists in the honourable and liberal delectation of the mind, there is a pleasure in Learning and Art which easily surpasses all pleasures besides. What a thing it is to have compassed the whole humour of heaven and its stars; all the motions and vicissitudes of the air, whether it terrifies untaught minds by the august sound of its thunders, or by the blazing hair of its comets, or whether it stiffens into snow and hail, or whether it descends soft and placid in rain and dew; then to have thoroughly learnt the alternating winds, and all the exhalations or vapours which earth or sea gives forth; thereafter to have become skilled in the secret forces of plants and metals, and understanding in the nature and, if possible, the sensations of animals; further, to have studied the exact structure and medicine of the human body, and finally the divine *vis* and vigour of the mind, and whether any knowledge reaches us of what are called guardian spirits and genii and demons! There are other infinite things besides, a good part of which might be learnt before I could have enumerated them all. So, at length, my hearers, when once universal learning has finished its circles, the soul, not content with this darksome prison-house, will reach out far and wide till it shall have filled the world itself, and space beyond that, in the divine

expatiation of its magnitude. * * And what additional pleasure it is to the mind to wing its way through all the histories and local sites of nations, and to turn to the account of prudence and of morals, the conditions and mutations of kingdoms, states, cities, and peoples! This is, my hearers, to be present as if alive in every age, and to be born as it were coeval with Time itself; verily, while for the glory of our name we look forward into the future, this will be to extend and outstretch life backward from the womb, and to extort from unwilling fate a certain foregone immortality.

"I omit that, with which what else is there to be counted equivalent? To be the oracle of many nations; to have one's house a kind of temple; to be such as kings and commonwealths invite to come to them, such as neighbours and foreigners flock to visit, such as to have even once seen shall be boasted of by others as something meritorious—these are the rewards, these the fruits which Learning both can and often does secure for her votaries in private life. "But what," it will be said, "in public life?" It is true the reputation of learning has elevated few, nor has the reputation of goodness elevated many more, to the summit of actual majesty. And no wonder! Those men enjoy a kingdom in themselves far more glorious than all dominion over realms; and who, without incurring the obloquy of ambition, affects a double sovereignty? I will add this more, however, that there have been but two men yet who held in their possession as a gift from heaven the universal globe, and shared over all kings and dynasts an empire equal to that of the gods themselves — to wit, Alexander the Great and Octavius Cæsar, both of them pupils of philosophy. It is as if a kind of model of election had been divinely exhibited to men, to what sort of man above all the baton and reins of affairs ought to be entrusted (*Perinde ac si quoddam electionis exemplar divinitùs exhibitum esset hominibus, quali potissimùm viro clavam et habenas rerum credi oporteret*)."

The orator then discusses certain cases—particularly that of the ancient Spartans and that of the modern Turks—in which it might be said there had been powerful political rule by illiterate men. He disposes of this objection; and proceeds to consider the objection involved in the common complaint that "Life is short and Art long." With all deference to Galen, he says, as the author of that celebrated saying, it depends chiefly on two removable causes,—the one the bad tradition of Art itself, the other our own laziness,—that this saying does not give place to its opposite, "Life is long

and Art is short." In expounding this sentiment, he becomes more than Baconian in his measure of what is possible to man regulating his reason by right methods.

"If, by living modestly and temperately, we choose rather to tame the first impulses of fierce youth by reason and persevering constancy in study, preserving the heavenly vigour of the mind pure and untouched from all contagion and stain, it would be incredible, my hearers, to us looking back after a few years, what a space we should seem to have traversed, what a huge sea of learning to have over-navigated with placid voyage. To which, however, this will be an important help,—that one should know the Arts that are useful, and how rightly to select what is useful in the Arts. How many despicable trifles there are, in the first place, among grammarians and rhetoricians! You may hear some talking like barbarians, and others like infants, in teaching their own Art. What is Logic? The queen, truly, of Arts, if treated according to her worth! But alas! what madness there is in reason! Here it is not men, but clearly finches that live—live on thistles and thorns! O the hard bowels of those that reap them! Why should I repeat that what the Peripatetics call Metaphysics, is not a most rich Art, as the authority of great men assures me,—is not, I say, generally an Art at all, but an infamous tract of rocks, a kind of Lerna of sophisms invented to cause shipwrecks and breed pestilence? * * All those things which can be of no profit being deservedly contemned and cut off, it will be a matter of wonder how many whole years we shall save. * * If from boyhood we allow no day to pass without its lessons and diligent study, if in Art we wisely omit what is foreign, superfluous, useless, certainly, within the age of Alexander the Great, we shall have made a greater and more glorious conquest than that of the globe; and so far shall we be from accusing the brevity of life or the fatigue of Knowledge, that I believe we should be readier, like him of old, to weep and sob that there remained no more worlds for us to triumph over."

One last argument, he goes on to say, Ignorance may still plead on her side. It is this:—

"That, whereas a long series and downward course of years has celebrated the illustrious men of antiquity, we, on the other hand, are under a disadvantage by reason of the decrepit old age of the world and the fast approaching crash of all things; that if we

leave anything to be spoken of with eternal praise, our name has but a narrow space to have dealings with, inasmuch as there is scarcely any posterity to inherit its memory; that already in vain are so many books and excellent monuments of genius being produced which the world's coming pyre will burn in its conflagration!"

To this argument he answers as follows:—

"I do not deny that this may be likely; but, truly, not to wait for glory when one has done well—*that* itself is above all glory (*At verò non morari gloriam cum bene feceris, id supra omnem gloriam est*). What a nothing the happiness conferred on those very heroes of the past by the empty speech of men, no pleasure from which, no sense of it at all, could reach the absent and the dead! Let us expect an eternal life in which at least the memory of our good deeds on earth shall never perish; in which, if we have done anything fairly here, we shall be present to hear of it; in which, as many have speculated, they who have formerly, in this life passed virtuously, given all their time to good acts, and by them been helpful to men, shall be aggrandized with singular and supreme science above all the rest of the immortals."

Among the Academic exercises of Milton is clearly to be reckoned the short piece of Latin Iambic verse printed among his *Sylvæ*, under the title "*De Ideâ Platonica quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit*," ("Of the Platonic Idea, as Aristotle understood it.") In what year or in what circumstances it was composed, there is nothing to indicate; but it may be inserted here as an appendage to the series of the prose exercises. It is interesting as showing the nature of Milton's affection for Plato and his philosophy. The following is a literal version:—

"Say, ye guardian goddesses of the sacred groves; and thou, O Memory, thrice blessed mother of the nine deities; and thou, Eternity, who reclinest at leisure in thy immense and far distant cave, preserving the archives and the fixed laws of Jove, and the annals of heaven, and the anniversaries of the gods;—who was that Original after whose type cunning Nature shaped the human race, that eternal, incorrupt being, the coeval of the skies, one and universal, the copy of God? Not as the twin brother of virgin Pallas does he dwell, an internal product, in the mind of Jove; but, although of more general essence than Nature, yet he exists apart in the fashion

of one distinct being, and, wonderful to tell, is bound within a definite local space—whether, as an eternal companion of the stars, he roams the ranks of the tenfold Heaven, or inhabits that part of the moon's globe which neighbours the earth, or lies sluggish among the souls waiting for the bodies they are to enter by the oblivious waters of Lethe, or, mayhap, in some remote region of the earth, stalks, a huge giant, the archetype of man, and, larger than Atlas, the sustainer of the stars, raises his lofty head to the terror of the gods. Never did even the Dircæan Augur [Tiresias of Thebes], on whom his blindness conferred the gift of inner sight, behold him in secret vision; never did the offspring of Pleione [Mercury], descending in the silent night, show him to the sagacious prophet-choir; never was he known to the Assyrian priest, though he commemorates the long ancestry of ancient Ninus, and primeval Belus, and renowned Osiris: nay, nor has thrice great Hermes, glorious with his triple name, indicated, with all his occult science, any such object to the worshippers of Isis. But thou, perennial ornament of the groves of Academe, if thou wert really the first to introduce this monster of the fancy into the schools, wilt surely either straightway recal the banished poets into thy republic, as being the biggest fabler of them all, or wilt thyself migrate beyond the walls of the city thou hast founded.

"At, tu perenne ruris Academi decus,
(Hæc monstra si tu primus induxti scholis,)
Jam jam poetas urbis exules tuæ
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus;
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras."

This poem of Milton was reprinted, Warton tells us, in a burlesque book of the year 1715, as "a specimen of unintelligible metaphysics;" but the drift of it, it is to be hoped, will be clear enough to all who have heard of Plato and his ideas. The phrase "as understood by Aristotle," in the title, seems to indicate that Milton did not mean to commit himself to the representation as an absolutely fair one.

The reader will now, I think, agree with me that these Academic exercises of Milton possess a singular autobiographic value. They throw light upon much connected with Milton's career at Cambridge—the extent and nature of his reading; his habits and tastes as a student; the relation in

which he stood to the University system of his time, and to the new intellectual tendencies which were gradually affecting that system. They also settle in the most conclusive manner the fact, independently ascertained, that Milton passed through two stages in his career at the University—a stage of decided unpopularity, in his own College at least, which lasted till about 1628; and a final stage of triumph, when his powers were recognised, and he was treated, as he himself states, with quite unusual respect by the authorities of the House and by all who knew him. These same essays, however, taken along with the materials previously exhibited, afford us the means of now attempting, by way of summary, some more exact sketch of Milton's character as a whole, at the point of his life to which we have brought him.

When Milton left Cambridge in July 1632, he was twenty-three years and eight months old. In stature, therefore, at least, he was already whatever he was to be. "In stature," he says himself at a later period when driven to speak on the subject, "I confess I am not tall, but still of what is nearer to middle height than to little; and what if I were of little; of which stature have often been very great men both in peace and war—though why should that be called little which is great enough for virtue? ("*Staturâ, fateor, non sum procerâ, sed quæ mediocri tamen quàm parvæ propior sit; sed quid si parvâ, quâ et summi sæpe tum pace tum bello viri fuere—quanquam parva cur dicitur, quæ ad virtutem satis magna est?*"[1]) This is precise enough; but we have Aubrey's words to the same effect. "He was scarce so tall as I am," says Aubrey; to which, to make it more intelligible, he appends this marginal note:—"*Qu. Quot* feet I am high? *Resp.* of middle stature."—*i.e.* Milton was a little under middle height. "He had light brown hair," continues Aubrey,—putting the word "abrown" ("auburn") in the margin by way of synonym for "light brown;"—"his complexion exceeding fair; oval face; his eye a dark grey." As Milton himself says that his com-

[1] *Defensio Secunda* (written 1654): Works, VI. 266.

plexion, even in later life, was so much "the reverse of bloodless or pallid," that, on this ground alone, he was generally taken for ten years younger than he really was, Aubrey's "exceeding fair" must mean a very delicate white and red. Then, he was called "the lady" in his College—an epithet which implies that, with this unusually delicate complexion, the light brown hair falling to his ruff on both sides of his oval face, and his slender and elegant rather than massive or powerful form, there was a certain prevailing air of the feminine in his look. The feminine, however, was of that peculiar sort,—let connoisseurs determine what it is,—which could consist with clear eyes of a dark grey and with a "delicate and tunable voice," that could be firm in the low tenor notes and carry tolerably sonorous matter. And, lady-like as he was, there was nothing effeminate in his demeanour. "His deportment," says Wood, "was affable, his gait erect and manly, bespeaking courage and undauntedness." Here Wood apparently follows Milton's own account, where he tells us that in his youth he did not neglect "daily practice" with his sword, and that he was not so "very slight" ("*exilis admodum*"), but that "armed with it, as he generally was, he was in the habit of thinking himself quite a match for any one, even were he much the more robust, and of being perfectly at ease as to any injury that any one could offer him, man to man." ("*Eo accinctus, ut plerumque eram, cuivis vel multò robustiori exæquatum me putabam, securus quid mihi quis injuriæ, vir viro, inferre posset.*") As to the peculiar blending that there was of the feminine and the manly in the appearance of the "lady of Christ's," we have some means of judging for ourselves in a yet extant portrait of him, taken (doubtless to please his father) while he was still a Cambridge student. There could scarcely be a finer picture of pure and ingenuous English youth; and, if Milton had the portrait beside him when, in later life, he had to allude, in reply to his opponents, to the delicate subject of his personal appearance, there must have been a touch of slyness in his statement, that "so far as he knew he had never been thought ugly by any one who had seen him." In short, the tradi-

tion of his great personal beauty in youth requires no abatement.[1]

[1] This seems the place for an account of those portraits of Milton which belong to the period of his life embraced in the present volume—*i. e.* portraits of him taken prior to 1640, when he was in his thirty-second year.

So far as I can ascertain, there were two, and only two, original portraits of him belonging to this period—the one the portrait of him (supposed to be by Jansen) when he was a boy of ten; the other a portrait of him (artist unknown) when he was a student at Cambridge. The existence and the authenticity of these two portraits are certified beyond dispute. (1.) Aubrey mentions both as well known to himself, and as being still in the possession of Milton's widow in London, after her husband's death. What he says of the boy-portrait we have already seen (pp. 49-50.) Respecting the other, he says, "His widow has his picture drawn, very well and like, when a Cambridge scholar; which ought to be engraven, for the pictures before his books are not at all like him;" and a little farther on in the MS. Aubrey writes, by way of memorandum for himself, these words, "Write his name in red letters on his picture with his widow to preserve." (2.) The engraver Vertue, being engaged, in the year 1721, in engraving, for the first time, a head of Milton (of whom afterwards he executed so many engravings), was very anxious to know that the picture which had been put into his hands to be engraved, was an authentic likeness. For this purpose he saw the poet's youngest and only surviving daughter, Deborah Clarke, then living in Spitalfields. His account of the interview remains in a letter, dated August 12, 1721, addressed to Mr. Charles Christian, and now in the British Museum (Add. MS. 5016 * fo. 71). He says, "Pray inform my Lord Harley that I have on Thursday last seen the daughter of Milton the poet. I carried with me two or three different prints of Milton's picture, which she immediately knew to be like her father [these seem to have been prints after Faithorne's picture of him in later life], and told me her mother-in-law, living in Cheshire, had *two pictures of him, one when he was a schoolboy, and the other when he was above twenty.* She knows of no other picture of him, because she was several years in Ireland, both before and after his death. . . . I showed her the painting I have to engrave, which she believes *not* to be her father's picture, it being of a brown complexion, and black hair and curled locks. On the contrary, he was of a fair complexion, a little red in his cheeks, and light brown lank hair." Vertue then continues, "I desire you would acquaint Mr. Prior I was so unfortunate to wait upon him on Thursday morning last, after he was gone out of town. It was this intent, to inquire of him if he remembers a picture of Milton in the late Lord Dorset's collection, as I am told this was; or, if he can inform me how I shall inquire or know the truth of this affair, I should be much obliged to him, being very willing to have all certainty on that account before I begin to engrave the plate, that it may be the more satisfactory to the public as well as myself." (3.) As regards these two portraits mentioned by Aubrey and by Deborah Clarke, we know farther that they were in the possession of Milton's widow at Nantwich, Cheshire, at her death in 1727; for, in the inventory of her effects, one of the entries includes "Mr. Milton's pictures."

These two portraits, therefore, are the only two belonging to the earlier part of Milton's life, the authenticity of which seems positively guaranteed. There *may* have been others; but any portrait claiming to be a portrait of Milton prior to 1640, and not being one of the two above-mentioned, would require to have its authenticity sharply looked to. The question, therefore, is, Are these two indubitable portraits still extant? Respecting the first—the boy-portrait—there can be no doubt. I have already given full information (p. 50) respecting its history since it was in possession of Milton's widow; and, by the kindness of its proprietor, Mr. Disney, I have the satisfaction of giving in this volume a new engraving of it, taken from a photograph made for the purpose. Respecting the *other* portrait, the following information may be interesting. Vertue, whose veracity as an engraver was proverbial, and whose care to authenticate a suspicious picture of Milton put into his hands in 1721 we have already seen, did, ten years afterwards (1731), engrave a portrait of Milton as a young man—which portrait he had the pleasure of knowing to be *one of the two that had been mentioned to him by the poet's daughter.* It was then (1731) in the possession of the Right Honourable Arthur Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons, who had bought it from the executors of

In this "beautiful and well-proportioned body," to use Aubrey's words, there lodged "a harmonical and ingeniose soul." In describing that "soul" more minutely, I may be allowed to proceed in a somewhat gradual manner. I may be allowed also to avail myself, as I proceed, of such words of my own in a previous essay on the same subject, as appear to me still to express the truth.[1]

"The prevailing tone, the characteristic mood and disposition "of Milton's mind, even in his early youth, consisted," I have said, "in a deep and habitual *seriousness*." I used, and I now use, the word in no special or restricted sense. The seriousness of which I speak was a constitutional seriousness, ratified and nourished by rational reflection, rather than the assumed temper of a sect. From his childhood we see this seriousness in Milton, this tendency to the grave and earnest in his views of things. It continues with him as he grows up. It shows itself at the University, in an unusual studiousness and perseverance in the graver occupations of the place. It shows itself in an abstinence from many of those jocosities and frivolities which, even in his own judgment, were innocent enough, and quite permissible to those who cared for them.

Milton's widow, after her death in 1727. "*Joannes Milton, ætat.* 21, *ex picturâ archetypâ quæ penes est prænobilem Arthurum Onslow, Armig. Vertue Sc.* 1731," was the inscription on the quarto copy of the engraving; and there was also an octavo copy in the same year, with the inscription somewhat varied. There were repeated engravings of the same by Vertue in subsequent years, during Speaker Onslow's life—Vertue having apparently had a particular liking for the picture. Of some sixteen or eighteen engravings of Milton by Vertue (see Granger's Biog. Hist. and Bromley's Cat. of Brit. Port.), five or six are from this portrait; one of the last being that engraved for Newton's edition of Milton in 1747. The same "Onslow portrait," as it was called, was also engraved by Houbraken in 1741, by Cipriani in 1760 for Mr. Hollis (see Hollis's Memoirs), and by other artists; and, indeed, this is the foundation of all the common prints of Milton as a youth. The last engraving known to me as direct from the picture is a not very good one, published in 1794 by Boydell and Nicol, with this inscription, "*John Milton, ætat.* 21, *from the original picture in the possession of Lord Onslow, at Clandon in Surrey, purchased from the executor of Milton's widow by Arthur Onslow, Esq., Speaker of the House of Commons, as certified in his own handwriting on the back of the picture; W. N. Gardiner, Sculpt.*" (Speaker Onslow had died 1768, and his son had succeeded to the title of Lord Onslow 1776—raised to that of Earl 1801). The picture, I have been informed, is not in the possession of the present Earl of Onslow; nor, while I write this note, have I been able to ascertain where it is. It, doubtless, exists, however; and whoever has it ought to attach to it the above facts in its pedigree, to prevent mistake. Possibly Aubrey's intended authentication in "red letters" may be on the picture; which would be an additional circumstance of interest. For the present volume, the choice was—one of Vertue's engravings made between 1731 and 1756; Cipriani's of 1760; or Gardiner's of 1794. In every respect Vertue's are superior to the others; and I have selected as the best of Vertue's that of 1731.

[1] Essay on "Milton's Youth," in "Essays, Biographical and Critical, chiefly on English Poets," 1856.

"Festivities and jests in which I acknowledge my faculty to be very slight," are his own words on the subject. His pleasure in such pastimes was small; and, when he did good-humouredly throw himself into them, it was with an apology for being out of his element. But still more distinctly was the same seriousness of disposition shown in his notion as to where innocence in such things ended. In the nickname of "the lady," as applied to Milton by his College-fellows, we see, from his own interpretation of it, not only an allusion to his personal appearance, but also a charge of prudery. It was as if they called him "the Maid." He himself understands it so; and there are passages in some of his subsequent writings, in which he seems to regard it as due to himself, and as necessary to a proper appreciation of his whole career, that such references to the innocence of his youth should be interpreted quite literally.

So far, there can be no doubt that the example of Milton contradicts much that is commonly advanced by way of a theory of the poetical character. "Poets and artists," I have said, "are and ought to be distinguished, it is generally held, "by a predominance of sensibility over principle, an excess "of what Coleridge called the spiritual over what he called "the moral part of man. A nature built on quicksands, an "organization of nerve languid or tempestuous with occasion, "a soul falling and soaring, now subject to ecstasies and now "to remorses—such, it is supposed, and on no small induction "of actual instances, is, the appropriate constitution of the "poet. Mobility, absolute and entire destitution of principle "properly so called, capacity for varying the mood indefinitely "rather than for retaining and keeping up one moral gesture "or resolution through all moods—this, say the theorists, "is the essential thing in the structure of the artist. Against "the truth of this, as a maxim of universal application, the "character of Milton, like that of Wordsworth after him, is "a remarkable protest. Were it possible to place before the "theorists all the materials that exist for judging of Milton's "personal disposition as a young man, without exhibiting to "them at the same time the actual and early proofs of his "poetical genius, their conclusion, were they true to their

"theory, would necessarily be, that the basis of his nature "was too solid and immovable, the platform of personal aims "and aspirations over which his thoughts moved and had "footing too fixed and firm, to permit that he should have "been a poet. Nay, whosoever, even appreciating Milton as "a poet, shall come to the investigation of his writings, armed "with that preconception of the poetical character which is "sure to be derived from an intimacy with the character of "Shakespeare, will hardly escape some feeling of the same "kind. Seriousness, we repeat,—a solemn and even austere "demeanour of mind,—was the characteristic of Milton even "in his youth."

Connected with this austerity may be noted, as a peculiarity in Milton at the same period, a certain haughty, yet not immodest, self-esteem. Throughout all Milton's works there may be discerned a vein of noble egotism, of unbashful self-assertion. Often, in arguing with an opponent, he falls back out of the mere πίστις λογικὴ, or logical species of argument, into what Aristotle calls the πίστις ἠθικὴ, or argument from his own character; saying, as it were:—"Besides all my other reasonings, take this as the chief and conclusive one, that it is *I*, a man of such and such antecedents and with such and such powers, who affirm and maintain this." In his earlier life, of course, this feeling existed rather as an undefined consciousness of his superiority, a tendency silently and with satisfaction to compare his intellectual measure with that of others, a resolute ambition to be and to do something great. "Was esteemed to be a virtuous and sober person," is Wood's account of the impression made by Milton at the University, "yet not to be ignorant of his own parts." Wherever Wood picked up the last particular, it hits the truth exactly.

Here again I may be allowed to quote from myself. "One cannot help thinking" I have said, "that this particular "form of self-esteem goes along with that moral austerity of "character which has been alleged to be discernible in Milton "even in his youth, rather than with that temperament of "varying sensibility, which is, according to the general theory, "regarded as characteristic of the poet. Men of this latter

"type, as they vary in the entire mood of their mind, vary also "in their estimate of themselves. No permanent conscious- "ness of their own destiny, or of their own worth in com- "parison with others, belongs to them. In their moods of "elevation they are powers to move the world; but while the "impulse that has gone forth from them in one of these "moods, may be still thrilling its way onward in wider and "wider circles through the hearts of myriads they have never "seen, they, the fountains of the impulse, the spirit being "gone from them, may be sitting alone in the very spot and "amid the ashes of their triumph, sunken and dead, de- "spondent and self-accusing. It requires the evidence of "positive results, the assurance of other men's praises, the "visible presentation of effects which they cannot but trace "to themselves, to convince such men that they are or can do "anything. Whatever manifestations of egotism, whatever "strokes of self-assertion come from such men, come in the "very burst and phrensy of their passing resistlessness. The "calm, deliberate, and unshaken knowledge of their own "superiority is not theirs. Not so is it with Milton. As a "Christian, humiliation before God was a duty the meaning "of which he knew full well; but, as a man moving among other "men, he possessed in that moral seriousness and stoic scorn "of temptation which characterised him, a spring of ever- "present pride, dignifying his whole bearing among his fellows, "and at times arousing him to a kingly intolerance. In "short, instead of that dissatisfaction with self which we "trace as a not unfrequent feeling with Shakespeare, we find "in Milton, even in early youth, a recollection firm and "habitual that he was one of those servants to whom God "had entrusted the stewardship of ten talents."

We may now go a little farther. If there is this natural connexion between personal strictness of character and that courageous self-reliance and habitual power of self-assertion which we see in Milton and in men of his type,—if, in this peculiar sense, it *is* conscience that makes "cowards" (*i. e.* diffident men) of us all,—then, according to Milton's theory, there ought to be based on this fact a rule of self-conduct for all those who meditate great enterprises, and mean, as he did

to accomplish good before they die. In studying any character, it is above all satisfactory, when, from the man's own recorded sayings, whether in speeches or in writings, there can be gathered certain recurring propositions, certain favourite trains of thought and phraseology, expressing what were evidently "fixed ideas" in his mind, fundamental articles in his moral creed. Wherever this is possible (and, perhaps, biography ought to find it possible universally) we have the man defining himself. Now Milton's deepest "fixed idea," from his youth upwards, was that of the necessity of moral integrity to a life of truly great work or truly great endeavour of whatever kind. There is no idea which occurs oftener or is more emphatically stated in the course of his writings. We have already seen it recur very strikingly several times in the course of those of his writings as a student, which we have had already occasion to quote. Lest these passages, however, should be taken as mere gleams of vicarious rhetoric occurring where they might be supposed fitting, let us cite a passage, the personal reference of which is avowed and undoubted. In a controversial pamphlet written in 1642, and already more than once cited by us, as containing references to his early life, Milton, after speaking of his juvenile readings, and saying that his favourite authors at first were "the smooth elegiac poets," proceeds as follows :—

"Whence, having observed them to account it the chief glory of their wit, in that they were ablest to judge, to praise, and by that could esteem themselves worthiest to love, those high perfections which under one or other name they look to celebrate, I thought with myself, by every instinct and presage of nature, which is not wont to be false, that what emboldened them to this task might, with such diligence as they used, embolden me, and that what judgment, wit or elegance was my share, would herein best appear and best value itself, by how much more wisely and with more love of virtue I should choose (let rude ears be absent !) the object of not unlike praises. * * By the firm settling of these persuasions I became, to my best memory, so much a proficient, that, if I found those authors [Horace and Ovid, for example] anywhere speaking unworthy things of themselves, or unchaste of those names which before they had extolled, this effect it wrought with me: From that time forward their art I still applauded, but the men I deplored, and above them all preferred the two famous renowners of Beatrice and Laura [Dante and Petrarch], who never write but honour of them to whom they devote their verse, displaying sublime and pure

thoughts without transgression. And long it was not after when I was confirmed in this opinion, that *he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem*—that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroick men or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy. These reasonings, together with a certain niceness of nature, an honest haughtiness, and self-esteem either of what I was or what I might be (which let envy call pride), and lastly, that modesty whereof, though not in the title-page, yet here I may be excused to make some beseeming profession—all these, uniting the supply of their natural aid together, kept me still above those low descents of mind, beneath which he must deject and plunge himself that can agree to saleable and unlawful prostitutions.

"Next (for hear me out now, readers, that I may tell ye whither my younger feet wandered) I betook me among those lofty fables and romances [Spenser, &c.], which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious kings, and from hence had a renown over all Christendom. There I read it in the oath of every knight that he should defend, to the expense of his best blood, or of his life, if it so befell him, the honour and chastity of virgin or matron. From whence even then I learnt what a noble virtue chastity sure must be, to the defence of which so many worthies by such a dear adventure of themselves had sworn. And, if I found in the story afterward any of them by word or deed breaking that oath, I judged it the same fault of the poet as that which is attributed to Homer—to have written undecent things of the gods. Only this my mind gave me, that every free and gentle spirit, without that oath, ought to be born a knight, nor needed to expect the gilt spur, or the laying of a sword upon his shoulder, to stir him up both by his counsel and his arm to secure and protect the weakness of any attempted chastity. So that even those books which to many others have been the fuel of wantonness and loose living—I cannot think how unless by Divine indulgence—proved to me so many incitements, as you have heard, to the love and steadfast observation of that virtue which abhors the society of bordelloes.

"Thus, from the laureate fraternity of poets, riper years and the ceaseless round of study and reading led me to the shady spaces of philosophy, but chiefly to the divine volumes of Plato and his equal Xenophon. Where if I should tell ye what I learnt of chastity and love,—I mean that which is truly so, whose charming-cup is only virtue, which she bears in her hand to those who are worthy: the rest are cheated with a thick intoxicating potion which a certain sorceress, the abuser of Love's name, carries about,—and how the first and chiefest office of love begins and ends in the soul, producing those happy twins of her divine generation, Knowledge and Virtue, with such abstracted sublimities as these, it might be worth your

listening. * * This that I have hitherto related, hath been to show that, though Christianity had been but slightly taught me, yet a certain reservedness of natural disposition, and moral discipline learnt out of the noblest philosophy, was enough to keep me in disdain of far less incontinencies than this. But having had the doctrine of holy Scripture, unfolding these chaste and high mysteries, with timeliest care infused, that 'the body is for the Lord and the Lord for the body,' thus also I argued to myself—that, if unchastity in a woman, whom St. Paul terms the glory of man, be such a scandal and dishonour, then certainly in a man who is both the image and glory of God, it must, though commonly not so thought, be much more deflowering and dishonourable. * * Thus large I have purposely been, that, if I have been justly taxed with this crime, it may come upon me after all this my confession with a tenfold shame."[1]

Whoever would understand Milton must take the substance of this passage along with him, whether he has cause to like it or not. Popularly it may be expressed by saying that, whatever other authorities may be cited in support of the "wild oats" theory, Milton's authority is dead against it. It was his fixed idea that he who would not be frustrate of his hope of being great, or doing good hereafter, ought to be on his guard from the first against sensuality as a cause of spiritual incapacitation; and he was careful to regulate his own conduct by a recollection of this principle. As to the effects of the principle itself on his general career, and especially on his place and character among English poets, we shall have better opportunities of speaking hereafter; meanwhile, the fact that he held it with such tenacity is to be noted as the most characteristic circumstance of his youth, and as explaining, among other things, his self-confident demeanour.

But it is not only Milton's erect and manly demeanour that is explained by the fact in question. It helps to explain also another remarkable feature in his character, which the reader even of such specimens of his youthful writing as have hitherto been quoted cannot fail to have remarked,—the prevailing ideality of his conceptions, his tendency to the high and magnificent and contemplative, rather than to what might be called the common and practical and precise. Ideality, indeed, is the intellectual characteristic of the poet

[1] Apology for Smectymnuus: Works, III. 269—273.

as such; but there may be an ideality of the meaner and more ordinary as well as of the grander and more sublime. For some poets, accordingly, as Milton says, it might be no disqualification to be votaries of Ceres, Bacchus, and Venus. But for a poet such as *he* aspired to be it was different!

> "At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cœlum,
> Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,
> Et nunc sancta canit superûm consulta Deorum,
> Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,—"

for such a poet there must be peculiar regimen. Let *him* live sagely, soberly, austerely, like the anchorets and seers of old—

> "Qualis, veste nitens sacrâ et lustralibus undis,
> Surgis ad infensos augur iture deos."

Now, as it was Milton's ambition to be a poet of this order, not merely a *poeta* but a *vates*, so, in his case, the regimen prescribed seems to have had the effect anticipated. One can see how it should be so. Is it not noted that men trained too much in the social crowd, are apt, even if originally well endowed, to sink to a low and vulgar pitch of endeavour, to fly near the ground with gross wing themselves, and to regard all flight in others that leaves the ground very far beneath as madness, phantasy, and extravagance? Who so incredulous of heroism, who so impatient of "high art" as worldly wits? Who so contemptuous of any strain in any department that approaches what can be nicknamed "the romantic"? It is he, on the other hand, who has kept his soul pure and aloof, that still finds a grander world of realities to move in beyond the world of sense. It is to the pale solitary, stretched by his cave in the desert or on the mountain, with his beechen bowl of simple water beside him, or meditating alone in his quiet watch-tower, that Nature whispers her sublimer secrets, and that the lost knowledge of things comes once more in visions and in dreams. Did we live as erst did Pythagoras, should there not begin again to resound in our ears, faint at first, but gradually more and more clear and loud, that famous sphere-music of his, to which the orbs do keep time and the young-eyed cherubs do unceasingly listen, albeit to humanity

it has so long been a fable? So Milton argued, and so he proved in himself. When his earlier writings are compared with those of his coevals at the University, what strikes most, next to their infinitely greater merit altogether, is their more ideal tone. As, more than any of them, he was conscious of the "*os magna sonaturum*," the mouth formed for great utterances, so all that he does utter has a certain character and form of magnitude. The stars, the gods, time, space, Jove, immortality, these and all other such-like notions and existences of the vast, which men in general treat as belonging to the high Platonic sphere of intellect, and mention but rarely, and then apologetically and with a kind of shame,—what are they but the intellectual commonplaces of young Milton, the phrases which his voice most fondly rolls, the themes to which his young soul habitually tends? The very rhythm of his sentences corresponds. In his Latin poems and College exercises, in particular, there is a prevailing tone of the grandiose and magniloquent which his college-fellows must have noted, and which might even then, as being characteristic, have been named or nicknamed the Miltonic. And so when, in the course of one of these exercises, he tells to what strain in his native tongue his genius tended most, it is,—

> "Such where the deep transported mind may soar
> Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door
> Look in, and see each blessful deity,
> How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
> Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings
> To the touch of golden wires."

Along with this soaring tendency to the supra-terrestrial, there may be noted, however, as rendered compatible with it by Milton's peculiar character, a very decided dogmatism in all terrestrial matters. Here again Milton contradicts the usual theory of the poetical character. As it is supposed that the poet should be characterised by mobility of nerve rather than decision of principle, so it is supposed that the poet should not be dogmatic or opinionative, should not have definite personal conclusions leading him to dictate to men in respect of their beliefs or their conduct. "I have actually

no opinions of my own whatever, except on matters of taste," is a saying of the poet Keats. Not even in his tenderest youth could this have been said of Milton. There was from the first an unusually strong element of opinionativeness in him. He was a severe critic of what he saw; and, as he was serious and austere in the rule of his own actions, so he confronted the actions of others with a strict judicial gaze. He had his opinions as to the state of the University and the reforms there necessary; and probably also he had views as decided respecting public and political affairs. How this blending in his constitution of the poet with the man of dogma is to be reconciled with the true theory of poetical genius, will be a more proper subject of consideration when we have more of his life in retrospect.

In one quality which sometimes comes to the rescue of men of austere conduct personally, so as to impart a breadth and toleration to their judgments of others, Milton was somewhat deficient. "There are and have been men as strict and austere "as he, who yet, by means of a large endowment in the quality "of *humour*, have been able to reconcile themselves to much in "human life lying far away from, and even far beneath, the "sphere of their own practice and conscientious liking. As "Pantagruel, the noble and meditative, endured and even "loved those immortal companions of his, the boisterous and "profane Friar John, and the cowardly and impish Panurge, "so these men, remaining themselves with all rigour and "punctuality within the limits of sober and exemplary life, "are seen extending their regards to the persons and the "doings of a whole circle of reprobate Falstaffs, Pistols, Clowns, "and Sir Toby Belches. They cannot help it. They may "and often do blame themselves for it; they wish that, in "their intercourse with the world, they could more habitually "turn the austere and judicial side of their character to the "scenes and incidents that there present themselves, simply "saying of each, 'that is right and worthy,' or 'that is wrong "and unworthy,' and treating it accordingly. But they break "down in the trial. Suddenly some incident presents itself "which is not only right but clumsy, or not only wrong but

"comic; and straightway the austere side of their character "wheels round to the back, and judge, jury, and witnesses are "convulsed with untimely laughter." It was not so with Milton. He could, occasionally, when he chose, condescend to mirth and jocosity, but it was not as one to whom the element was natural. That he had plenty of wit and power of sarcasm, and also that in a ponderous way he could revel in ludicrous images and details, we have already seen; but one would hardly single out humour as one of his chief characteristics.

"That office, however, which humour did not perform for "Milton in his first intercourse as a young student with the "world of past and present things, was in part performed by "what he did in large measure possess—intellectual *inqui-*"*sitiveness*." As Milton had by nature an intellect of the highest power, so even in youth he jealously asserted its rights. There was no narrowness even then in his notions of what it was lawful for him to read and study, or even to see and experience. He read, as he himself tells us, books which he considered immoral, and from which young men in general derived little that was good. He thought himself quite at liberty also to indulge in his love of art and music, and to attend theatrical performances, and laugh at what was absurd in them. Probably there was not a youth at Cambridge who would have more daringly resented any interference with his intellectual freedom from any quarter whatsoever. They might call him "the lady" at Christ's College with respect to his personal demeanour; but he could show on occasion that he had no need to yield to the roughest of them with respect to the extent of his information. In fine, I can say for myself, that, having read much in the writings, both in prose and in verse, both in Latin and in English, that remain to show what kind of men were the most eminent by reputation and the highest by place among Milton's academic contemporaries from 1625 to 1632, I have no doubt whatever left that, not in promise merely, but in actual faculty and acquisition while he yet moved amidst them, Milton was without an equal in the whole University.

CHAPTER V.

CHURCH AND GOVERNMENT: BISHOP LAUD.

1632.

When Milton went to Cambridge, it had been with the intention that he should enter the Church. Before he had taken his Master's degree, however, this intention had been entirely or all but entirely abandoned. There exists an interesting letter of his, written about the very time when his determination against the Church began to be taken; and in this letter he describes the reasons of his hesitation at some length. The letter, of which there are two drafts in Milton's handwriting in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, must have been written in December 1631, or in the early part of 1631-2; and it was clearly sent, or meant to be sent, to some friend in Cambridge, his senior in years, who had been remonstrating with him on his aimless course of life at the University. The letter has been alluded to in its proper place in the preceding chapter, but it has been reserved to be quoted here:[1]—

"Sir,—Besides that in sundry respects I must acknowledge me to profit by you whenever we meet, you are often to me, and were yesterday especially, as a good watchman to admonish that the hours of the night pass on (for so I call my life, as yet obscure and unserviceable to mankind), and that the day with me is at hand, wherein Christ commands all to labour, while there is light. Which because I am persuaded you do to no other purpose than out of a true desire

[1] I quote the second draft, which is much the longer; but both drafts are printed in Birch's Life of Milton, prefixed to his edition of Milton's Works (vol. I. pp. iv.—vi.), and there is some interest in comparing them. In the second draft, Milton is content, for the first few sentences, with simply correcting the language of the first; but in the remaining portion he throws the first draft all but entirely aside, and re-writes the same meaning more at large in a series of new sentences. Evidently he took pains with the letter.

that God should be honoured in every one, I therefore think myself bound, though unasked, to give you an account, as oft as occasion is, of this my tardy moving, according to the precept of my conscience, which I firmly trust is not without God. Yet now I will not strain for any set apology, but only refer myself to what my mind shall have at any time to declare herself at her best ease.

"But if you think, as you said, that too much love of learning is in fault, and that I have given up myself to dream away my years in the arms of studious retirement, like Endymion with the moon, as the tale of Latmus goes; yet consider that if it were no more but the mere love of learning—whether it proceed from a principle bad, good, or natural—it could not have held out thus long against so strong opposition on the other side of every kind. For, if it be bad, why should not all the fond hopes that forward youth and vanity are fledge with, together with gain, pride, and ambition, call me forward more powerfully than a poor, regardless, and unprofitable sin of curiosity should be able to withhold me; whereby a man cuts himself off from all action, and becomes the most helpless, pusillanimous, and unweaponed creature in the world, the most unfit and unable to do that which all mortals most aspire to—either to be useful to his friends or to offend his enemies? Or, if it be to be thought a natural proneness, there is against that a much more potent inclination inbred, which about this time of a man's life solicits most—the desire of house and family of his own; to which nothing is esteemed more helpful than the early entering into credible employment, and nothing hindering than this affected solitariness. And though this were enough, yet there is another act, if not of pure, yet of refined nature, no less available to dissuade prolonged obscurity—a desire of honour and repute and immortal fame, seated in the breast of every true scholar; which all make haste to by the readiest ways of publishing and divulging conceived merits—as well those that shall, as those that never shall, obtain it. Nature, therefore, would presently work the more prevalent way, if there were nothing but this inferior bent of herself to restrain her. Lastly, the love of learning, as it is the pursuit of something good, it would sooner follow the more excellent and supreme good known and presented, and so be quickly diverted from the empty and fantastic chase of shadows and notions, to the solid good flowing from due and timely obedience to that command in the Gospel set out by the terrible feasing of him that hid the talent.

"It is more probable, therefore, that not the endless delight of speculation, but this very consideration of that great commandment, does not press forward, as soon as many do, to undergo, but keeps off, with a sacred reverence and religious advisement how *best* to undergo—not taking thought of being *late*, so it give advantage to be more *fit;* for those that were latest lost nothing, when the master of the vineyard came to give each one his hire. And here I am come to a stream-head, copious enough to disburden itself, like Nilus, at seven mouths into an ocean. But then I should also run into a reciprocal contradiction of ebbing and flowing at once, and do that which I excuse myself for not doing—preach and not preach. Yet, that you may see that I am something suspicious of myself, and do take notice of a certain belatedness in me, I am the bolder to send you some of my nightward thoughts some while since, because they come in not altogether unfitly, made up in a Petrarchian stanza, which I told you of:—

[On his being arrived at the age of 23.]

'How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stol'n on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear
Than some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.
Yet be it less, or more, or soon, or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.'[1]

"By this I believe you may well repent of having made mention at all of this matter; for, if I have not all this while won you to this, I have certainly wearied you of it. This, therefore, alone may be a sufficient reason for me to keep me as I am, lest having thus

[1] This sonnet, originally published in 1645, with the heading given in the text, fixes the date of the letter. The sonnet must have been written on or near the 9th of December, 1631; the letter may have been written a month or two later.

tired you singly, I should deal worse with a whole congregation, and spoil all the patience of a parish; for I myself do not only see my own tediousness, but now grow offended with it, that has hindered me thus long from coming to the last and best *period* of my letter, and that which must now chiefly work my pardon,—that I am

"Your true and unfeigned friend," &c.

In this letter, it will be perceived, Milton says nothing of any conscientious objections he may have entertained against the doctrine or discipline of the Church. All that he says is that he did not yet see his way clear to the ministerial office, and preferred waiting, even at the risk of being late in his decision. There can be no doubt, however, that, even at the time the letter was written, the chief reason of his reluctance *was* that which, ten years afterwards, he expressed more boldly as follows:—

"The Church, to whose service, by the intentions of my parents and friends, I was destined of a child, and in mine own resolutions, till, coming to some maturity of years, and perceiving what tyranny had invaded in the Church—that he who would take orders must subscribe slave, and take an oath withal, which unless he took with a conscience that would retch, he must either straight perjure or split his faith—I thought it better to prefer a blameless silence before the sacred office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and forswearing. Howsoever thus Church-outed by the prelates, hence may appear the right I have to meddle in these matters as before the necessity and constraint appeared."[1]

Milton here refers expressly to the subscriptions and oaths which were required of candidates for holy orders, as having been among the causes that deterred him from the Church. Seeing, however, that these subscriptions and oaths involved, formally, nothing that he had not submitted to already during his connexion with the University—the *subscriptions* required by law of candidates for the ministry being simply to those three articles of the Thirty-sixth Canon to which Milton had twice set his hand already in taking his University degrees; and the accompanying *oaths* being simply certain oaths of allegiance, supremacy, and canonical obedience, which might be considered as really involved

[1] The Reason of Church-Government (1641): Works, III. 150.

in the act of subscription—Milton's meaning in the above statement is liable to some latitude of interpretation. What he had in view, when he hesitated to become a clergyman, was, in all probability, less the letter of the articles to be subscribed and of the oaths to be taken, than the general condition of the Church at that particular time,—which condition may have been such, in his opinion, as to invest the subscription and the oaths with a more repulsive character than, in other circumstances, or at an earlier period, it might have been necessary to suppose in them. Whether it was so or not will be better seen if we give a sketch here of the state of the Church of England at and about the year 1632—a sketch which is, at all events, necessary in an account of the life of Milton.

The entire population of England in 1632 may be reckoned at something under five millions. Though all of these were considered to belong legally to the Church of England, there were exceptions in fact. I. *The Papists or Recusants.* The proportion of these to the entire population of the country cannot be exactly estimated. In the early part of Elizabeth's reign they are said to have amounted to one-third of the population, but this proportion had been immensely diminished during her reign and that of her successor. The degree of rigour with which the laws against Catholics were enforced, had varied from time to time in both reigns according to ideas of state necessity, and more particularly according to the varying relations in which England stood to the Catholic powers abroad. About the middle of the reign of Elizabeth, when the Pope had excommunicated her and her subjects, and the English Catholics were supposed to be in traitorous correspondence with the Spanish invader, many priests and Jesuits had been executed; but, on the whole, towards the end of her reign, though the minor penalties of fine and imprisonment continued to be inflicted annually on considerable numbers of recusants, the condition of the English Catholics had been such that their confidence had increased. Under James, the Gunpowder Plot had furnished for many years a reason for

renewed severity; but about the year 1622, when the Spanish match was on hand, there had been a sudden tendency the other way. While the match was pending, Catholic meetings for worship were openly held in London; Jesuits and friars went about freely; nunneries, &c. were established; and Richard Smith, as Bishop of Chalcedon, came over from the Continent to exercise jurisdiction over the English Catholics and appoint subordinate Archdeacons, &c. Even after the Spanish match was broken off, and Charles I. sat on the throne with the French princess, Henrietta Maria, for his queen, the same reasons of state operated in favour of the Papists. While the Queen had her private chapel and confessors, it was not to be expected that her husband would be more severe against his Catholic subjects than he could help. At all events, after Charles had dismissed his Parliament in 1629, and had been governing on his own account, he showed no extraordinary alacrity against the Catholics; who from that time, on the contrary, were regarded as a class of his subjects whose loyalty it would be worth while to cultivate against a possible emergency. According to a Remonstrance which had been drawn up by the Commons, there were about ninety Papists, or suspected Papists, some of them noblemen and the rest knights or gentlemen, in places of political or civil trust about the court or elsewhere; and Catholic historians give a list of 193 gentlemen of property and distinction, who from this time forward, during the rest of Charles's reign, represented Catholicism in a more or less resolute manner in different English counties.[1] II. *The Separatists or Dissenters.* These were but a handful numerically, consisting of such Puritans as had considered themselves bound, whether on doctrinal or on ritual grounds, to separate from the Church of England and set up a worship of their own. The majority of those whose Puritanism had led them thus far had found it necessary to emigrate to Holland or to America; but some remained at home, an almost imperceptible leaven in English society. The Independent congregation, which had been founded in London in 1616 by Henry Jacob, still continued to exist under the

[1] Dod's Church History: *temp.* Charles I.

ministry of Mr. John Lathorp, formerly a Church clergyman of Kent; as distinct from the Independents, there were a few scores of Baptists in London, in Norwich, and elsewhere, who met secretly for mutual encouragement in brewhouses and barns; and, as distinct from both of these sects, and less worthy of respect than either, were the so-called Familists or Ranters.

Both Papists and Separatists, however, were exceptional bodies, existing at the peril of the law; and the theory that the whole population of England belonged to the Church of England was still in substantial correspondence with the fact. There were, in all, 9,284 parish churches in England, endowed with glebe and tithes, and each provided with its minister appointed to the spiritual charge of all within his parish.[1] Of these 9,284 parochial charges, only 5,439 were filled by "rectors" regularly appointed by patrons, and enjoying the full rights of the benefices; the remaining 3,845 being either *appropriated* (*i. e.* in the possession of Bishops, Cathedrals and Colleges, who, being themselves therefore both patrons and rectors, performed the duties generally by means of deputies named "vicars," to whom they allowed only a part of the tithes), or *impropriated* (*i. e.* in the possession of laymen, to whose ancestors or legal antecessors they had been given at the Reformation, and who also paid "vicars" to do the work, retaining the rest of the fruits for themselves). In addition, however, to these 9,284 parish clergymen known as "rectors" or "vicars," there were the two Archbishops, the twenty-five Bishops, the Deans, the Archdeacons, &c. and the great body of "curates" or assistants to the parochial clergy. Moreover, a class of ministers of considerable importance at this time, though not very numerous, were the so-called "Lecturers." These were men who, having obtained the necessary licence from the ecclesiastical authorities, were supported by voluntary contributions, and employed simply as preachers in localities where there was a deficiency of the ordinary clerical means, or where the people were unusually zealous. They had no local cure of souls, and did not perform Church rites, but confined themselves to religious teaching and discoursing on market-days or

[1] Fuller, Church History: *sub anno* 1630.

on Sunday afternoons. They were first heard of in Elizabeth's reign, when the Puritan laity in towns, on the one hand, were glad to have such a lawful means of access to doctrine more to their taste than was always supplied by the parish clergy, and when, on the other hand, many Puritans, educated for the ministry, were glad to have the opportunity of following their calling without such a degree of conformity to Church discipline as would have been necessary if they took full priest's orders and accepted parochial livings. About the beginning of the reign of Charles, there was a movement among the Puritans for their increase; and a scheme for that purpose, among others, had been set on foot by the Puritan leader, Dr. Preston. A committee of twelve persons was appointed, four of whom were divines; four, lawyers; and four, respectable London merchants. Among the clerical members of the committee were Sibbes of Cambridge and Mr. Stocke of Allhallows. The twelve, acting as trustees, were to apply such funds as might be collected by themselves or others to the purchase of lay impropriations as they came into the market. When a lay impropriation was thus bought, it would be in the power of the trustees, not only to appoint, as patrons, a minister of the right sort, but also to apply the residue of the tithes to their proper spiritual destination by using them for the support of "lecturers" over the country. The scheme was a good one. In the course of five years, it is true, only thirteen impropriations were bought in, at an expense of between five and six thousand pounds, supplied chiefly by wealthy Puritans of London; but it was calculated that in the course of fifty years *all* would be bought in, and the Church would be thus rid of one particular scandal.[1]

Such, as regards the number and classification of the clergy, was the Church of England in 1632. The grand fact in the *internal* constitution of the Church, whether as regarded the clergy or the people, was their distribution into two great parties—the Prelatical or Hierarchical party; and the Puritan or Nonconformist party, who, though included within the Church, were not at ease in it, and were urgent for farther

[1] Fuller's Church History: *sub anno* 1630; and Neal's Puritans, II. 221-2.

reforms. This division into parties, as all know, was as old as the Reformation itself, and had been bequeathed in full vigour out of the reign of Elizabeth into that of James.

The condition and the aims of the Puritan party in the Church of England at the time of James's accession (1603) are best inferred from the "millenary petition" which they presented to the King on his coming to England. The petition was signed by 750 ministers out of five-and-twenty counties; but in the petition itself, it was said to represent the views of "more than a thousand ministers" altogether. Numerically, therefore, the ascertained Puritans in the Church at that time were about a ninth part of the whole parish clergy. Some of the reforms for which they pressed in the petition were of a kind relating more to the general management of the Church than to the relief of their own consciences. They prayed, for example, that none should be admitted into the ministry but able men; that all ministers should be required to preach on the Lord's Day, and that ministers incapable of preaching should be removed or obliged to provide preachers; that non-residency should not be allowed; that bishops should not hold additional livings *in commendam;* that impropriations annexed to bishoprics and colleges should be converted into regular rectorial livings, and lay impropriations mulcted of a portion of their profits for the support of preachers; that there should be no more excommunication "for twelve-penny matters;" and that the ecclesiastical courts should be kept under better control. Some parts of the petition, however, are of a nature more closely affecting the consciences of the petitioners. They petition that in future no subscription be required from ministers except to the Thirty-nine Articles, and the King's supremacy. They petition farther, "that the cross in baptism, the interrogatories to infants, baptism by women, and confirmation be taken away; that the cap and surplice be not urged; that the ring in marriage be dispensed with; that the service be abridged; that church songs and music be moderated to better edification; that the Lord's Day be not profaned, nor the observation of other holidays strictly enjoined; that ministers be not charged to teach their people to bow at the name of

Jesus; and that none but canonical Scriptures be read in the Church." In all this, it will be seen, scarcely any dissatisfaction is expressed with the essential doctrine of the Church, but only with certain of its rites and ceremonies, as either positively sinful or inexpedient and mischievous.

With the exception of one or two small concessions, the Puritans gained nothing by their millenary petition, or by the Hampton Court Conferences which grew out of it. On the contrary, they lost by them. The King declared himself at once against the Puritans; and the Bishops, the Universities, and the hierarchical clergy rallying all their strength under his encouragement, there were passed in the Convocation of 1603-4, and ratified by royal authority, the famous 141 Canons which settled for that reign and for a portion of the next the whole constitution of the Church. We have seen how by the 36th of these Canons the practice of subscription was made more stringent than ever; and one or two of the other Canons may here be quoted:—

Canon VI. Whosoever shall affirm that the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England by law established are wicked, anti-Christian, superstitious, or such as, being commanded by lawful authority, men who are zealously and godly affected may not with any good conscience approve them, use them, or, as occasion requireth, subscribe unto them, let him be excommunicated *ipso facto*, and not restored, &c. till after his repentance, &c.

Canon VII. Whosoever shall affirm the government of the Church of England by archbishops, bishops, deans, and archdeacons, and the rest that bear office in the same, is anti-Christian or repugnant to the word of God, let him be excommunicated *ipso facto*, and not restored, &c.

Canon X. Whosoever shall affirm that such ministers as refuse to subscribe to the form and manner of God's worship in the Church of England, and their adherents, may truly take to themselves the name of another Church not established by law, and shall publish that their pretended Church has groaned under the burden of certain grievances imposed on them by the Church of England, let them be excommunicated *ipso facto*, and not restored, &c.

Canon XVIII. In the time of divine service and of every part thereof all due reverence is to be used. * * And likewise, when, in time of divine service, the Lord Jesus shall be mentioned, due and lowly reverence shall be done by all persons present, as it hath been accustomed. * *

Canon XXXVIII. If any minister, after he hath once subscribed to the said Three Articles, shall omit to use the form of prayer or any of the orders or ceremonies prescribed in the Communion Book, let him be suspended; and if, after a month, he do not reform and submit himself, let him be excommunicated; and then, if he shall not submit himself within the space of another month, let him be deposed from the ministry.

Canon LVIII. Every minister, saying the public prayers, or ministering the sacraments or other rites of the Church, shall wear a decent and comely surplice with sleeves, to be provided at the charge of the parish; and, if any question arise touching the matter, decency, or comeliness thereof, the same shall be decided by the discretion of the Ordinary. Furthermore, such ministers as are graduates shall wear upon their surplices at such times such hoods as by the orders of the University are agreeable to their degrees; which no minister shall wear, being no graduate, under pain of suspension. Notwithstanding, it shall be lawful for such ministers as are not graduates to wear upon their surplices, instead of hoods, some decent tippet of black, so it be not silk.

Canon LXXIV. The true, ancient, and flourishing Churches of Christ, being ever desirous that their prelacy and clergy might be had as well in outward reverence as otherwise regarded for the worthiness of their ministry, did think it fit, by a prescript form of decent and comely apparel, to have them known to the people, and thereby to receive the honour and estimation due to the special messengers and ministers of Almighty God. We, therefore, following their grave judgment and the ancient custom of the Church of England, and hoping that in time newfangleness of apparel in some factious persons will die of itself, do constitute and appoint, that the archbishops and bishops shall not intermit to use the accustomed apparel of their degrees; likewise all deans, masters of colleges, archdeacons, and prebendaries in cathedral and collegiate churches (being priests or deacons), doctors in divinity, law, and physic; bachelors in divinity, masters of arts and bachelors of law, having any ecclesiastical living, shall usually wear gowns with standing collars and sleeves straight at the hands, or wide sleeves, as is used in the Universities, with hoods or tippets of silk or sarcenet, and square caps: And that all other ministers admitted or to be admitted into that function shall also usually wear the like apparel as is aforesaid, except tippets only. We do further, in like manner, ordain that all the said ecclesiastical persons above mentioned shall usually wear in their journeys cloaks with sleeves, commonly called priests' cloaks, without guards, welts, long buttons, or cuts. And no ecclesiastical person shall wear any coif or wrought nightcap, but only plain nightcaps of black silk, satin, or velvet. In all which particulars concerning the apparel here prescribed our meaning is, not to attribute any holiness or special worthiness to the said garments, but for decency, gravity, and order, as is above

specified. In private houses and in their studies, the said persons ecclesiastical may use any comely and scholar-like apparel, provided it be not cut or pinkt; and that in public they go not in their doublet and hose, without coats or cassocks; and also that they wear not any light-coloured stockings. Likewise, poor beneficed men and curates (not being able to provide themselves long gowns) may go in short gowns of the fashion aforesaid.

For six years after the promulgation of the Canons the Puritans had need of all their patience. Bancroft, who succeeded Whitgift as Archbishop of Canterbury in 1604, and who held the primacy till his death in 1610, was perhaps the most zealous for conformity of all the prelates in the Church; and, during his primacy, it was the part of the King and his chief counsellors, rather to moderate than stimulate his activity. Many Nonconformists were deprived and imprisoned, or driven into exile. The consequence was that the controversy waxed hotter and deeper. Pamphlets were printed secretly at home, or imported from Holland, in which opinions were broached far in advance of any that had appeared in the millenary petition. Some of the more daring began to debate the lawfulness and necessity of separating from the Church of England altogether; and propositions such as the following found favour with at least a section:—"That all inventions of men, especially such as have been abused to idolatry, are to be excluded out of the exercises of religion;" "That every congregation or assembly of men ordinarily joining together in the true worship of God is a true visible Church of Christ;" and "that Christ has not subjected any such Church or congregation to any other superior ecclesiastical jurisdiction than to that which is within itself;" "That there are not, by Divine institution, any ordinary, national, provincial, or diocesan pastors, to whom the pastors of particular churches are to be subject;" "That the supreme office of the pastor is to preach the Word publicly;" and "That all archbishops, bishops, deans, officials, &c. hold their offices at the King's will and pleasure, merely *jure humano*." Here, as held by the extremest sect of the Puritans of the day, we have already the full theory of Independency. Others, however, did not go

farther than a modified Presbyterianism; while others, again, approved the hierarchical organization as the best in itself, and were aggrieved only by certain excesses in the Church of England. It was when Puritanism was in this stage that Milton was born.

Bancroft was succeeded in the primacy (1611) by Archbishop Abbot, a man of very different temper. "He was a man," says Clarendon, "of very morose manners and a very sour aspect, which, in that time, was called gravity;" and, whereas Bancroft had "understood the Church excellently, and almost rescued it out of the hands of the Calvinian party, and very much subdued the unruly spirit of the Nonconformists," Abbot, on the contrary, brought "none of this antidote" with him! "He considered the Christian religion no otherwise than as it abhorred and reviled Popery, and valued those men most who did that the most furiously. For the strict observation of the discipline of the Church, or the conformity to the Articles or Canons established, he made little inquiry and took less care; he adhered only to the doctrine of Calvin, and, for his sake, did not think so ill of the discipline as he ought to have done. If men prudently forbore a public reviling and railing at the hierarchy and ecclesiastical government, let their opinions and private practice be what it would, they were not only secure from any inquisition of his, but acceptable to him, and at least equally preferred by him."[1] Such, from an adverse point of view, being Abbot's policy, it is easy to see that, so long as he wielded an authority in the Church corresponding to his position as primate, the Puritans had reason to congratulate themselves. Even Puritan parents, if not extreme in their Puritanism, might then have some comfort in dedicating a hopeful son to the Church of England!

After the first ten years, however, of Abbot's primacy, his real power in ecclesiastical matters had ceased to be co-extensive with his nominal function. As early as 1616, when Lord Chancellor Ellesmere died and was succeeded by Bacon, and when young Villiers was taking his first steps towards

[1] Clarendon, History: edition 1707, I. 68, 69.

the supreme place in the King's counsels, it had been found necessary to manage a good deal of Church business through other prelates than Abbot; and in 1620-1, when Buckingham was absolute minister, and Abbot's anti-popish zeal led him to oppose the Court on the two great questions of the Palatinate war and the Spanish match, the awkwardness of having such a man for primate had been still more seriously felt. An accident, which no wit could have foreseen, had rid the Court of much of the inconvenience. Going out in a luckless hour to shoot a buck with Lord Zouch in Hampshire, the poor Archbishop, not being skilled in the cross-bow, sent his arrow into one of the keepers instead of the deer; and, as the man died, it became a question with the canonists whether the homicide could continue to be Archbishop. The King, who had a liking for Abbot personally, was very kind on the occasion; and, after much consultation, Abbot was acquitted under the broad seal, and restored to the full exercise of his office. But from that time the misfortune hung so heavily on his memory that he appeared at Court but seldom, and survived among men only as a broken Archbishop, walking in gloom among his shrubberies at Lambeth, abhorring the sight of a cross-bow, and keeping a Tuesday every month as a day of solemn fast and humiliation. He was very popular, not only in England, but also in Scotland, where he had spent some time before his primacy, and preached many times in public.

From the date of Abbot's mishap (1621) to the end of James's reign, the chief man in the realm, after James himself and Buckingham, was the Lord Keeper Williams, Bishop of Lincoln. He is one of those men to whom, from various causes, history has hardly done justice. A Welshman by birth, and placed, by a singular accident which had happened to him in his childhood, in the same category physically as Origen, Narses, and some other eminent men whose names may be known to the curious, he had led from his youth upwards a life of prodigious activity. At St. John's College, Cambridge, where he was educated under the tutorship of his countryman, Owen Gwynne, and where he was at first much

laughed at for his ungainly Welsh tongue, he soon got ahead of all his coevals, not only in the art of speaking English, but also in most things besides. He had a handsome and stately look, was lavish of his money, dressed well, and won everybody's good opinion by a kind of fiery Welsh imperiousness, coupled with a courtly talent of the first order. His power of labour was incredible. In youth and all his life afterwards, he required but three hours of sleep out of the twenty-four, to keep him in health; and, every day from four o'clock till midnight, he was incessantly at work, reading, making notes, or writing letters, doing secular College business, or whetting his wits in disputations and table-talk. His scholarship was great and various; but his chief delight was in history, in which he was profoundly read, and in the study of which he was served by a miraculous memory. He had also a passion for music and considerable skill in it. Altogether, he was the pride of the Welshmen at Cambridge, and they looked on him as their rising man. His rise had been unusually rapid. A Fellow of his College from the time of his taking his B.A. degree, he used to go once a year to London on a visit to his kinsman, Bishop Vaughan, through whom he made some useful acquaintances. Old Lord Lumley, to whom the Bishop had introduced him, supplied him with money, so that when he took his M.A. degree in 1605, he gave a feast like any nobleman: four years afterwards, at the age of twenty-seven, he took priest's orders, and became vicar of a small parish at some distance from Cambridge: in 1610 he had the honour of preaching before the King, and Henry Prince of Wales, at Royston: and, as junior Proctor of the University in 1611-12, he performed his office in princely style. In particular, "he gave so noble and generous entertainment as well in scholastical exercises as in edibles and potables" to the Spanish Ambassador, then on a state visit to the University, that Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, who accompanied the ambassador, pronounced him a man "fit to serve a king." Ellesmere helped to fulfil his own prognostication by making him his chaplain. Till Ellesmere's death in 1616, he remained in attendance upon him in London and at

Court. Understanding "the soil on which he had thus set his foot, that it was rich and fertile," he made the most of his situation. "He pleased his master with his sermons; he took him mainly with his sharp and solid answers to such questions as were cast forth at table to prove his learning; his fashion and garb to the ladies of the family, who were of great blood and many, was more courtly a great deal than was expected from a scholar; he received strangers with courtesy, and laboured for their satisfaction; he interposed gravely, as became a divine, in the disorders of the lowest servants." In brief, he became Ellesmere's most valuable secretary, and helped him in all his business. When Ellesmere was dying, he sent his messages to the King through his chaplain; and, at his death, he left him his private papers and collections, with the words, "I know you are an expert workman: take these tools to work with; they are the best I have." While chaplain to the Lord Chancellor, Williams had, of course, had his share of Church preferments. He was rector of Walgrave in Northamptonshire, and of two other parishes near; he was a prebendary and canon-resident in the cathedral church of Lincoln, and chanter in the same; and he had choral places in the minster of Peterborough and in the churches of Hereford and St. David's. The wealth accruing from these pluralities was increased by legacies. It might have been well for Bacon had Williams complied with his request, that he would continue to serve him in the capacity in which he had served his predecessor. But Williams preferred retiring to his rectory in Northamptonshire; where he lived more like a bishop than a rector. Patronage pursued him. He was made chaplain in ordinary to the King; rector of the Savoy in London; and, at length (1619), Dean of Salisbury. There was not an ecclesiastic whom the King so much liked to have about him as his frank and ready-witted Welsh chaplain. The King was as fond of hunting his courtiers and ecclesiastics in disputations at his table as of running down deer in the field; and no one gave him such sport and baffled him so bravely as Williams. "There was not," says his panegyrist, "a greater master of

perspicuity and elucidate distinctions; which looked the better in his English, that ran sweet upon his tongue, especially being set out with a graceful facetiousness that hit the joint of the matter." Above all, was the King pleased with his answers when he "led him quite out of the road of verbal learning, and talked to him of real and gubernative wisdom." But, though the King might like Williams, all depended on Steenie's liking him too! "Upon this tree or none must the ground-ivy clasp" in that day "in order to trail and climb." The King himself having taken means to bring the two men together, Williams did Buckingham several services which completed an understanding between them; and in the course of the year 1620, the Dean of Salisbury became Dean of Westminster and a Privy Councillor. Even such promotion could not have prepared the public for that which followed. On the conviction and disgrace of Lord Chancellor Bacon (1621), the Court were waiting anxiously to learn who was to be his successor; several great personages were confidently named; and when it was announced that the King, passing over all these, had given the great seal to the Dean of Westminster, the news could hardly be credited. What! confer the highest law office and all but the highest lay dignity in the realm on a churchman, and thus revive a custom which was supposed to have ceased in the preceding century? Confer the office, too, on a man who had not passed his thirty-ninth year, and whose only special qualification was that he had been house chaplain to the great Ellesmere? Such was the fact, however; and on the 9th of October, 1621, Williams was inaugurated as Lord Keeper at Westminster Hall. The bishopric of Lincoln having fallen conveniently vacant, he was consecrated to that bishopric on the 11th of the following month.[1]

Lord Keeper, Privy Councillor, Bishop of Lincoln, &c. &c., Williams was, in fact, from 1621 to the death of James in

[1] Bishop Hacket's Life of Williams, 1693. Whoever wants a folio of the seventeenth century for light historical reading cannot do better than procure this book. Although a continuous and extravagant panegyric, it is one of the liveliest pieces of biography ever written, and is full of interesting and exact information not to be easily found elsewhere. In pedantic copiousness of allusion and in lucid wit, Hacket somewhat resembles Fuller.

March 1625, the working partner of Buckingham both in Church and State. One can trace, as owing to his influence, a certain difference in the general policy of the government in the last years of James's reign, as compared with the earlier part of it. In state politics his aim seems to have been to bring the prerogative, if possible, into greater harmony with popular feeling. In all his own speeches and correspondence, and in every public paper drawn up by his pen, there is a fearless directness of language, contrasting strongly with the usual style of official documents; and he seems to have infused something of this frankness into the intercourse between the King and his last two Parliaments. In Church politics he was in favour of an inclusive rather than a coercive system. In modern language, his policy was rather that of the broad church, than of either the high church or the low church. This arose not so much from that deep charity of disposition, or that effort after comprehensiveness of theological principle, which have been the causes of similar views in later times, as from the eminent secularity of his mind. The statesman predominated in him over the churchman. At College, though he inclined decidedly to the Augustinian side in purely theological controversies, and though he was an advocate for established ceremonies in worship, he had been notoriously so general in his friendships and so tolerant of all differences in non-fundamentals, that many called him "neutral." As he rose in the Church, he still argued against the necessity of being in all respects either a Guelph or a Ghibelline. When, therefore, he became the King's chief adviser in Church affairs, he had neither Abbot's hostility to the Papists, nor Bancroft's to the Puritans. "In the relaxation of Roman Catholics' penalties," he writes to Buckingham at Madrid, "I keep off the King from appearing in it, as much as I can, and take all upon myself, as I believe every servant of his ought to do in such negotiations." But though he reaped much unpopularity in consequence, his reasons were purely political; and he was ready, as soon as the Spanish marriage was concluded, to relapse into a more

[1] Hacket, Part I. p. 128.

popular policy. Thus, writing to Buckingham still at Madrid, to inform him that the new Catholic Bishop of Chalcedon has come privately to London, and that he is much perplexed what to do, he concludes characteristically, "If you were shipped with the Infanta, the only counsel were to let the judges proceed with him presently, hang him out of the way, and the King to blame my Lord of Canterbury or myself for it."[1] In his relations to the Puritans there was more of personal kindliness. In very flagrant cases of nonconformity in his own diocese, he did not hesitate to punish; but his general practice was to overlook what could be overlooked, and to trust to mild measures with delinquents who were reported to him. "Men that are sound in their morals," says his biographer Hacket, "and, in minutes, imperfect in their intellectuals, are best reclaimed when they are mignarized and stroked gently." And so in his direction of the Church generally. In some cases he prevailed on his colleagues in the prelacy to abandon prosecutions which they had begun; and in others he worked upon the King's good humour to get him to pardon offenders. In short, the chief fault that the Puritans had to find with Williams was not that he was severe towards themselves, but that he was tolerant of the Papists.

When Milton went to Cambridge in 1624-5, the Church was still regulated by the comparatively broad policy which resulted from the paramount influence of Williams, combined with whatever degree of real official power still remained in the hands of the crippled but popular Archbishop. That Milton was fully prepared at this time for such a degree of conformity as was necessary for his quiet admission into the Church, is clear from the fact of his entering a college. Not only were the same subscriptions exacted from students on taking their degrees as were required of the clergy; but all those forms and ceremonies in worship which the Puritans most objected to were as rigidly enjoined by the Canons in colleges as in churches. Thus, by Canon xvi., it is enjoined that in divine service in College-chapels "the order, form and

[1] Hacket, Part I. p. 94.

ceremonies shall be duly observed as they are set down in the Book of Common Prayer, without any omission or alteration;" by Canon xvii. it is enjoined that all students in colleges shall wear surplices, and all graduates, surplices and hoods in chapel on Sundays, on holidays and on holiday-eves; and by Canon xxiii. it is enjoined that all students in colleges shall receive the Communion four times a year at the least, "kneeling reverently and decently upon their knees." In process of time, as we have seen, these rules had been relaxed, and in some colleges, where the Puritans were numerous, they were ostentatiously disregarded. In Christ's, however, they were decently observed; and Milton, while there, must have worn his white surplice on Sundays, and received the Communion kneeling, as punctually as the rest of them.

But, though the state of the Church under Williams was such that young men of Puritan principles did not feel themselves debarred from the ministry, there were not wanting new signs of alarm. Hitherto, as we have said, the difference between the Puritans and the hierarchical party had been mainly in points of Church government and ritual. The most strenuous partisans of Episcopacy and the established ritual had not, as a general rule, exhibited any hostility to the Calvinistic *doctrines* of their opponents. At the utmost they abstained from pressing, as fondly as their opponents did, the distinctive peculiarities of Calvinism. In this respect, however, a change had now begun to be noted. As if, after all, there was an organic connexion between the Calvinistic theology and the Calvinistic church polity and ritual, so that the one could not subsist long or well apart from the other, it began to be observed that strong Calvinistic doctrine was to be found chiefly among the Puritan preachers, and that a good many of the hierarchical party tended towards a Romish or Arminian interpretation of the Articles. It was after the Synod of Dort (1619) that this tendency to a doctrinal divergence of the two Church parties became most evident. The English divines, whom James had sent over to represent the English Church in the Synod, had, as James intended, taken the Calvinistic side on the famous "five points" in dispute—

to wit, Election, Redemption, Original Sin, Irresistible Grace, and the Perseverance of the Saints; and had thus contributed to the victory of the Dutch Calvinists over the Dutch Arminians. In the main, King James and the English clergy were highly satisfied with the manner in which the deputies had discharged their trust. Here and there, however, throughout England, there were divines who, debating the "five points" over again on their own account, were not so satisfied as the majority with the issue of the Dort Conferences, and showed themselves to be "tainted" with that very heresy of Arminianism (in part imported from abroad and in part evolved among themselves) which the Synod of Dort had been assembled to condemn, as well as with corresponding opinions held by the Church of Rome. Some of these divines were in fellowships or other important places in the Universities; nay, one or two of the bishops were supposed to be infected. In short, there was an anti-Calvinistic spirit in the English Church, which had been quietly forming itself for many years, and was now openly spreading, more particularly among the younger clergy. The phenomenon was the more perplexing to the King that these "Arminians" and "popishly inclined Doctors" were generally the most zealous and thorough-going supporters of the royal prerogative in the State and of hierarchical forms in the Church. Pledged against their theology, but enamoured of their principles of polity, which should he prefer? As was to be expected, his liking for their principles of polity overcame his theological prejudices; and, just at the time when the Spanish match was dragging on its slow length (1621-23), and the people were sufficiently excited already by the concessions made in its behalf to the Papists, it began to be a matter of complaint that divines notoriously Arminian or Popish in their theological tendencies were admitted to intimacy with the King and favoured with preferments. The pulpits became the organs of the popular feeling. Over the whole country not only the Puritan preachers, properly so called, but the Calvinistic clergy of the Church generally, betook themselves to expositions of the "five points," just as soldiers leave the safe parts of the fortress to

rush where the breach is being made; and with these expositions were mixed up denunciations of Arminianism and Popish error, lamentations of their increase in the Church, reflections on the Government for their toleration of Papists, and allusions to the Spanish match. The steady Calvinistic fire from one set of pulpits was returned by Arminian sharpshooting from another. Arminian tenets, if not directly inculcated, were insinuated; and what could not be safely done in the way of attack on Calvinistic doctrine on the "five points" was compensated by abundant dissertation on the evils of nonconformity.

In order to allay this speculative storm which was passing over the Church, the King resolved on a characteristic measure. It was to "command silence on both sides or such a moderation as was next to silence." The broad but low secularity of Williams's mind made him the very man to acquiesce in such a policy and to calculate on its success; and a circular paper of *Directions to Preachers* was accordingly drawn up by him (1622), and sent by His Majesty's command to Archbishop Abbot, to be by him forwarded to all the bishops, with instructions that every clergyman or preacher in their dioceses should receive a copy, and be obliged to obey its injunctions. Among the directions were the following:—

1. That no preacher, under the degree and calling of a Bishop or Dean of a Cathedral or Collegiate Church (and they upon the King's days and set festivals), do take occasion, by the expounding of any text of Scripture whatsoever, to fall into any set discourse or commonplace, otherwise than by the opening the coherence and division of the text, which shall not be comprehended and warranted in essence, substance, effect, or natural inference, within some one of the Articles of Religion set forth in 1562, or in some of the Homilies set forth by authority of the Church of England. * *

2. That no parson, vicar, curate, or lecturer shall preach any sermon or collation hereafter upon Sundays and holidays in the afternoon in any Cathedral or parish church throughout the kingdom, but upon some part of the Catechism or some text taken out of the Creed, Ten Commandments, or the Lord's Prayer—funeral sermons only excepted. And that those preachers be most encouraged and approved of who spend the afternoon's exercise in the examination of children in their Catechism [*i. e.* not in preaching

sermons at all], which is the most ancient and laudable custom of teaching in the Church of England.

3. That no preacher, of what title soever, under the degree of a Bishop or Dean at the least, do from henceforth presume to preach in any popular auditory the deep points of Predestination, Election, Reprobation, or of the Universality, Efficacy, Resistibility, or Irresistibility of God's grace; but leave these themes rather to be handled by learned men, and that moderately and modestly, by way of use and application, rather than by way of positive doctrines; being fitter for the schools than for simple auditories.

4. That no preacher, of what title or denomination soever [*i. e.* not even a Bishop], shall presume in any auditory within this kingdom, to declare, limit, or bound out, by way of positive doctrine, in any lecture or sermon, the power, prerogative, and jurisdiction, authority or duty, of sovereign princes, or otherwise meddle with matters of State, than as, &c.

5. That no preacher, of what title or denomination soever, shall presume causelessly, or without invitation from the text, to fall into bitter invectives and undecent railing speeches against the persons of either Papists or Puritans. * *[1]

The effect of these injunctions may be easily conceived. Here was a king, whose sovereign method for preserving the peace of the Church was that of abridging the liberty of preaching! Scripture itself had declared all Scripture to be profitable; but here human authority had ventured to declare what Scriptures were profitable and what not, what doctrines were to be expounded and worked into the human soul, and what left dormant in the sealed Bible! Such were the complaints of the Puritans and of the Calvinistic part of the clergy generally—the paraphrase in that age of our more general claim of the right of free thought and a free press. True, the injunctions were two-edged, and, as they cut down high Calvinistic preaching on the one hand, so they cut down Arminian or Popish counter-preaching on the other. But the impartiality, it was said, was more apparent than real. The liberty which was abrogated was one for which the Calvinistic ministers cared more than their opponents. To the Calvinistic preachers, or at least to many of them, it was a matter of conscience to propound at full length, and without any abatement, the doctrines of election, predestination, justification by faith and not

[1] Rushworth, I. 64, 65.

by works. These were to them the deep points of the Gospel, with which—O, yes ! they were *metaphysical*, for had they not a virtue to pierce hearts obdurate to all weapons of mere natural reason? From the very nature of the other system of Divinity, however, as well as from the circumstances of the time, it was of less vital concern to the opponents of Calvinism to press *their* interpretations of the "five points," unless by way of controversy. Hence, towards the end of James's reign (1622–25), arose a new distinction of names among the English clergy, superseding to some extent the traditional distinction into Prelatists and Puritans. On the one hand, those of the prelatic or hierarchical party, who were most easy under the recent policy of the Court with respect to the Catholics, were denounced as Arminians and semi-Papists ; and, on the other hand, the new name of "Doctrinal Puritans" was invented as a term of reproach for those who, though not accused of disaffection to the forms of the Church, held high Calvinistic views, and shared in the popular alarm at the concessions to Rome and to continental Popery.

It is at this point that a man appears prominently on the stage who was to supersede Williams in the government of the Church, and whose life was to be identified in a very memorable manner for the next twenty years with the civil and ecclesiastical history of England. This was William Laud, as yet only bishop of the poor Welsh diocese of St. David's, but already noted as an ecclesiastic in whom, more than in any other, the spirit of the new Anglican anti-Calvinism was incarnate.

Laud was nine years older than Williams, having been born at Reading in 1573. His rise in the Church had been much more slow and difficult than that of the aspiring Welshman. Elected a scholar of St. John's College, Oxford, in 1590, he became a Fellow of the College in 1593, and took his M.A. degree in 1598; "at which time," says Wood, "he was esteemed by those that knew him a very forward, confident, and zealous person." He was of very small stature, and was known, therefore, to the wits of the University, as "*parva Laus*," or "little Laud." He became deacon in 1600, priest in 1601,

held a Divinity lectureship in his College in the following year, and in 1604 was one of the Proctors of the University of Oxford. In the same year he became chaplain to the Earl of Devonshire. In 1607, being by that time B.D., he became vicar of Stanford in Northamptonshire; in 1608 he had the advowson of North Kilworth in Leicestershire given him; in the same year, being then D.D., he became chaplain to Neile, Bishop of Rochester, in order to be near whom he exchanged the advowson of North Kilworth for that of West Tilbury in Essex; and in 1610, on being presented by Neile to the rectory of Cuckstone in Kent, he resigned his fellowship. His connexion with Oxford, however, was almost immediately renewed by his election in 1611, though not without much opposition, to the presidency of St. John's; in which office he remained for ten years—becoming in that time, chiefly through the influence of Neile, who had been transferred to the see of Lincoln, successively chaplain to the King, Prebendary of Bugden in Lincoln, Archdeacon of Huntingdon, Dean of Gloucester, Rector of Ibstock in Leicestershire, and Prebendary of Westminster. "In some sort," says Fuller, "he had thus served in all the offices of the Church from a common soldier upwards," and so had "acquired an experimental knowledge of the conditions of all such persons as were at last to be subject to his authority."[1] And yet he "bare no great stream," but flowed on in a kind of sombre privacy, "taking more notice of the world than the world did of him." Those who knew him best do not seem to have liked him, or to have been able to make out exactly what he was driving at. "I would I knew," says Hall, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, "where to find you: to-day you are with the Romanists, to-morrow with us; our adversaries think you ours, and we theirs; your conscience finds you with both and neither: how long will you halt in this indifferency?"[2] To the same effect, but with more hostility, spoke Dr. Robert Abbot, brother of Archbishop Abbot, and King's Divinity Professor at Oxford, who, in a sermon publicly preached at the University in the

[1] Church Hist.; Book X. p. 90, and Book XI. p. 216.

[2] Quoted by Neal; History of the Puritans, II. 152.

year 1614, made the President of St. John's the object of a direct attack. "Men," he said, "under pretence of truth and preaching against the Puritans, strike at the heart and root of faith and religion now established among us," saving their credit as churchmen by this zeal against the Puritans, but in the mean time revealing their Popish tendencies by speaking nothing against the Papists; "or, if they do at any time speak against the Papists, they do but beat a little upon the bush, and that softly too, for fear of troubling or disquieting the birds that are in it." Laud, who himself reports these passages of the sermon to his patron Neile, says that he "was fain to sit patiently and hear himself thus abused almost an hour together, being pointed at as he sat." He adds that the whole University was talking of the affair, and that his friends were telling him his credit would be gone if he did not answer Abbot in his own style; "nevertheless," he says, "in a business of this kind, I will not be swayed from a patient course."[1] Archbishop Abbot, in his memoir of his own experiences left for the instruction of posterity, is not less severe on Laud than his brother was to Laud's face. "His life in Oxford," says the Archbishop, "was to pick quarrels with the lectures of the public readers, and to advertise them to the then Bishop of Durham [*i. e.* to Neile, transferred from Lincoln to Durham in 1617], that he might fill the ears of King James with discontents against the honest men that took pains in their places and settled the truth, which he called *Puritanism*, on their auditors. He made it his work to see what books were in the press, and to look over Epistles Dedicatory, and Prefaces to the Reader, to see what faults might be found."[2] This, it is to be remembered, is the testimony of a man who had reason to regard Laud as his chief enemy, and whom, on the other hand, Laud mentions in his Diary as already in 1611 *his* enemy and the "original cause of all his troubles." But even Laud's biographer, Heylin, admits that it was thought dangerous at Oxford to be much in his company; and there is abundant evidence that, from the first, Laud *had* that habit of ferreting out the faults of his fellow-clergymen, and reporting

[1] Rushworth, I. 62. [2] Ibid. I. 440.

them privately in higher quarters or otherwise registering them, which the unfriendly Archbishop attributes to him, and which, with all allowance for any overstrained sense of canonical duty as obliging to such work, men of no party are accustomed to think compatible with a wholesome or generous nature. The truth is, what with nature and what with education, Laud had, from his earliest connexion with the Church, resolved on a patient course from which he never deviated. He might be an enigma to others, who saw that, without belonging to Rome, he was a little over the frontier of the Church of England on that side from which the Vatican was visible; but he was perfectly clear and sure in himself. "I have ever," he said afterwards,[1] "since I understood ought in Divinity, kept one constant tenor in this my profession, without variation or shifting from one opinion to another for any worldly ends." What that "tenor" was he proceeds to explain. "Of all diseases," he says, "I have ever hated a palsy in religion, well knowing that too often a dead-palsy ends that disease in the fearful forgetfulness of God and his judgments. Ever since I came in place I laboured nothing more than that the external public worship of God, too much slighted in most parts of the kingdom, might be preserved, and that with as much decency and uniformity as might be; being still of opinion that *unity* cannot long continue in the Church where *uniformity* is shut out at the church-door. And I evidently saw that the public neglect of God's service in the outward face of it, and the nasty lying of many places dedicated to that service, had almost cast a damp upon the true and inward worship of God; which, while we live in the body, needs external helps, and all little enough to keep it in any vigour." From the first, according to this account, Laud had made up his mind in favour of a punctual conformity throughout the Church, to be enforced by law and canon, and also in favour of a ceremonial of worship in which advantage should be taken of every external aid of architecture, decoration, furniture, gesture, or costume, either actually at the time allowed in the Church of England, or for which there was good precedent in more

[1] On his trial, 1643; see Wharton's Laud, p. 224.

ancient ritual. So far, he was from the first predetermined against the Puritans to a degree peculiarly intense. But his anti-Puritanism involved more than the mere passion for uniformity and fondness for ceremonial. He was one of those, he tells us, who believed in the "divine Apostolical right" of Episcopacy, and who, therefore, could not recognise as a true portion of the Catholic Church of Christ any community or set of men who pretended to have emancipated themselves from bishops. "There can be no Church without diocesan bishops," he had said in 1603; and again, in 1614, "The Presbyterians are as bad as the Papists." In the tenacity with which he held to this doctrine, and the persistency with which in his own mind he urged it to its consequences as regarded the Anglican Church in itself and in its relations to other Churches, he seems to have been singular even among his prelatic English contemporaries. He seems also to have carried farther than any of them the notion of the superior value of public worship over preaching in the ordinary service of the Church. In all this, too, he was a predetermined anti-Puritan. But perhaps that which gave his anti-Puritanism its peculiar colour was the ingredient of doctrinal antipathy which he infused into it. That he held Popish tenets in theology is not true to the extent that was asserted by his adversaries. His belief in the divine right of Episcopacy led him to regard the Church of Rome as a true Church, which judgment he could not extend to the "conventicles" of Protestant sectaries; he also reverenced the antiquity of the Romish Church, and liked parts of its ritual; but he thought it a true Church with such "gross corruptions," as well in doctrine as in practice, that much purgation of it would be necessary before the Anglican Church could re-unite with it, and that, as it was, everything should be done to prevent it from obtaining converts in England. At the same time, his estimate of the doctrinal differences which separated the two Churches was decidedly under the mark of general English opinion; and, on one or two doctrines, such as those of the Eucharist and of Justification, his interpretation of the Articles of the Church of England had a Popish tinge. With this

Romish tendency on some Articles, he combined an Arminian tendency in the points appertaining to the Predestinarian controversy. Not that he had imbibed his opinions on these points from Arminius himself or his disciples; for, as Clarendon says, "he had eminently opposed Calvin's doctrine in those controversies before the name of Arminius was taken notice of, or his opinions heard of." But the opinions themselves were of the kind called Arminian; and Laud's antipathy to the Calvinists in behalf of them was even greater than that which the Arminians of Holland entertained against their Calvinistic compatriots. "He had," says Clarendon, "from his first entrance into the world, without any disguise or dissimulation declared his own opinion of that *classis* of men." In fact, at a time when Calvinism was still in the ascendancy in the English Church, he had formed for himself a new standard of Anglican orthodoxy, to which he hoped to see the whole Church yet conform; and he it was who, at a later period, when James's Calvinistic predilections were weakened by the events of the Spanish match, invented and put in circulation the term "Doctrinal Puritans," as a synonym for all in the Church of England who adhered to Calvin doctrinally, even though they had no affection for the Genevan discipline.

Till the year 1621, this man of most peculiar fibre was known only within a limited circle, and there rather as an intense and restless than as a powerful or massive personality. He was forty-eight years of age; he was President of St. John's College, Oxford, where his rule was strict; he was chaplain to the King, Dean of Gloucester, and a Prebendary of Westminster; but he was still only "little Laud," going and coming about the Court, the smallest in body of all the ecclesiastics there to be seen, with a red face and a kind of cheery quickness of expression, his eyes sharp and piercing, his speech somewhat testy and irascible, his garb plain, and his hair cut unusually close.[1] The King did not like him nearly so well as Williams. Buckingham, however, liked him better.

There being some changes among the bishops at the time

[1] Fuller, Church Hist. Book XI. p. 119; and other accounts.

when Williams came into office, it was consistent with his broad policy, and also, it seems, with his private interests,[1] to recommend Laud to the King for the bishopric of St. David's, at the time when he recommended the Calvinistic Dr. Davenant for the bishopric of Salisbury. It was not without difficulty that Williams gained his point. Archbishop Abbot was against Laud. The King had strong personal objections. Williams, in arguing in his behalf, reminded the King of Laud's persevering services in the cause of conformity, which had begun as far back as the days of the Millenary Petition; and he represented at the same time that, in spite of all that was said to the contrary, the man was a good Protestant. The King, after stating minor objections, burst forth as follows:—"Because I see I shall not be rid of you, unless I tell you my unpublished cogitations, the plain truth is that I keep Laud back from all place and authority, because I find he hath a restless spirit, and cannot see when matters are well, but loves to toss and change and to bring things to a pitch of reformation floating in his own brain." To prove that he was not speaking at random, he informed Williams that Laud had been privately pressing on him the project of bringing the Scots to "a nearer conjunction with the Liturgy and Canons" of the English Church, and this notwithstanding that, after their General Assembly of 1618, he had pledged his royal word that he would "try their obedience no farther anent ecclesiastical affairs." He had rebuffed Laud when the subject was first mentioned, but "for all this he feared not mine anger, but assaulted me again with another ill-fangled platform to make that stubborn kirk stoop more to the English pattern. He knows not the stomach of that people, but I ken the story of my grandmother, the Queen Regent, that, after she was inveigled to break her promise made to some mutineers at a Perth meeting, she never saw good day, but from thence, being much beloved before, was despised of all the people." Williams still urging the matter, and saying that Laud would prove tractable, "Then take him to you," said the easy Solomon, "but on my soul you will repent it."[2]

[1] Wharton's Laud, Preface. [2] Hacket, Part I. p. 64.

Accordingly, on the 18th of November, 1621, Laud was consecrated Bishop of St. David's.

Except that Laud had now a diocese in which to carry out his principles, his power was not much increased so long as James lived. Events, however, were laying a foundation for his future pre-eminence. Most important of these was his intimacy with Buckingham. It so happened that, about the beginning of 1622, the mother of the favourite was shaken in her religion, and gained over to the Romish Church; nay, that "between the continual cunning labours of Fisher the Jesuit, and the persuasions of the lady his mother," Buckingham himself "was almost lost from the Church of England." The perversion of two such personages at such a time would have been a great scandal; and the King, much concerned, employed Laud in the affair. He had conferences with the waverers; engaged in a debate in their presence with Fisher (May 24, 1622); wrote expositions for their private perusal; and, on the whole, succeeded. "I had God's blessing upon me so far as to settle my lord duke till his death; and I brought the lady, his mother, to the Church again, but she was not so happy as to continue with us."[1] Doubtless, at this time Laud indoctrinated the Marquis with his theory of Anglican orthodoxy, which may have been found sufficiently satisfactory to the family to render migration to Rome unnecessary. At all events, from that hour, Laud and Buckingham were pledged to each other. "June 9, being Whitsuntide," writes Laud in his Diary, "my Lord Marquess Buckingham was pleased to enter upon a near respect to me: the particulars are not for paper." Their nature, however, may be gathered from the sequel. Laud became Buckingham's chaplain; during Buckingham's absence in Spain with the Prince (Feb. 1622-3 to October 1623), Laud and he corresponded, so that Williams took the alarm; and after the Duke's return, Laud and he were continually together. At that time, in consequence of the disaffection of the Prince and the Duke to the Spanish match, while the King still had his heart set upon it, there were whispers about the Court, according to Clarendon, that

[1] Laud's statement in 1643; Wharton's Laud, p. 226.

the King and Steenie were no longer on such amicable terms as before, and that the King "wanted only a brisk and resolute counsellor to assist him in destroying the duke."[1] The Lord Keeper Williams was the nearest approach to this desirable being; and, accordingly, there is evidence that, in the last year of James's reign, when he was obliged by his people and Parliament to consent to the Spanish war, the King and Williams stood together against the powerful coalition of Steenie, "Baby Charles," and popular feeling. An extract or two from Laud's Diary during this period will give a clearer idea of the character of the man:—

"*Octob.* 31, 1623. I acquainted my Lord Duke of Buckingham with that which passed between the Lord Keeper and me."

"*Decemb.* 14; *Sunday night.* I did dream that the Lord Keeper was dead: that I passed by one of his men that was about a monument for him: that I heard him say his lower lip was infinitely swelled and fallen, and he rotten already. This dream did trouble me."

"*Decemb.* 15. On Monday morning, I went about business to my Lord Duke of Buckingham. We had speech in the Shield-gallery at Whitehall. There I found that the Lord Keeper had strangely forgotten himself to him [the duke]; and I think was dead in his affections."

"*Januar.* 14, 1623-4. I acquainted my Lord Duke of Buckingham with that which passed on the Sunday before between the Lord Keeper and me."

"*Januar.* 25. It was Sunday. I was alone and languishing with I know not what sadness. I was much concerned at the envy and undeserved hatred borne to me by the Lord Keeper. I took into my hands the Greek Testament, that I might read the portion of the day. I lighted, however, upon the 13th Chapter to the Hebrews; wherein that of David (Psalm lvi.) occurred to me then grieving and fearing:—'The Lord is my helper: I will not fear what man can do unto me.' I thought an example was set to me; and who is not safe under that shield? Protect me, O Lord my God."

"*Februar.* 1; *Sunday.* I stood by the most illustrious Prince Charles at dinner. He was then very merry, and talked occasionally of many things with his attendants. Among other things, he said that if he were necessitated to take any particular profession of life, he could not be a lawyer; adding his reasons; 'I cannot,' saith he, 'defend a bad, nor yield in a good cause.' May you

[1] Clarendon, I. 19.

ever hold this resolution and succeed, most serene Prince, in matters of great moment, for ever prosperous!

"*Februar.* 18; *Wednesday.* My Lord Duke of Buckingham told me of the reconciliation and submission of my Lord Keeper, and that it was confessed unto him that his [the Duke's] favour to me was the chief cause [of the disagreement between them].

"*May* 1, 1624; *Saturday.* E. B. married: the Sign in Pisces [E. B. is a mysterious personage mentioned often in the Diary, and first thus:—'My great business with E. B. began *Januar.* 22, 1612; it settled as it could March 5, 1612, *Comp. Angl.* It hath had many changes, and what will become of it, God knoweth.' From another entry, it appears that on 'Wednesday night, June 4, 1623,' Laud had a dream, in which dream 'was all contained that followed in the carriage of E. B. towards me'].

"*Decemb.* 23; *Thursday.* * * I delivered my Lord a little tract about *Doctrinal Puritanism*, in some ten heads; which his Grace had spoken to me that I would draw up for him, that he might be acquainted with them. [The ten heads, we learn from another source, were these:—'1. The Lord's Day or Sabbath; 2. The indiscrimination of bishops and presbyters; 3. The power of sovereign princes in ecclesiastical matters; 4 and 5. Doctrines of confession and sacerdotal absolution; 6 to 10. The five points of the Predestinarian controversy.']

"*Januar.* 23, 1624-5. The discourse which my Lord Duke had with me about witches and astrologers.

"*Januar.* 30; *Sunday night.* My dream of my blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; one of the most comfortable passages that ever I had in my life.

"*March* 27, 1625; *Midlent Sunday.* I preached at Whitehall. I ascended the pulpit much troubled and in a very melancholy moment, the report then spreading that His Majesty, King James, of most sacred memory to me, was dead. Being interrupted with the dolours of the Duke of Buckingham, I broke off in the middle. * * That same day, about five o'clock, Prince Charles was solemnly proclaimed King. God grant to him a prosperous and happy reign!"

From the time of the accession of Charles, Laud was a power in the realm. Breaking his connexion with Dr. Preston and the Puritans, and throwing the Lord Keeper Williams aside as a man who had dared to be independent of him, the Duke, who was all to Charles that he had been to James, confided to Laud the ecclesiastical department of affairs under his government. The relation that subsisted between the two men from the first day of Charles's reign till the death of the Duke may be expressed by saying that while Buckingham was the all-powerful vizier, Laud was the confidential mufti.

The nature and progress of his influence in public affairs during these three important years can be better understood now, through documents, than was possible at the time by actual observation, inasmuch as that was a period of subterranean activity, in which, while laying the foundations of a future power that was to last, as it proved, after he was left alone, the mufti was less seen or thought of than the resplendent vizier. (1.) *From Charles's accession, March* 27, 1625, *to the dissolution of his first Parliament, Aug.* 12, 1625. As early as the 5th of April, or within nine days after the death of James, Laud, as his diary informs us, exhibited to the Duke "a schedule in which were wrote the names of many churchmen, marked with the letters *O* and *P*"—in other words, a list of the chief clergymen of the Church, as far as they were known to Laud, divided into the two classes of *Orthodox* and *Puritanical*, that the king might know which to promote and which to keep back. From the first, therefore, Laud's theory of Anglican orthodoxy was adopted as the royal rule in Church matters. But not even so was Laud satisfied. Before the first Parliament met (June 18), he did his utmost to get Bishop Andrews to go along with him in a scheme for bringing the general state of the Church before the Convocation which, according to custom, was to meet contemporaneously with the Parliament—his object being to drive the question of Arminianism or Calvinism to an issue, and secure some new synodical deliverance on the five Calvinistic points, which, when ratified by the King, should put the O's statutably in the right and the P's statutably in the wrong.[1] Andrews, though his ecclesiastical theories were in many respects like a richer anticipation of those of Laud, was too wise a man thus to divide the Church upon them by a formal vote; and Laud was obliged to content himself with more secret methods. He it was who, sometimes alone, and sometimes in conjunction with Neile and other bishops, indoctrinated the king and the Duke in the proper mode of resisting the Parliament on the religious question generally, and especially in the matter of their prosecution of the king's

[1] Laud's Diary: April 9, 1625.

chaplain, Montague, for his "Arminian and Popish" book. "Some of Montague's alleged heresies," said Laud, in a letter to the Duke on the subject, were "the resolved doctrines of the Church of England;" whereas some of the opinions urged in Parliament were of a kind to "prove fatal to the government, if publicly taught." True, these destructive Calvinistic notions had of late "received countenance from the Synod of Dort;" but that was a Synod "whose conclusions have no authority in this country, and, it is hoped, never will!" Besides, whether Montague were right or wrong, it was not for Parliament to meddle in the case! When the English clergy had acknowledged the royal supremacy in the time of Henry VIII. it had been on the understanding that, in the event of any ecclesiastical difference, it should be for the king and the bishops to determine it in a national Synod, apart from the secular Parliament![1] Indoctrinated with these views, the king and the duke stood firm, and the refractory Parliament was dissolved on the tonnage and poundage question. (2.) *From the dissolution of the first Parliament, Aug.* 12, 1625, *to the dissolution of the second, June* 11, 1626. Laud was still working, working; nor was there now any hesitation in acknowledging him publicly as the favoured court prelate, though yet but bishop of a second-rate diocese. Williams, who had been in disgrace from the first day of the new reign, was formally deprived of the great seal in October 1625; on which he retired, in a splendid Welsh rage, to his diocese of Lincoln, there to expend his waste energy on cathedral repairs and decorations, and in episcopal hospitalities and concerts of music such as Lincolnshire had hardly heard of before, and to let loose his epigrammatic and aphoristic tongue in sayings respecting the Duke and national affairs, which were duly caught up by tale-bearers and reported at court. He began more and more to cultivate the Puritans, and, when informed of acts of nonconformity in his diocese, positively refused to proceed against the delinquents, alleging that, being "already under a cloud," he had nothing to get by such severity, and, moreover, that his private impression was that

[1] Rushworth, I. 176-7.

the less he or anybody else offended the Puritans the better, as "they would carry all things at last." It was part of Williams's disgrace that he was forbidden to be present at the king's coronation (Feb. 2, 1625-6), and that the place which he should have occupied officially in the ceremonial, as Dean of Westminster, was occupied by Laud. Four days after the coronation (Feb. 6) the second Parliament met; and for four months there was a fierce renewal of the parliamentary war against Arminianism, Popery, illegal taxation, Montague, and Buckingham. Had the Parliament triumphed, Laud would have gone down in the whirlpool along with the favourite; but the king rallied in time, Buckingham was saved, and the second Parliament was sent adrift like the first. The dissolution was accompanied by a royal proclamation, in which, while it was asserted that, in the king's opinion, the outcry respecting Popery and Arminianism was frivolous and unnecessary, strict charge was given to all persons, lay or clerical, to refrain from controversy on subtle points, and to keep quietly to the standards. (3.) *From the dissolution of the second Parliament, June* 11, 1626, *to the meeting of the third, March* 17, 1627-8. During the twenty months of experimental government without Parliament, when the king and the duke were raising money for the French war by forced loans, and the people were everywhere resisting the loans and gathering wrath on that and other subjects, Laud's advice was much in request, and he had a rapid succession of preferments. In June 1626 he was transferred from the bishopric of St. David's to that of Bath and Wells; in September in the same year he succeeded Bishop Andrews as Dean of the Chapel Royal, and at the same time received notice of the king's intention that, in case of Abbot's death, he should be Archbishop of Canterbury; and in April 1627, he and Neile, Bishop of Durham, were sworn of the Privy Council. This last preferment brought him necessarily into closer contact with civil affairs; and it seems to have been by his advice that government adopted the plan of circulating, in aid of the loan, tracts expounding and enforcing the true doctrine of the royal prerogative. Dr. Sibthorp, a Northamptonshire vicar,

having preached an assize-sermon, in which he maintained that "if princes command anything which subjects may not perform because it is against the law of God, yet subjects are bound to undergo the punishment without either resisting or railing," the court sent the sermon to Archbishop Abbot to be licensed for publication. Abbot refused, and stated his reasons in a letter to the king, which, he says, "did prick to the quick." Laud was commanded to answer Abbot's objections; Sibthorp's sermon was licensed by Mountain, bishop of London; and the opportunity was taken to suspend Abbot and banish him from court, and to vest the archiepiscopal functions in a commission of four bishops, of whom Laud was one. Having once sprung this idea of exhibiting to the government the superior potency of the Arminian pulpit over the Calvinistic in an emergency of the Exchequer, Laud gave it a second trial by himself licensing Dr. Roger Mainwaring's celebrated two sermons preached at court. Mainwaring far outdid Sibthorp. "The king," he said, "is not bound to observe the laws of the realm concerning the rights and liberties of his subjects, but his royal will and command doth oblige the subjects' conscience upon pain of eternal damnation;" moreover "the authority of Parliament is not necessary for the raising of aids and subsidies," and "the slow proceedings of such great assemblies are not fitted for the supply of the state's urgent necessities!" Despite the doctrine of Sibthorp and Mainwaring, and despite the stronger physical suasion used for the same end, money was not to be extracted in sufficient quantity, and Charles reluctantly called his third Parliament. (4.) *From the assembling of the third Parliament, March* 17, 1627-8, *to its prorogation, June* 26, 1628. These were three months of unparalleled danger both for the mufti and for the vizier. Nothing could resist the wise energy of that noble Parliament—the most memorable of all Charles's parliaments till his last and longest. The schemes of the courtiers went down, like reeds, before them; again they rolled their denunciations of Arminianism and Popery, their protests against illegal exaction of money,

their claims of Calvinistic liberty, and all the varied discontent of the nation, to the foot of the throne; for a moment they recoiled reverentially to receive the king's answer; that answer being unfavourable, they advanced again with doubled courage, and even with passions of tears, their vengeance mounting from the meaner prey of the Montagues, and Sibthorps, and Mainwarings, to Laud, and Neile, and Buckingham himself; and at last, lest these victims should be dragged to ruin before his very eyes, the king had no option but to yield. Not even while rejoicing over this result, and passing from sobs to acclamations, and exulting in the prospect of a king and people thenceforth locked for ever in mutual embraces, did the Parliament forget its work. When Mainwaring was punished, Laud narrowly escaped punishment along with him for having licensed his book; and in the great Remonstrance which the Parliament drew up between their reconciliation with the king on the 7th of June and their prorogation on the 26th, in order that the king might have a full statement of the national grievances to consider at his leisure before they again met, Laud and Neile were again named as men of whom it would be necessary to take farther account. (5.) *From the prorogation of the third Parliament, June* 26, 1628, *to the assassination of the Duke, Aug.* 23, 1628. These two months wrought a great change. Scarce had the Parliament dispersed, when the king and the people relaxed their supposed embraces, Buckingham and Laud assisting royalty to disentangle its arms. In contempt of the Remonstrance, Laud himself was promoted to the Bishopric of London (July 15, 1628); Montague was made Bishop of Chichester; Mainwaring was pardoned, and preferred to one of the richest livings in the gift of the crown; and again there were rumours of distraints of goods for illegal tonnage and poundage. It was clear that the king and the court had resolved on a relapse into the arbitrary system, and did not despair of making all suitable arrangements against the time that Parliament met. Buckingham was the man who made this crisis, and who expected

to go through it as leader; but Felton's knife removed him ere he could well measure its difficulty, and the work and the danger devolved chiefly upon Laud.

Laud's advent to power on his own account, after his preliminary period of more subordinate authority in alliance with Buckingham, dates from August 1628, when he had been Bishop of London somewhat more than a month, and Privy Councillor nearly a year and a half. Not that even yet his power was at its highest. The death of Buckingham had left Charles in a kind of maze, deprived of the one man to whom, by the antecedents of his life, he had been tied as friend to friend rather than as sovereign to minister; and whatever new arrangements were to succeed had to be formed gradually out of elements that remained. Laud had been near to Buckingham and Charles, but there were others in the Privy Council with different claims and aptitudes; and Charles announced it as his resolution that there should thenceforward be no single or supreme minister, but that he himself should govern and allot each his part. Accepting these ostensible conditions, Laud, as we shall see, did become very efficiently the single ruling minister who held Charles in his grasp, while seeming to serve him; but this was a work of some additional time. Meanwhile it contributed to fasten Laud's influence upon Charles and the Privy Council that the department of affairs which was already his by inheritance from Buckingham's viziership —to wit, the ecclesiastical department—was that which had first and most violently to bear the shock of collision with Parliament, when it reassembled after the prorogation.

While sharing with the rest of the Council the responsibility of new illegal arrests and seizures of goods, &c. Laud, and his associate Neile, signalised the period between Buckingham's death and the reassembling of Parliament by a new document in their own department, intended as a manifesto of the policy that was to be pursued with respect to religion from that date onward. The document was in the form of a "Declaration" ordered by the king to be prefixed to a reprint of the Thirty-nine Articles, published by authority. It is still always

printed as a preface to the Articles in the Book of Common Prayer, but without any date, or indication of the circumstances in which it originated, or even of the reign or century when it was first published. So read, the document has none of the fell significance which the Calvinists and Puritans of England detected in it in 1628. It is simply a document in seven paragraphs, in which the king, as Defender of the Faith and supreme governor of the Church, claims it as his right "to conserve and maintain the Church in unity of true religion and in the bond of peace;" ratifies, therefore, the Thirty-nine Articles, and "prohibits the least difference from them;" announces that, in case of any differences respecting the canons and external polity of the Church, it shall be for "the clergy in their Convocation to order and settle them, having first obtained leave under the broad seal so to do," and submitting what they determine to the royal approbation; permits the bishops and clergy, accordingly, "from time to time in Convocation, upon their humble desire," to have licence under the broad seal to deliberate on Church matters; alludes to "some differences" as recently "ill raised," but hopes that as these are "on curious points," and as all clergymen, however they differ on these, accept the letter of the Thirty-nine Articles, no rupture will arise; to that end, commands that "all curious search be laid aside, and these disputes be shut up in God's promises," and that no man hereafter shall either print or preach to draw an Article aside any way, "but shall submit to it in the plain and full meaning thereof," not putting his own comment for the meaning, but taking it "in the literal and grammatical sense;" and, finally, threatens that whoever, in the Universities or elsewhere, shall preach, print, or publicly dispute on any of the Articles to affix any sense to them either way, other than already established, shall be liable to censure in the Ecclesiastical Commission, and to other pains and penalties.

Intended as the royal *ultimatum* on the religious question before meeting Parliament, and as a point of departure for the rest of Charles's reign, this "Declaration" was received with far other feelings than it might now provoke. In the first place,

the proposed method of preserving the peace of the Church by restraining the liberty of preaching and disputation was one already condemned by the Puritans; for whom the sweetest marrow of Divinity was that for which the hardest doctrines had to be assailed again and again intellectually, till they softened and were crushed. In the second place, notwithstanding the apparent impartiality of the Declaration in forbidding too strong interpretation either way, it was believed that in fact only the Calvinists would be restrained, while all licence would be given to those who interpreted with Laud and Neile. Lastly, whatever a Parliament might think now, the reservation of the sole right of ecclesiastical legislation to the crown and the clergy was what the Parliament of that day would not endure; and the very sting of the Declaration lay in the announcement thus made, that the Parliament about to reassemble must let religion alone.

When Parliament did reassemble (Jan. 20, 1628-9), they flew upon the "Declaration" as the chief grievance of all that had occurred in the recess. Tonnage and poundage, violations of the Petition of Right, Montague, Mainwaring, Arminianism, and Popery, all came up again; but in the centre of all was the new "Declaration." In Rushworth we still read how fervid, how terrible in menace and in directness, were the speeches of the leaders on the rights of Parliament on the religious question—how Francis Rous of Truro spoke as a man nearly frantic with horror at the increase of that "error of Arminianism which makes the grace of God lackey it after the will of man," and called on the House to postpone questions of goods and liberties to this question which concerned "eternal life, men's souls, yea, God himself;" how Cromwell stuttered and stamped his maiden speech, inquiring whither matters were drifting; how Pym avowed that "it belonged to the duty of a Parliament to establish true religion and to punish false;" how Eliot repudiated the claim that the bishops and clergy alone should interpret Church doctrine, and, professing his respect for some bishops, declared that there were others, and two especially, from whom nothing orthodox could come, and to empower whom to interpret would be the ruin of national

religion; how the calmer Selden referred to cases in which Popish and Arminian books were allowed, while Calvinistic books were restrained, notwithstanding "that there was no law in England to prevent the printing of any books but only a decree in Star-chamber;" and how, on one occasion, the whole House stood up together and vowed a vow against innovations in the Faith. As the king, on the other hand, persevered unflinchingly, the only effective issue of the feeling which so burst forth in the House would have been a civil war. For this men's minds were not yet made up, and the victory, therefore, was with the king. On the 10th of March, Parliament was ignominiously dismissed, leaving as its last words on the ear of the English people these three famous resolutions, passed on the 2d in uproar and with closed doors:—

"1. Whoever shall bring in innovation of religion, or by favour or countenance seem to extend Popery or Arminianism or other opinion disagreeing from the true and orthodox Church, shall be reputed a capital enemy to this kingdom and commonwealth.

"2. Whosoever shall counsel or advise the taking or levying of the subsidies of tonnage and poundage, not being granted by Parliament, or shall be an actor or instrument therein, shall be likewise reputed an innovator in the government, and a capital enemy to the kingdom and commonwealth.

"3. If any merchant or person whatsoever shall voluntarily yield or pay the said subsidies of tonnage and poundage, not being granted by Parliament, he shall likewise be reputed a betrayer of the liberties of England and an enemy to the same."

From the time that these words were spoken until more than eleven years had elapsed, there was no Parliament in England; and during these eleven years (March 1628-9 to April 1640) Charles and his ministers were free to govern the country on the very methods on which Parliament had left so emphatic a stigma. During the rest of this volume we shall be wholly occupied with this period of arbitrary rule; but it is with the three first years and four months of it (March 1628-9 to July 1632) that we are especially concerned in what remains of this chapter. The facts of these three years and four months may be summed up, by anticipation, by saying that the Church was then subjected to the Laudian rule pure

and simple; but, to give distinctness to this description, it is necessary to descend to particulars.

The following is a complete list of the English prelatic body at the time when the Laudian supremacy began. To make the list more instructive, I have attempted a classification of the prelates—designating by the letter *L*, those who, either as absolutely agreeing with Laud in his theory of Anglican orthodoxy, or as being resolute conformists of the old Bancroft school, were predisposed to co-operate with him in his Church policy; by the letter *M*, those who, whether from their Calvinistic leanings in theology or from their tolerant temper, would have been disposed, if left to themselves, to a moderate or middle course as regarded the Puritans; and by the letter *P*, those exceptional prelates who, whether from the peculiar vigour of their Calvinism, or from other causes, were disposed not merely to tolerate the Puritans, but even to countenance them.

I. PROVINCE OF CANTERBURY.

1. Archbishop of Canterbury: Dr. George Abbot; appointed 1611; suspended 1627; died Aug. 4, 1633. *P.*
2. *Bishop of St. Asaph:* Dr. John Hanmer; appointed 1623; died June 23, 1629. *M.*
3. *Bishop of Bangor:* Dr. Lewis Bayly, a Welshman; appointed 1616; died October 26, 1631. *P.*
4. *Bishop of Bath and Wells:* Laud's successor in this diocese, in July 1628, was Dr. Leonard Mawe, already known to us as master successively of Peterhouse and Trinity College, Cambridge. He died Sept. 2, 1629. *L.*
5. *Bishop of Bristol:* From 1622 to Nov. 1632, Dr. Robert Wright. *L.*
6. *Bishop of Chichester:* From July 1628 to May 1638, Dr. Richard Montague, already known. *L.*
7. *Bishop of St. David's:* Dr. Theophilus Field, translated hither from Llandaff, to succed Laud, in July 1627; held the see till 1635. *M.*
8. *Bishop of Ely:* From April 1628 to his death in May 1631, Dr. John Buckridge, translated hither from Rochester, where he had been Bishop since 1611; educated at St. John's, Oxford, where, as a fellow and tutor, he had had Laud for his pupil; had been Laud's immediate predecessor as President of that College. *L.*

9. *Bishop of Exeter:* From 1627 to 1641, the celebrated Dr. Joseph Hall, afterwards Bishop of Norwich. *M.*
10. *Bishop of Gloucester:* From 1624 to 1640, Dr. Godfrey Goodman, a Welshman, and remarkable as being, notwithstanding his position, almost avowedly a Roman Catholic. At all events he died (1655) a Romanist, and "in his discourse," according to Fuller, "he would be constantly complaining of the first Reformers;" saying, for example, that Ridley was "a very *odd* man." Fuller adds, however, that he was "a very harmless man, pitiful to the poor, and against the ruin of any of an opposite judgment;" wherefore he may be marked, *M.*
11. *Bishop of Hereford:* From 1617 to his death in April 1633, Dr. Francis Godwin, transferred to Hereford from Llandaff, where he had been Bishop since 1601; very celebrated as an ecclesiastical antiquarian (his *Lives of the Bishops* being still a standard work), and manifesting, in his historical judgments, something of a "puritanical pique," according to Wood. *P.*
12. *Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry:* From 1618-19 to June 1632, Dr. Thomas Morton, translated from Chester; "the neb of whose pen," according to Fuller, "was impartially divided into two equal moieties—the one writing against *faction*, in defence of three innocent ceremonies; the other against *superstition*." *M.*
13. *Bishop of Lincoln:* From 1621 to Dec. 1641, Dr. John Williams, already known. *M.*
14. *Bishop of Llandaff:* From 1627 to his death in Feb. 1639-40, Dr. William Murray, a Scot, transferred from the Irish see of Kilfenora. *M.*
15. *Bishop of London:* From July 11, 1628 to Sept. 19, 1633, Laud himself. *L.*
16. *Bishop of Norwich:* From Jan. 1628-9 to Dec. 1631, Dr. Francis White, translated from Carlisle. *L.*
17. *Bishop of Oxford:* From Sept. 1628 to May 1632, Dr. Richard Corbet, afterwards of Norwich; celebrated as a wit and poet, and as the jolliest prelate of his day on the English bench; decidedly anti-Puritanical in his notions, and recommended by Laud for the see when vacant, but "of courteous carriage," says Fuller, "and no destructive nature to any who offended him, counting himself plentifully repaid with a jest upon him;" wherefore he may be marked, *M.*
18. *Bishop of Peterborough:* From April 1601 to his death in August 1630, Dr. Thomas Dove, one of the old Queen Elizabeth bishops, and a resolute anti-Puritan of the old school. *L.*
19. *Bishop of Rochester:* From July 1628 to Dec. 1629, Dr. Walter Curle, a *protégé* of Bishop Neile. *L.*

20. *Bishop of Salisbury:* From 1621 to his death in April 1641, Dr. John Davenant, uncle of Fuller the historian; raised to the bishopric after his return from the Synod of Dort. *M*, inclining to *P*.
21. *Bishop of Winchester*: From Dec. 1628 to Oct. 1632, Dr. Richard Neile. *L*.
22. *Bishop of Worcester:* From Jan. 1616-17 to his death in July 1641, Dr. John Thornborough, who had previously been Bishop of Bristol, from 1603 to 1616-17, and, before that, Bishop of Limerick in Ireland. *M*.

II. PROVINCE OF YORK.

1. Archbishop of York: From Nov. 1628 to his death in May 1631, Dr. Samuel Harsnet, who had previously held in succession the bishoprics of Chichester and Norwich; "a zealous asserter of ceremonies," says Fuller, "using to complain of (the first, I believe, who used the expression) *conformable Puritans*, who preached it [conformity] out of policy, yet dissented from it in their judgments." *L*.
2. *Bishop of Carlisle:* From March 1628-9 to his death in Jan. 1641-2, Dr. Barnabas Potter, who had been a distinguished preacher of the Puritan party, and Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, in the reign of James; had been chaplain to Charles I., and had, for some exceptional reason, though "a thorough-paced Calvinist," been made Bishop of Carlisle. He was usually, according to Fuller and Wood, called "the Puritanical Bishop," and it was said that "the very sound of an organ would blow him out of church"—which, however, Fuller does not believe, "the rather as he was loving of, and skilful in vocal music." He did all he could for the Nonconformists. *P*.
3. *Bishop of Chester:* From 1619 onwards (died 1652) Dr. John Bridgman. *M*.
4. *Bishop of Durham:* From Sept. 1628 to his death in Feb. 1631-2, Dr. John Howson, translated from Oxford. *L*.
5. *Bishop of Man:* From 1604 to Aug. 1633, Dr. John Phillips, a Welshman; translator of the Bible into Manx. *M*.[1]

Thus, of the twenty-seven prelates in authority in England at the time of the commencement of Laud's ecclesiastical supremacy (and it is to be observed that no fewer than fourteen, or more than one half of them, had been appointed since the accession of Charles), there were about eleven who could be reckoned

[1] The names in this list are from Le Neve's Fasti, corrected by reference to Nicolas's *Historic Peerage;* other particulars are from Wood's Athenæ and Fasti, Fuller's Worthies, and Fuller's Church History.

on by Laud as likely to co-operate with him zealously against Puritanism; about six who were likely to dissent strongly from his measures; and about ten who were likely to be neutral, or to obey whatever force could be brought to bear upon them. Among the deans, archdeacons, masters of colleges, and other dignitaries inferior to the bishops, the proportions may have been about the same. In the general body of the parish clergy and their curates, as has been already stated, the Puritan and Calvinistic elements were naturally in much larger proportion. Finally, the lecturers were almost exclusively Puritans.

In studying the action of Laud upon this clerical body, it is necessary, in the first place, to have some conception of the mechanism and the personal composition of the central government, with which he was connected. The sole deliberative and legislative body in the realm was now, it is to be remembered, the king's Privy Council or ministry.[1] This body consisted of the great officers of state and of the royal household, together with such other persons, lay or ecclesiastical, as the king chose to associate with them. The following is a list of the body between 1628-9 and 1632, as nearly complete as we need make it :—

Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury (seldom present).
Harsnet, Archbishop of York; sworn of the Council, 1628; died, 1631.
Laud, Bishop of London; sworn April 29, 1627, while Bishop of Bath and Wells.
Neile, Bishop of Winchester (afterwards Archbishop of York); sworn, April 1627, while Bishop of Durham.
Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, Ex-keeper of the Great Seal (a nominal member only, having been ordered to keep away).
Thomas, Lord Coventry; *Keeper of the Great Seal* since 1625.
Richard, Lord Weston; *Lord High Treasurer* since July 1628, having previously, as Sir Richard Weston, been a Privy Councillor and Chancellor of the Exchequer under James. Created Earl of Portland in 1633. His wife and daughters were professed Roman Catholics, and he was thought to tend the same way.

[1] The Privy Council in those days was really the Ministry; but *now* the Privy Council is a body indefinitely large, and the Cabinet, or Ministry specially so called, consists of those Privy Councillors who are specially summoned to the Council-meetings. It is, in fact, a self-appointed committee of the Council; has no legal standing; and keeps no minutes.

Henry Montague, Earl of Manchester, *Lord Privy Seal.*

Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel and Surrey (Collector of the Arundel Marbles), *Earl Marshal of England.* He was the haughtiest man in England, keeping Charles himself at a distance; concerning himself with English politics only as being the head and representative of the English nobility; otherwise an alien, with Italian tastes, and "thought not to be much concerned for religion."

William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (Shakespeare's friend), *Lord Steward of the Household;* "the most universally beloved and esteemed," says Clarendon, "of any man of that age," so that, while he lived, he "made the court itself better esteemed and more reverenced in the country." But he died suddenly, April 10, 1630.

Philip Herbert, Earl of Montgomery, *Lord Chamberlain;* the younger brother of the preceding (and conjoined with him in the dedication of the folio Shakespeare); but a far inferior man, of gross and rough habits, and skilled chiefly, says Clarendon, in "horses and dogs." Succeeding his brother (April 1630) he became Earl of Pembroke as well as of Montgomery.

Edward Sackville, Earl of Dorset, *Lord Chamberlain to the Queen.*

Henry Rich, Earl of Holland; Buckingham's successor as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. He was the chief agent for the Queen in the Council.

James Hay, Earl of Carlisle, *First Gentleman of the Bedchamber and Master of the Wardrobe.* A Scot, who had come into England at James's accession, and been raised to rank and wealth, but more popular with the English than "any other of his country;" "a man," adds Clarendon, "of a great universal understanding," but indolent and jovial, and "of the greatest expense in his person (in dress and housekeeping) of any of the age in which he lived."

Thomas Erskine, Earl of Kellie (in Fifeshire); another Scot, who had come in with James, and had a similar run of favour.

John Egerton, Earl of Bridgewater; the second son of the great Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, and his successor, in 1617, as Viscount Brackley; made an earl in the same year. In June 1631, he was appointed *Lord President of the Principality of Wales.*

William Cecil, Earl of Salisbury; son of the first Earl of that name, and grandson of the famous Burleigh, but inheriting "not their wisdom and virtues," says Clarendon, "but only their titles."

William Cecil, Earl of Exeter, cousin of the preceding; being the son of Burleigh's eldest son, the first Earl of Exeter.

Edward Cecil, Viscount Wimbledon, younger brother of the preceding. He had been raised to the peerage by Charles, and had commanded the unsuccessful expedition against Cadiz in 1625.

Theophilus Howard, second Earl of Suffolk; *Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.*

Robert Bertie, Earl of Lindsay, and, since 1626, *Lord Great Chamberlain.* In Sept. 1628, he commanded the expedition sent for the relief of Rochelle, after Buckingham's death.

William Feilding, Earl of Denbigh; brother-in-law of Buckingham. He had commanded the fleet sent to Rochelle in April 1628.

Oliver St. John, Viscount Grandison; who had been Lord Deputy of Ireland under James.

Henry Carey, Viscount Falkland; *Lord Deputy of Ireland* from 1625 till 1632. He died 1633.

Edward Conway, Viscount Conway, *Secretary of State* from 1622; afterwards *President of the Council.* He died January 3, 1630-1.

Edward Barret, Baron Newburgh, in Fifeshire, *Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster;* one of the few Englishmen on whom Charles, in pursuance of his policy for uniting the institutions of the two kingdoms, bestowed Scotch titles. He had risen in office under James; had been raised to the peerage in 1627, and been made a Privy Councillor, July 1628. He had held for a time the offices of Chancellor and Under-Treasurer of the Exchequer.

Sir Francis Cottington (made Baron Cottington of Hanworth, July 1631), *Chancellor of the Exchequer* and (after 1630) *Master of the Wards* in addition. He had been secretary to Charles as prince; had accompanied him to Spain; had been disgraced by Buckingham's influence after Charles became king; but had since recovered favour.

Sir Thomas Edmonds, *Treasurer of the Household* since 1618.

Sir Henry Vane, senior (father of the more celebrated Sir Henry Vane); *Comptroller of the Household.*

Sir Julius Cæsar, *Master of the Rolls* since 1614; died 1636.

Sir Humphrey May, *Vice-Chamberlain to the King;* died 1630.

Sir Robert Naunton, *Master of the Court of Wards* till his death in 1630, when Cottington succeeded him.

Dudley Carleton, Viscount Dorchester, *Vice-Chamberlain of the Household* till 1629, and then successor of Viscount Conway as *Secretary of State.* He died Feb. 1631-2; and, in June 1632, the office of Secretary was conferred on Sir Francis Windebanke, an old and special friend of Laud, and educated at the same College.

Sir John Coke, the other *Secretary of State.*

Thomas, Viscount Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford. This great man, by inheritance Sir Thomas Wentworth, Baronet, of Wentworth-Woodhouse, Yorkshire, had recently made his memorable defection to the king's side, after having led the popular cause in Parliament. He had been immediately (July 22, 1628) made Baron Wentworth, of Newmarch and Oversley; and again (Dec. 1628) created Viscount, and sworn of the Privy Council. As he was then appointed *Lord President of the Council in the North*, or, in other words, Viceroy of all England north of the Trent, his head-quarters for the present were at York, and his attendance at the Privy Council could be but occasional. He was (1629) in his thirty-seventh year.

James, Marquis, and afterwards Duke, of Hamilton. This Scottish nobleman and kinsman of the king (born in 1606, and therefore now in the first flush of youth) was also but commencing his eventful career. After being educated, as Earl of Arran, at Oxford, he had succeeded his father as Marquis in 1625, and had immediately become one of the hopes of the court—Knight of the Garter, Gentleman of the Bedchamber, Privy Councillor of both Kingdoms, and Master of Horse (1628). It was on the king's own solicitation that he consented to leave his native Clydesdale and the wild splendours of his hereditary Isle of Arran, and to enter into the service of the state. Two lines of service were already marked out for him. In the first place, it was through him, as the greatest of the Scottish nobles, that the king hoped to manage the affairs of Scotland. In the second place, it was resolved (1629) that what assistance Charles could give to the Swedish hero, Gustavus Adolphus, in his war in behalf of continental Protestantism (an enterprise involving the recovery of the Palatinate for Charles's brave sister, the Queen of Bohemia), should be given in the shape of a volunteer expedition under the Marquis of Hamilton. Accordingly, he was empowered to raise an army of 6,000 men, chiefly Scots; with this army he sailed for the Continent, July 1631; and he remained abroad in the service of Gustavus till Sept. 1632.[1]

[1] The preparation of this list of Privy Councillors from 1628-9 to 1632, has been a less easy matter than, in these days of directories and almanacs, it might be supposed; nor can I certify that it is absolutely complete or exact. The names have been collected from documents in Rymer, Rushworth, &c. and the biographical particulars from Clarendon and other sources. Since the list was made out, however, I have seen in the State Paper Office a document, dated July 12, 1629, professing to be a list (drawn up, I fancy, for an official purpose) of the "Lords and others of his Majesty's most Hon. Privy Council," at that date. The list, which includes forty names, confirms mine very satisfactorily; but it contains several names not in mine, and omits one or two which are in mine. The *additional* names are, with two exceptions, those of Scotch nobles and officials who, as they resided chiefly in Scotland, can have been but nominal members of the Privy Council, so far as

In this body of about five and thirty men,—some of them ecclesiastics, some hereditary legislators or great nobles, and the rest men of business who had risen to rank and eminence through the profession of the law,—was vested, under the king, from 1628-9 onwards, the supreme government of England. Whatever laws were now passed or other measures adopted, binding the subjects of the English realm, were framed by this body sitting in council in Westminster, or, in certain cases, by a select portion of them consulted in a more private manner by the king, and were issued (now that there were no Parliaments) as proclamations, royal injunctions, orders in Council, and the like. Of course, all the members of the body were not equally active or equally powerful. The attendance of some at the council-meetings was exceptional, and depended on their chancing to be at court; and the usual number present at a full council seems to have been from fifteen to twenty. Even of those who regularly attended, some were rather listeners or clerks than actual ministers. The working chiefs of the ministry seem to have been Laud, Neile, the Lord Keeper Coventry, the Lord Treasurer Weston, Sir Francis Cottington, and the Earls of Manchester, Arundel, Holland, and Dorset. Moreover, the king himself took pleasure in business, and in letting it be known that he had the reins in his own hands.[1]

In all civil business the ecclesiastical members of the Council seem to have been quite as active and influential as the lay lords. Laud, in particular, from his first admission, took a leading share in all the discussions and proceedings, and kept the Council in a continual fidget; such being the

England was concerned. I *might*, however, have inserted that of Sir William Alexander (Earl of Stirling), Secretary of State for Scotland, as he seems to have conducted the Scotch secretaryship chiefly in London. Names in my list and not in the other, are those of Harsnet, Archbishop of York, Wentworth, and the Duke of Hamilton.

[1] Clarendon (I. 52) thinks the Council was too numerous, or had too many ciphers in it. There had been some such talk as early as Charles's accession; when (as I learn from the title of a paper, of date April 23, 1625, given in the published Calendar of State Papers) there was a rumour at court of the existence of "a selected or Cabinet Council, whereunto none are admitted but the Duke of Buckingham, the Lords Treasurer and Chamberlain, Lord Brooke and Lord Conway." This Cabinet Council had doubtless perpetuated itself more or less firmly. With respect to the forms and regulations of the more general Council, see a very interesting state paper published in the *Athenæum* of Sept. 11, 1858.

heat of his temper and the natural sharpness of his tongue that "he could not," says Clarendon, "debate anything without some commotion, even when the argument was not of moment, nor bear contradiction in debate." The lay lords, especially Weston, resented this; and it was one of Cottington's great amusements to lead Laud on at the Council Board so as to make him lose his temper, and say or do something ridiculous. "This he chose to do most," says Clarendon, "when the king was present, and then he (Cottington) would dine with him (Laud) the next day." The truth is, Laud and his ecclesiastical colleagues, Harsnet and Neile, seem to have been of a party in the Council more extreme and rigorous in their notions of prerogative, and more bent on harsh courses of civil procedure than the majority of the lay lords, and especially than the lawyers among them. A curious indication of the respective degrees of severity of the various members of Council is furnished by a record of their several votes in Star-chamber in May 1629, on the question of the amount of fine to be inflicted on Richard Chambers, a merchant of London, who, having had a parcel of silk-grogram goods seized by the custom-house officers, and having been summoned before the Council for obstinacy in the matter of tonnage and poundage, had ventured to say even in their august presence that "the merchants in England were more wrung and screwed than those of Turkey." The sum fixed on was £2,000, but Laud and Neile had voted with Weston, Arundel, Dorset, and Suffolk for a higher sum. Chambers refused to pay, and wrote on the paper of apology and submission, which was presented to him for signature, that he "utterly abhorred and detested" its contents, and "never, till death, would acknowledge any part" of them. He was kept in prison for several years.[1]

It was part of Laud's theoretical system, as we have seen, that the right of ecclesiastical legislation belonged to a national synod or convocation, with the bishops presiding. Now, however, that there were no meetings of the Convocation or ecclesiastical Parliament, any more than of the secular

[1] Rushworth, I. 671-2.

Parliament,[1] the only method that remained (and he probably learned to prefer it) was for himself, either alone, or in conjunction with his colleagues, Neile and Harsnet, to recommend to the king such measures as, without amounting to actual innovation in doctrine or canon, should yet produce effects desired; and, having procured for these measures the king's consent, to see them issued as orders in Council, or royal declarations and proclamations. This, accordingly, he did. On the 30th of December, 1629, for example, there were issued in the king's name the following important "*Instructions to the two Archbishops concerning certain orders to be observed and put in execution by the several Bishops;*" these instructions being framed with but slight variations on "Considerations for the better settling of the Church Government," presented to the king in draft by Laud, or by Laud and Harsnet, in the preceding March.[2]

[1] Convocation was originally, it is supposed, the assembly of the clergy in the form of a Parliament—the higher clergy personally, the inferior clergy by their proctors or deputies—for the purpose of assessing themselves in taxes, at a time when they claimed exemption from the general taxation of the country as settled in the secular Parliament. The assembly, divided into the two provincial synods of Canterbury and York, was convened by the king's writ sent to the two Archbishops, and by them downwards, at the commencement of every new Parliament. As on such occasions the clergy took the opportunity of discussing ecclesiastical questions, Convocation became (if it had not always been) the ecclesiastical legislative body. At the Reformation, its functions in this respect were greatly limited; but it still continued to meet with every new Parliament; and, several times, with the consent of the Crown, it issued new bodies of canons, which the Crown ratified as ecclesiastical law. Such were the famous canons of 1603-4; which, however, never having been ratified by Parliament, but only by the king, have been declared by the courts of law not to be binding on the English laity, but only on the clergy. As Convocation met only when Parliament met, and was in fact a necessary though independent portion of Parliament considered in its totality, the disuse of Parliaments from 1628-9 onwards to 1640 led to the abeyance of Convocation for the same period—consequently to the absence during that period of such modified control over Laud and the other bishops as might have resulted from the synodical criticism of the body of the clergy. In 1665, the clergy consented to be taxed, with other classes of the community, by the general Parliament—acquiring, in equivalent, the right of voting for knights of the shires; since which time, accordingly, Convocation has been a nullity. It is still convened at the opening of every new Parliament; the two Houses meet in St. Paul's and go through certain formalities; but, the moment any real business is attempted, the royal prorogation stops it.

[2] The "Considerations" are given from Laud's paper by Rushworth, II. 7; the actual "Instructions" based on them are given by Rushworth, II. 30, and more fully in Wharton's Laud, pp. 517-518; and it is interesting to compare the two documents. In his account of his trial Laud disclaims the sole authorship both of the "Considerations" and "Instructions" (see Wharton's Laud, 356). "My copy of *Considerations*," he says, "came from Archbishop Harsnet;" and again, "The king's *Instructions* under these Considerations are under Mr. Baker's hand, who was secretary to my predecessor (*i.e.* to Archbishop Abbot), and they were sent to me to make ex-

"I. That the Lords the Bishops be commanded to their several sees to keep residence, excepting those which are in necessary attendance at Court.

"II. That none of them reside upon his land or lease that he hath purchased, nor on his Commendam [*i. e.* living held by him in addition to his bishopric], if he should have any, but in one of the episcopal houses, if he have any. And that he waste not the woods where any are left.

"III. That they give in charge in their triennial visitations and all other convenient times, both by themselves and the archdeacons, that the Declaration for the settling all questions in difference be strictly observed by all parties.

"IV. That there be a special care taken by them all that the ordinations be solemn, and not of unworthy persons.

"V. That they take great care concerning the Lecturers, in these special directions following:—[The wording of this Instruction in Laud's (or Harsnet's) draft is much fiercer:—"That a special care be had over the Lecturers in every diocese, which, by reason of their pay, are the people's creatures, and blow the bellows of their sedition: for the abating of whose power, these ways may be taken:—]

"1. That in all parishes the afternoon sermons may be turned into catechising by questions and answers, when and wheresoever there is no great cause apparent to break this ancient and profitable order.

"2. That every Bishop ordain in his diocese that every lecturer do read Divine Service, according to the Liturgy printed by authority, in his surplice and hood, before the lecture.

"3. That, where a lecture is set up in a market-town, it may be read by a company of grave and orthodox divines near adjoining, and in the same diocese; and that they preach in gowns and not in cloaks, as too many do use.

"4. That, if a corporation maintain a single lecturer, he be not suffered to preach till he profess his willingness to take upon him a living with cure of souls within that corporation; and that he actually take such benefice or cure as soon as it shall be fairly procured for him.

"VI. That the Bishops do countenance and encourage the grave

ceptions to them, if I knew any, in regard to the ministers of London, whereof I was then Bishop, and by this * * 'tis manifest that this account was begun before my time. I should have been glad of the honour had it begun in mine." In these explanations, Laud must be understood as using his legal right as an accused person to make no unnecessary admissions hurtful to himself, and even to avail himself of technical defences. He does not assert that, though Harsnet had a hand in the *Considerations*, they did not emanate from him (Laud); and the words "before my time," in reference to the *Instructions*, can mean only that they were issued before his elevation to the Archbishopric in 1633, and not that they may not have been advised by him in his prior condition as Bishop of London, *i.e.* virtually sent by him as Crown-minister, to Abbot as Archbishop, to descend upon himself again, as Bishop, from that primate.

and orthodox divines of their clergy; and that they use means by some of their clergy that they may have knowledge how both lecturers and preachers behave themselves in their sermons, within their diocese; that so they may take order for any abuse accordingly.

"VII. That the Bishops suffer none but noblemen and men qualified by learning to have any private chaplain in their houses.

"VIII. That they take special care that divine service be duly frequented, as well for prayers and catechisings as for sermons; and take particular note of all such as absent themselves as recusants or otherwise.

"IX. That every Bishop that by our grace, favour, and good opinion of his service shall be nominated by us to another bishoprick, shall, from that day of nomination, not presume to make any lease for three lives or one and twenty years, or concurrent lease, or any way make any estate, or cut any woods or timber, but merely receive the rents due, and so quit the place; for we think it a hateful thing that any man, leaving the bishoprick, should almost undo the successor. And if any man shall presume to break this order, we will refuse him our royal assent, and keep him at the place which he hath so abused. [This is not in the draft.]

"X. We command you to give us an account every year, the second day of January, of the performance of these our commands."

In addition to these instructions, there are, in Laud's (or Harsnet's) draft, certain suggestions to the king himself, of a kind that could not be transferred into the Instructions. Thus:—

"That His Majesty may be graciously pleased that men of courage, gravity, and experience in government, be preferred to bishopricks.

"That Emanuel and Sidney colleges in Cambridge, which are the nurseries of Puritanism, may, from time to time, be provided of grave and orthodox men for their governors.

"That His Majesty's High Commission [board for the trial of high ecclesiastical cases] be countenanced by the presence of some of His Majesty's Privy Council, so oft at least as any matter of moment is to be sentenced [in order, we suppose, that the great laymen might share the responsibility of severe punishments with the churchmen].

"That some course may be taken that the judges may not send so many prohibitions [*i. e.* orders interrupting ecclesiastical procedure].

Observe, not only how Laudian the Instructions are in substance, but also how effectual the form in which they are issued. It is the king in person who issues the Instructions; the king delates them to the two Archbishops; each Arch-

bishop is to see to their execution by the Bishops of his own province; and annually, on the 2d of January, each Archbishop is to give a written report to his Majesty (Laud being, of course, at his Majesty's ear to criticise it) as to the degree in which the Instructions have been obeyed.

Besides these "Instructions," issued Dec. 30, 1629, the following seem to be the only important items of new ecclesiastical *legislation* or *enactment* for England, passed, by Laud's influence, from 1629 to 1632:—

Proclamation from Hampton Court, Oct. 11, 1629. "Having of late taken special notice of the general decay and ruin of parish churches in many places of this kingdom, and that by law the same ought to be repaired and maintained at the proper charge of the inhabitants and others having land in these chapelries and parishes respectively, who had wilfully neglected to repair the same, being consecrated places of God's worship and divine service: His Majesty doth therefore charge and command all Archbishops and Bishops, that they take special care of the repairing and upholding the same from time to time, and, by themselves and their officers, to take a view and survey of them, and to use the power of the Ecclesiastical Court for putting the same in due execution: and that the judges be required not to interrupt this good work by their too easy granting of prohibitions." [1]

April 10, 1631. A commission under the great seal was issued to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishops of London and Winchester, all the Lords of the Council, &c. &c., empowering them to take steps for the repairing and ornamentation of St. Paul's cathedral, as "the goodliest monument and most eminent church in all his Majesty's dominions, and a principal ornament of the royal city." Considering that so vast a work was "not to be effected out of any rents or revenues" already available, His Majesty ordered:—1. That money should be raised by voluntary subscription, the Bishop of London to keep a register for the purpose; 2. That the judges of the Prerogative Courts in both provinces, the vicars-general, and the officials in all the bishoprics, should take care to set apart for the object some "convenient proportion" of such moneys as should fall into their power by intestacy and the like, for charitable uses; 2. That letters-patent should be issued for a general collection in the churches throughout England and Wales; and 4. That inquiries should be instituted with the view of finding out moneys already legally applicable for the purpose.[2]

June 25, 1631. An order in Council of this date also referred to St. Paul's. Taking notice of a long-continued scandal,—to wit, the use of the cathedral as a thoroughfare, exchange, and place of

[1] Rushworth, II. 28.

[2] Ibid. II. 88-90.

lounging for idlers—the king in Council published orders to the following effect, and charged the Dean and Chapter with their execution :—"1. That no man of what quality soever shall presume to walk in the aisles of the quire, or in the body or aisles of the church, during the time of divine service, or the celebration of the blessed sacrament, or sermons, or any part of them ; neither do anything that may disturb the service of the church, or diminish the honour due to so holy a place ; 2. That no man presume to profane the church by the carriage of burdens or baskets, or any portage whatsoever ; 3. That all parents and masters of families do strictly forbid their children and servants to play at any time in the church, or any way misdemean themselves in that place in time of divine service or otherwise." [1]

These enactments, it will be seen, are also characteristic of Laud, and characteristic of him, as most persons will agree, on the more venerable side of his energetic little being. "All that I laboured for in this particular," he said afterwards, when charged on his trial with introducing Popish and superstitious ceremonies into the worship of the Church of England, "was that the external worship of God in this Church might be kept up in uniformity and decency, and in some beauty of holiness." This phrase, "beauty of holiness," was a favourite one with Laud. It occurs first in Scripture in David's song of thanksgiving, sung on the bringing of the ark to Zion, and the establishment of it there under the care of an endowed ministry (1 Chron. xvi. 29) :—"Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name ; bring an offering and come before him ; worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." It is repeated twice in the Psalms with the same exact context (Ps. xxix. 2, and xcvi. 9), and once again in the story of Jehoshaphat (2 Chron. xx. 21). Picking out the phrase for himself, or finding it already selected for him, Laud seems to have delighted in using it to describe his ideal of the Church. If there is ever a touch of poetry in Laud's language, it is when he uses this phrase or one of its equivalents. One seems to see a peculiar relish of his lips in the act of pronouncing it. What it meant in his application is generally known. It meant that, as in all ages it had been deemed advantageous for the maintaining of religion among men to represent it as far as possible in tangible object

[1] Rushworth, II. 91.

and institution, in daily custom, and in periodical fast and festival, so there should be an effort to increase and perfect at that time in England the sensuous and ceremonious aids to worship. It meant that there should be greater uniformity in times and seasons, in fish during Lent, and in the observance of saints' days. It meant that there should be a survey of the decayed cathedrals and churches throughout the land with a view to their repair and comely maintenance. It meant that, more than hitherto, these edifices and all appertaining to them should be treated as holy objects, not to be seen or touched without obeisance, and worthy of all the seemliness that religious art could bestow upon them. Thus in the beauty of holiness there were included not only the walls and external fabrics of the sacred edifices, but also their internal decorations and furniture—the paintings, the carved images, the great organ, the crucifixes, the candlesticks; the crimson and blue and yellow of the stained glass windows; consecrated vessels for the holy communion, with consecrated knives and napkins; and, even in the humblest parish churches, the sweetest cleanliness at least, the well-kept desks of oak, the stone baptismal font, the few conspicuous squares of white and black marble, and, above all, the decent rail separating the communion-table from the rest of the interior. Moreover, and very specially, the priests, as being men holy in their office by derivation from the Apostles, were to see to the expression of this in their vestments, and chiefly in the pure white surplices enjoined to be worn on the more solemn occasions of sacred service. Then, there was symbolical holiness also in the appointed gestures both of the ministers and the people—the standing up at the Creed, the kneeling at the Communion, the bowing at the name of Jesus. All this and much more was included in that "beauty of holiness" which Laud desired to uphold and restore in England. The prelates of the old school had been satisfied with the observance of such of the canonical ceremonies as the general custom of the reign of James had retained in opposition to the anti-ceremonial tendency of the Puritans; but Laud was for the strict maintenance of all that were enjoined by the letter of the

canons, and not only so, but for "a restauration" also of such "ancient approved ceremonies" as had fallen into disuse since the Reformation. Within his own life, and partly from his personal influence, there had grown up a body of men agreeing with him in these views, and prepared to go along with him in carrying them out. To Laud, as their leader, every manifestation of the increase of this party in the Church, or of a tendency anywhere to the adoption of new sensuous aids to piety without passing over to the communion of Rome in order to find them, was a fact of interest. It could only be when this party had attained to a considerable numerical strength that he could hope to ceremonialise the Church to the full extent of his wishes. For the present, his notions as to the necessity of extending the rite of consecration not only to all churches, but also to chapels, to the Communion-plate, and to all utensils employed in the sacred service, were decidedly beyond those entertained by the bulk of the clergy. Still farther was he from having all the prelates or clergy with him in his views as to the name and arrangement proper to the communion-table. The common opinion on this subject was, that the communion-table was not to be regarded as an altar or called by that name, but was to be "a joined table," to be laid up in the chancel at such times as it was not in use for the holy service, but, during the time of such service, to be removed to some part of the body of the church, where all could conveniently see and hear, and there placed "table-wise," with the *sides* north and south. Laud, on the other hand, held that the communion-table was an altar, and, as such, should be permanently fixed "altar-wise" at the east end of the chancel, with the *ends* north and south. Generally, too, he was for the use of such names as paten, chalice, alb, paraphront, and suffront, as designations of the sacred utensils and parts of the sacred furniture, on the principle that, as all these were holy things, they "should be differenced in name from common things." These, however, were, for the present, the private and personal developments of Laud's ecclesiasticism, regarded even by friendly prelates as indications of a *ὑπερβολὴ τῆς εὐσεβείας*. Accordingly, though, in his own view, an ultimate uniformity even in these

particulars would be necessary to complete his ideal of that "beauty of holiness" which might be set up in England, he was content, in the meantime, with doing what he could, within his own diocesan jurisdiction, to exemplify the nicer parts of his ideal, directing his energies in the legislative to the accomplishment of its greater features.

On the last leaf of Laud's diary, when it was brought by circumstances before the public, was found written by his own hand a list of twenty-three things which he had "projected to do," if God blessed him in them. The list bears no date; but there is internal evidence that most of the projects were in his mind at least as early as 1630. Among these, besides some respecting benefits to be done at his own expense or by his effort to his native town of Reading, to his old college of St. John's, and to the university and town of Oxford, and also respecting the interests of St. Paul's cathedral and the see of London, there are others indicating his future legislative intentions with regard to the Church in general. These may be here quoted:—

"3. To overthrow the feoffment, dangerous both to Church and State, going under the specious pretence of buying in impropriations.

"8. To settle the statutes of all the cathedral churches of the new foundations, whose statutes are imperfect and not confirmed.

"9. To annex for ever some settled *commendams*, and those, if it may be, *sine curâ*, to all the small bishopricks.

"10. To find a way to increase the stipends of poor vicars."

The first of these intentions was ominous enough; the others might appear good or ill, according to the ideas entertained of the methods by which they were to be carried out. An intention which accompanied them of "setting up a Greek press in London and Oxford for printing of the Library manuscripts," was one which could only be approved by all friends of learning.

But Laud was not only the legislative chief of the Church, the man of schemes and projects for affecting its constitution; he was also the dispenser of the royal patronage. On referring back to the list of the English episcopal body in 1628-9, it will be seen that there occurred seven vacancies in that

body prior to 1632—in St. Asaph, by the death of Hanmer in July 1629; in Bath and Wells by that of Mawe in September in the same year; in Peterborough by the death of old Dove in August 1630; in Ely and Bangor by the deaths of Buckridge and Bayly in 1631; in Durham, by the death of Howson in February 1631-2, and in the Archbishopric of York by the death of Harsnet in the following March. Out of these *seven* vacancies, however, there arose *fifteen* episcopal preferments. In lieu of Hanmer in St. Asaph was appointed Dr. John Owen, a Welshman by extraction, who lived till 1651; to fill Mawe's place in Bath and Wells, Curle was translated from Rochester, and the vacancy thus made in Rochester was filled by the appointment of a Dr. John Bowles, who continued there till 1637; old Dove's place in Peterborough was filled by a new man, Dr. William Pierce; in Ely, Buckridge was succeeded by White of Norwich, who was succeeded in Norwich by Corbet of Oxford, who was succeeded in Oxford by Dr. John Bancroft, a nephew of Archbishop Bancroft; in Bangor, Bayly was succeeded by another Welshman, Dr. David Dolben; Howson's successor at Durham was Morton of Lichfield and Coventry, succeeded in that diocese by Wright of Bristol, who again was succeeded in Bristol by Dr. George Coke, a brother of Secretary Coke; and, finally, Harsnet's place as Archbishop of York was reserved for Laud's associate Neile, whose transference from Winchester was to entail three new changes in the course of 1632—the translation of Curle from Bath and Wells to Winchester, that of Pierce from Peterborough to Bath and Wells, and the appointment to Peterborough of a new man, Dr. Augustine Lindsell. One or two of the new bishops were not thorough Laudians—especially Coke, who is described by Fuller as "a meek, grave, quiet man, much beloved in his jurisdiction."[1] The general result of the changes, however, was an impetus in the Laudian direction.

As by these changes the episcopal body was more strongly charged with the Laudian element, so, in as far as the patronage

[1] Laud, in his account of his trial (Wharton's Laud, 369), reminds his accusers of this appointment of Coke to a bishopric, though not a partisan of his; also of his having nominated Bishop Hall to Exeter, and Potter, the "puritanical Bishop," to Carlisle. These two last appointments, however, had been in 1627 and 1628-9, before parliaments were done with.

of the crown, or of the Laudian prelates, extended in new appointments and promotions among the inferior clergy, the effect was identical. More particularly in the appointments to deaneries and to royal chaplaincies, care was taken to select the right sort of men; while each prelate, in appointing his own chaplains, or presenting to the benefices of which he was patron, would naturally consult his own tastes. Among the Laudian preferments of these kinds may be mentioned that of Dr. William Juxon, Laud's intimate friend, his successor in the presidency of St. John's, Oxford, and, since 1627, Dean of Worcester. "July 10, 1632," says Laud in his diary, "Dr. Juxon, then Dean of Worcester, at my suit sworn clerk of his Majesty's closet, that I might have one that I might trust near his Majesty, if I grow weak or infirm." Another appointment of some consequence was that of Peter Heylin, who, after acting as one of Laud's chief agents during his life, survived to be his biographer, and a busy writer of books. He had been introduced to Laud in 1627, bringing with him from Oxford the reputation of being "papistically inclined;" he became one of Laud's chaplains (and it must be remembered that Laud's chaplains were also his tasters of books, and the official licensers or censors of all current literature); in 1629, he became chaplain to the king; and in 1631 he obtained a rectory in Hunts and a prebend in Westminster, with promise of more. Heylin claims for himself the credit of having first roused Laud to the danger of the feoffment scheme for the purchase of impropriations; and it is certain that he preached on this subject in 1630. Besides Heylin, Laud had a host of other *protégés* of the same stamp scattered through the Church. "They that watched the increase of Arminianism," says Hacket, "said confidently that it was from the year 1628 that the *tide* of it began to come in," and this because it was from that year that "all the preferments were cast on one side."[1] Hacket's statement is curiously corroborated by the clerical lives of this period in the pages of Wood.

A third, and very powerful means, by which Laud acted on the Church, was by making his own great diocese of London

[1] Life of Williams, Part II. p. 42 and p. 82.

a model of ecclesiastical order. (1.) He had here the means of exemplifying the more peculiar features of his ideal of the "beauty of holiness." He gave a prominence to the rite of consecration which it had never had in London since Roman Catholic times, and he introduced elaborate variations of ceremony into public worship. On Sunday, the 16th of January, 1630-1, for example, there was quite a stir in London about the consecration of St. Catharine Creed Church in Leadenhall Street. The church had been recently rebuilt, and had been suspended by Laud from all divine service, sermons or sacraments, until it should be re-consecrated. Laud and a number of his clergy came in the morning to perform the ceremony. "At the Bishop's approach to the west door," says Rushworth, "some that were prepared for it cried with a loud voice, "'Open, open, ye everlasting doors, that the king of glory "may enter in!' and presently the doors were opened, and "the Bishop, with some doctors and many other principal men, "went in, and immediately, falling down upon his knees, with "his eyes lifted up, and his arms spread abroad, uttered these "words: 'This place is holy; the ground is holy; in the name "of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I pronounce it holy.' "Then he took up some of the dust and threw it up into the "air several times in his going up towards the chancel.[1] When "they approached near to the rail and communion-table, the "Bishop bowed towards it several times; and, returning, they "went round the church in procession, saying the 100th "Psalm, and after that the 19th Psalm, and then said a "form of prayer, commencing, 'Lord Jesus Christ,' &c., and "concluding, 'We consecrate this church and separate it unto "thee as holy ground, not to be profaned any more to common "use.' After this, the Bishop being near the communion-table, "and taking a written book in his hand [a copy, as was afterwards alleged, of a form in the Romish pontifical, but, according to Laud, furnished him by the deceased bishop Andrews], pronounced curses upon those that should after-

[1] This was sworn to on Laud's trial by two witnesses; but Laud denies it, and moreover says that, if it had been true, it would not have been a Popish ceremony, as the Romish pontifical prescribes not "dust" but "ashes" to be thrown up on such occasions.

"wards profane that holy place by musters of soldiers, or "keeping profane law-courts, or carrying burdens through it; "and at the end of every curse bowed towards the east, and "said, 'Let all the people say, Amen.' When the curses were "ended, he pronounced a number of blessings upon all those "that had any hand in framing and building of that sacred "and beautiful church, and those that had given or should "hereafter give any chalices, plate, ornaments, or utensils; "and at the end of every blessing he bowed towards the east, "and said, 'Let all the people say, Amen.' After this followed "the sermon; which being ended, the Bishop consecrated "and administered the sacrament in manner following:—As "he approached the communion-table, he made several lowly "bowings; and coming up to the side of the table, where "the bread and wine were covered, he bowed seven times; "and then, after the reading of many prayers, he came near "the bread, and gently lifted up a corner of the napkin "wherein the bread was laid; and, when he beheld the bread, "he laid it down again, flew back a step or two, bowed three "several times towards it; then he drew near again, and "opened the napkin, and bowed as before. Then he laid his "hand on the cup, which was full of wine, with a cover upon "it; which he let go again, went back, and bowed thrice "towards it; then he came near again, and, lifting up the "cover of the cup, looked into it, and, seeing the wine, let fall "the cover again, retired back, and bowed as before. Then he "received the sacrament, and gave it to some principal men; "after which, many prayers being said, the solemnity of the "consecration ended."[1] On the following Sunday (Jan. 23, 1630-1), St. Giles's Church in the Fields was re-consecrated by Laud in the same manner; and in the same or the following year, several chapels were consecrated by him with equal ceremony. (2.) There was, of course, a rigorous supervision of Puritans and Nonconformists in his diocese, with very swift procedure in every case of offence. Immediately on the receipt of the royal instructions of December 1629, which had been framed on his own draft, he had forwarded copies of

[1] Rushworth, II. 76-78; Wharton's Laud, 339-40.

them to the archdeacons of his diocese, calling their attention specially to the third, respecting the observance of the king's Declaration against disputations on doctrine, the fifth, respecting the regulation of lecturers, the seventh, respecting private chaplains illegally maintained, and the eighth, regarding non-attendance on public worship; ordering them to deliver copies of the same to all the clergy in their districts, and to see that the churchwardens also had copies; requiring them farther, within a month, to send him lists of all the lecturers, and of all the families illegally maintaining private chaplains, within their respective archdeaconries; and concluding with a strict injunction to them to be zealous.[1] The archdeacons seem to have been diligent enough. "Many lecturers," says Neal, "were put down, and such as preached against Arminianism or the new ceremonies were suspended and silenced; among whom were the reverend Mr. John Rogers of Dedham, Mr. Daniel Rogers of Wethersfield, Mr. Hooker of Chelmsford, Mr. White of Knightsbridge, Mr. Archer, Mr. William Martin, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Jones, Mr. Dod, Mr. Hildersham, Mr. Ward, Mr. Saunders, Mr. James Gardiner, Mr. Foxley, and many others." These were all Puritan ministers of the Church; but, in April 1632, the bishop's police started a covey of Separatists. Mr. John Lathorp's Independent Congregation had managed till then to hold their meetings without discovery; but on the 29th of that month, most probably "from information they had received," as our modern police say, they proceeded to the house of Henry Barnet, a brewer's clerk in Blackfriars, and there found about sixty persons nefariously worshipping God in their own way. Forty-two of them were apprehended and lodged in prison.

Many things which Laud was unable to do even in his own diocese by his mere episcopal authority, he was able to effect by means of his position at the head of the then anomalous executive and judicial system of the country. What was more important, he was able, by means of this position, to leap beyond the bounds of his own diocese

[1] Rushworth, II. 31-32.

altogether, and to take cognisance, to an extent which otherwise (even had he already been Archbishop of Canterbury) could not have been possible, of the ecclesiastical state of all the dioceses of England. In many of these dioceses there were men whom he could trust. Archbishop Harsnet could give a good account of his northern portion of England; and Curle in Bath and Wells, Wright in Bristol, Montague in Chichester, Buckridge and then White in Ely, White and then Corbet in Norwich, Corbet and then Bancroft in Oxford, Dove and then Pierce in Peterborough, and Neile in Winchester, were not likely to sleep in their dioceses even with Abbot as their nominal metropolitan. Still, in flagrant cases, these prelates would prefer a reference to head-quarters; while in the dioceses of such of their colleagues as Bayly of Bangor, Hall of Exeter, Godwin of Hereford, Williams of Lincoln, and Davenant of Salisbury, Laudism would probably have been but feebly urged, had there been no means, except through Abbot, of forcing these bishops to their work, or taking it out of their hands. Such means existed.

The Privy Council was not only the fountain of law, but also the fountain of judgment. That is to say, not only was it at the council-table that all new enactments were framed and measures for raising money adopted; but this same council-table, either by itself, or through the Star-chamber, which was but another edition of itself, (the same persons sitting in different rooms, as Clarendon has it,[1]) saw to the execution of its own decrees, and superseded all ordinary courts of law in the inquisition after certain classes of offenders. Whatever, in fact, the Council chose to construe as coming under the head of sedition or contempt of authority, was taken, with other causes, under its own immediate jurisdiction—the Council-table conducting the preliminary inquiries, and calling the delinquents before them; and the Star-chamber receiving the delinquents to be formally tried and punished with fine, imprisonment, or worse penalties.

[1] The Star-chamber Court (established 3 Henry VII.) consisted of "divers lords, being Privy Councillors, together with two judges of the Courts of Common Law," without jury.

Even the bishops were thus kept under Laud's hand. The exemplary but Calvinistic Bishop Davenant of Salisbury, having unwittingly given offence (Lent 1630) by a sermon at court, in which he seemed to touch too closely on some of the forbidden points of the Predestinarian controversy, was summoned before the Council to answer for it. Williams of Lincoln, a man not so easily to be brought to his knees, was the object of still more attention to the Council. As early as 1627, information had been lodged against him in the Council, at the instance of Sibthorp and other agents of Laud, on account of his lax discipline against the Puritans; and he could hardly make an appointment in his diocese, or execute a lease, or give a decision in one of his courts, but the matter was carried in some way or other by appeal to the Council-table. These charges were all kept sealed up; and it was not till some years after Laud was archbishop, that it was deemed prudent to bring the valiant Welshman to trial. Even then it was a lion that they were taking in their net; and in the meantime, waiting for their attack, he knew all their doings, and even had copies of their secret papers. The awful Bishop of Lincoln was much in Laud's dreams. "Sunday, January 14, 1626-7," writes Laud in his diary, "towards morning I dreamed that the Bishop of Lincoln came, I knew not whither, with iron chains; but, returning loosed from them, leaped on horseback, and went away; neither could I overtake him." No, Laud, and you never shall!

If the Council and the Star-chamber could meddle with bishops, they were not likely to spare inferior delinquents. Accordingly, from 1628 to 1632, there was a series of Star-chamber prosecutions, some of which are still recited by all historians who trace the progress of Laud's ecclesiastical tyranny. Most horrible perhaps was the case of the Scotchman, Dr. Alexander Leighton (father of the famous Archbishop Leighton), who was prosecuted in 1630 for his book entitled *Zion's Plea against Prelacy*, printed and circulated about two years before. After having been sentenced and

[1] Born in Edinburgh, and educated at the newly-founded university there under Mr. Rollock, Leighton had come to England and held a preachership in London. He also, in virtue of a degree of M.D. from Leyden, practised as a

degraded from holy orders, he escaped from prison by the connivance of the warders. A hue and cry was sent after him, describing him as "a man of low stature, fair complexion, a yellowish beard, a high forehead, between forty and fifty years of age." Being taken in Bedfordshire, he was brought back to London, and on Friday, November 16, "part of his sentence was executed upon him in this manner, in the new Palace of Westminster, in term time:—He was severely whipt before he was put in the pillory; being set in the pillory, he had one of his ears cut off; then one side of his nose slit; then he was branded on the cheek with a red-hot iron, with the letters S. S., signifying a stirrer up of sedition. He was then carried back again prisoner to the Fleet, to be kept in close custody; and on that day seven-night, his sores upon his back, ears, nose, and face being not cured, he was whipt again at the pillory in Cheapside, and there had the remainder of his sentence executed upon him, by cutting off the other ear, slitting the other side of the nose, and branding the other cheek." He was then taken back to prison, where he remained for ten years. His son, the future archbishop, was then a lad of seventeen, studying at the University of Edinburgh.[1] Nothing half so horrible as this torture of

physician, but was opposed by the College of Physicians, and obliged to become a pastor of an English or Scotch congregation in Holland. His *Zion's Plea* was written and probably printed in Holland. Here is the full title of the work:—"An Appeal to the Parliament, or Zion's Plea against Prelacie; the summe whereoff is delivered in a decade of Positions—in the handling whereoff the Lord Bishops and their appurtenances are manifestly proved, both by divine and humane lawes, to be intruders upon the privileges of Christ, of the King, and of the Commonweal: and therefore, upon good Evidence given, she hartilie desireth a judgement and execution. Printed the year and moneth when Rochell was lost (1628)." There are strong expressions in the book, but on the whole it is fairly written, and one fancies one can trace in the father something of that mild meditative spirit which made the son the idol of Gilbert Burnet, and such a favourite long afterwards with Coleridge. The book was sent over to England while the third Parliament was still sitting, and when, consequently, its publication was not absolute madness.

[1] I have seen in the State Paper Office several original letters of Leighton and his son, throwing light upon the circumstances of the family at the time, as well as on the character of both son and father. In 1629, the father is at Utrecht, in Holland, living precariously as preacher to an English or Scotch congregation there; the son is in Edinburgh; and the rest of the family are in London, living "over against the King's Wardrobe," in Blackfriars. Intercommunication is difficult; and the son, in particular, who has heard of the book which his father has been printing in Holland for circulation in England, is anxious to hear news of him. On the 12th of March, 1629, he writes from Edinburgh to his mother, saying *inter alia*, "I received a letter from my father, which, although it was brief, yet it perspicuously made manifest unto me the danger that he of likelihood would incur of the book which he hath been printing.

Leighton came from the Star-chamber for some years after; but some of the other proceedings of the Court were severe enough. A process begun in 1632, but not ended till 1633, was one for uprooting the Puritan Feoffment scheme.

Besides the Council-table and Star-chamber, Laud and his colleagues had a powerful implement in the Court of High Commission. This celebrated court, established 1 Eliz., consisted of some forty persons, of whom twelve were bishops, and it had the same authority in purely ecclesiastical cases that the Star-chamber had in civil, or in ecclesiastical bordering on civil. It was empowered "to visit, reform, redress, order, correct, and amend all errors, heresies, schisms, abuses, offences, contempts, and enormities whatsoever, which by any

God frustrate the purpose of wicked men! He sent some of the books hither, which are like to bring those that meddled with them in some danger; but I hope God shall appease the matter and hinder the power of wicked men, who, if they could do according to their desire against God's children, would make havoc of them on a sudden. The Lord stir us up, to whom this matter belongs, to pray to God to defend and keep his children and his cause!" In a later letter, dated "Edinburgh, May 7, 1629," the pious youth again writes to his mother, telling her that some things she had sent to him from London had failed to reach him, and adding, "I more desire to hear something of my father's affairs. I have not so much as seen any of the books yet, though there are some of them here. I pray with the first occasion write to me what he hath done. As yet, my part is in the meanwhile to recommend it to God. Remember my duty to my aunt, my love to my brother James: remember me to Elizabeth, Elisha, and my young brother and sister."

While the future archbishop was writing these letters in Edinburgh, his father was leaving Utrecht to return home. Here is a letter to his wife announcing his intention:—

"Dear Love,—Having yet once more occasion by a fit bearer to salute you, know that the 14th of March of our style I was getting things in order for my return. I am to be ordained in the place on the 22d of the said month, whereon also we have the Sacrament. The 24th (being the Tuesday following) I intend to set forth for England, if wind and passage permit; for the which I know you pray earnestly. I was glad to hear by the letter that God hath wrought your heart to my entertaining of the call, which was so freely and publicly put upon me that I could not avoid it. As for the means, we must wait upon God, of whose bounty and goodness we have had many expressions: blessed be his name! I hope the Parliament hath the thing [the book?] ere this. [There is then a reference to some one who had promised to get "a protection" for him against his "over-coming."] Howsomever, I mean to come over upon Jehovah's protection, under whose wings if we walk, nothing can hurt us. If I come not with all expedition, know nothing hindereth but want of passage. So, with my dearest love to your sweet self, our children, sister and all our friends remembered, I commend you all to God.

"Your ever,

"AL. LEIGHTON.

"*Utrecht, March* 14, 1629."

Unfortunately, when Leighton did come over to accept this call, whenever it was, Parliament no longer existed to protect him; and, after a little while, he was arrested and brought to trial. It is owing, doubtless, to the fact that his papers were seized at the time of his arrest that the foregoing letters are now in the State Paper Office. The passage in the son's letters referring to the father's book are undermarked (I think in Laud's hand), as if they were adduced in evidence that the book (which was anonymous) was Leighton's.

ecclesiastical authority whatsoever might be lawfully ordered or corrected;" and it was a court of last appeal from all inferior ecclesiastical courts, and consequently from all the bishops individually. It might use in its proceedings not only juries, witnesses, and other ordinary means, but also means not used in other courts, such as interrogations and imprisonment of the accused, spies, rumour, &c. The working members were the bishops, and three might be a quorum. In the reign of James the censures were, generally, deprivation from the ministry, excommunication, and the like; but under Charles they had become much heavier. "The bishops," says Clarendon, "grew to have so great a contempt of the common law and of the professors of it that prohibitions from the supreme courts of law, which have and must have the superintendency over all inferior courts, were not only neglected, but the judges reprehended for granting them." It was accounted a special grievance that the High Commission had converted itself into a court of revenue, by punishing with huge pecuniary fines. A portion of the moneys so raised was eventually set apart for the use of the trustees for the repair of St. Paul's, so that it came to be a common jest in London that St. Paul's was built with the sins of the people.

A productive source of money was, of course, found in the ordinary and extraordinary offences against the moral and matrimonial laws of the Church, as when Sir Giles Arlington was fined £12,000 for marrying his niece, and made to give a bond for £25,000 more that he would never see her again without witnesses; but the offences of heresy, schism, nonconformity, &c. were likewise productive. Mr. Nathaniel Barnard, Lecturer of St. Sepulchre's, London, escaped, in January 1629-30, with a humble submission for having mentioned the Queen's Majesty indecorously in a public prayer; but, being again articled by Laud, in May 1632, for a sermon against Popery and Arminianism, he was excommunicated, suspended from the ministry, fined a thousand pounds, condemned in costs of suit, and committed to prison.[1] Mr. Charles Chauncy of Ware, Mr. Palmer of Canterbury, Mr.

[1] Rushworth, II. 32 and 140, and Neal's Puritans, II. 201-2.

Madye of Christ Church, London, and many more, were subjected, for similar reasons, to milder censures. In the north, the iron-handed Wentworth had set up, in terms of his appointment, a kind of Star-chamber and High Commission apparatus of his own. In York, accordingly, the ministers became patterns of conformity.

One other means of influence which Laud possessed and turned to account, remains still to be mentioned. An Oxford man by training, and master of an Oxford college prior to his advancement to the bishopric, he retained a strong affection for the University and a strong interest in its affairs; and he had not been long in the Privy Council before the Earl of Pembroke, then Chancellor of the University, devolved all the important business of the office into his hands. On the sudden death of the popular earl in April 1630, Laud was elected Chancellor himself, and immediately began those great works of collecting and remodelling the statutes, &c. which he had already projected, and the execution of which has associated his name with the history of the University, as that of its second founder. His office, moreover, enabled him to keep a strict watch over opinion at that great nursery of ecclesiastics. Thus, in 1631, in the case of Mr. Thomas Ford of Magdalen, Mr. Giles Thorne of Balliol College, and Mr. Giles Hodges of Exeter College. These three gentlemen having been called to account by the Vice-Chancellor for breaking the king's Instructions and attacking the Arminians in their sermons by the name of Pelagians, had appealed to the proctors. Laud immediately interfered and procured a trial of the case before the king in person at Woodstock. The three culprits were expelled the University; the proctors were dismissed from their office for receiving the appeal; and two masters of colleges, the learned Prideaux of Exeter and another, were severely reprimanded. At Cambridge, "England's other eye," Laud's influence was for the present less direct. Through his colleague, the Earl of Holland, Chancellor of the University, as well as through the Council itself and the king, he was able to do something. Then, again, there were rising Laudian stars among the masters and fellows at

Cambridge, who looked to him, corresponded with him, and acted on his instructions. Among a number of Latin letters which we have seen in manuscript addressed by Orator Creighton in the name of the Senate, to different members of the Privy Council, soliciting their good offices for the University in two wars in which it was engaged in 1629 (the one with the London printers and the other with the chandlers of Cambridge, who had raised the price of candles), none is more complimentary or deferential than one addressed to Laud. "*Honoratissime et amplissime Præsul*," says the Orator, referring to a recent illness of Laud's, "*æternas agimus Deo gratias* for "your recovered health. It was not, it was not only your "fate that was pending; that engine of dire death which "threatened you, was aimed also at our sides, our necks. "O, how to have been deplored by us would that change of a "benefit into an incomparable misfortune have been, if one "and the same year had given us freedom from that rascality "of the printers (*a typographorum sordibus*) and taken you "away from us! We have known your admirable inclination "towards us in the typographic controversy. Now new "ruffians attack us—even our own townsmen, who, in the "bosom of Cambridge, under the light of literature, under "the very smell of learning (*eruditionis olfactu*), dwelling "within the same walls, under the same sky, air, king and "laws, yet live with us as if nature had denied them the "least spark of goodness. What sort and of what grain the "rest are, is plainly shown by the manners of those whom "they have chosen for their leaders and standard-bearers "against the University; men of such a stamp, that they do "not fear to weave their cheats under the cloak of piety, "under the garments of Christ, and, embracing the external "bark of religion, do not blush to take advantage of our "young tyros, whom they know to be unskilled in worldly "affairs, in the matter of candles, spiceries, and their counter-"feit wares."[1]

And so, what with one means of influence, what with another, Laud, in the year 1632, being then in the sixtieth

[1] Add. MS. Brit. Mus. 5873 (one of Cole's).

year of his age, was the dominant spirit in the English Church, and one of the chiefs of the English state. One would fain think and speak with some respect of any man who has been beheaded; much more of one who was beheaded for a cause to which he had conscientiously devoted his life, and which thousands of his countrymen, two centuries after his death, still adhere to, still expound, still uphold, albeit with the difference, incalculable to themselves, of all that time has flung between. But it is impossible to like or admire Laud. The nearer we get to him, the more all soft illusion falls off, and the more distinctly we have before us the hard reality, as D'Ewes and others saw it, of a "little low, red-faced man," bustling by the side of that king of the narrow forehead and the melancholy Vandyke air, or pressing his notions with a raspy voice at the council-board till Weston became peevish and Cottington wickedly solemn, or bowing his head in churches not very gracefully. When we examine what remains of his mind in writings, the estimate is not enhanced. The texture of his writing is hard, dry, and common; sufficiently clear as to the meaning, and with no insincerity or superfluity, but without sap, radiance or force. Occasionally, when one of his fundamental topics is touched, a kind of dull heat rises, and one can see that the old man was in earnest. Of anything like depth or comprehensiveness of intellect, there is no evidence; much less of what is understood by genius. There is never a stroke of original insight; never a flash of intellectual generality. In Williams there *is* genius; not in Laud. Many of his humble clerical contemporaries, not to speak of such known men as Fuller and Hacket, must have been greatly his superiors in talent —more discerning men, as well as more interesting writers. That very ecclesiastical cause which Laud so conspicuously defended, has had, since his time, and has at this day in England, far abler heads among its adherents. How was it, then, that Laud became what he did become, and that slowly, by degrees, and against opposition; how was it that his precise personality and no other worked its way upwards, through the clerical and academic element of the time, to the very top of

all, and there fitted itself into the very socket where the joints of things met? *Parvo regitur mundus intellectu.* A small intellect, once in the position of government, may suffice for the official forms of it; and, with Laud's laboriousness and tenacity of purpose, his power of maintaining his place of minister, under such a master as Charles, needs be no mystery. So long as the proprietor of an estate is satisfied, the tenants must endure the bailiff, whatever the amount of his wisdom. Then, again, in the last stages of Laud's ascent, he rose through Buckingham and Charles, to both of whom surely his nature, without being great, may have recommended itself by adequate affinities. Still, that Laud impressed these men when he did come in contact with them, and that, from his original position as a poor student in an Oxford college, he rose step by step to the point where he could come in contact with them, are facts not explicable by the mere supposition of a series of external accidents. Perhaps it is that a nature does not always or necessarily rise by *greatness*, or intrinsic superiority to the element about it, but may rise by *peculiarity*, or proper capillary relation to the element about it. When Lord Macaulay speaks of Laud as intellectually an "imbecile," and calls him "a ridiculous old bigot," he seems to omit that peculiarity which gave Laud's nature, whatever its measure by a modern standard, so much force and pungency among his contemporaries. To have hold of the surrounding sensations of men, even by pain and irritation, is a kind of power; and Laud had that kind of power from the first. He affected strongly, if irritatingly, each successive part of the body politic in which he was lodged. As a fellow of a college, he was more felt than liked; as master of a college, he was still felt but not liked; when he came first about court, he was felt still, but still not liked. And why was he felt? Why, in each successive position to which he attained, did he affect surrounding sensation so as to domineer? For one thing, he was a man whose views, if few, were extraordinarily definite. His nature, if not great, was very tight. Early in life he had taken up certain propositions as to the proper theology of the Anglican Church, and had combined them with certain others

as to the divine right of prelacy, and the necessity and possibility of uniformity in creed and worship. These few very definite propositions, each answering to some tendency of society or of opinion at the time in England, he had tied and knotted round him as his sufficient doctrinal outfit. Wherever he went, he carried them with him and before him, acting upon them with a brisk and incessant perseverance, without regard to circumstances, or even to established notions of what was fair, high-minded, and generous. Thus, seeing that the propositions were of a kind upon which some conclusion or other was or might be made socially imperative, he could force to his own conclusions all laxer, though larger natures, that were tending lazily the same way, and, throwing a continually increasing crowd of such and of others behind him as his followers, leave only in front of him those who opposed to his conclusions as resolute contraries. His indefatigable official activity contributed to the result. Beyond all this, however, and adding secret force to it all, there was something else about Laud. Though the system which he wanted to enforce was one of strict secular form, the man's own being rested on a trembling basis of the fantastic and unearthly. Herein lay one notable, and perhaps compensating difference between his narrow intellect and the broad but secular genius of Williams. In that strange diary of Laud, which is one of the curiosities of our literature, we see him in an aspect in which he probably never wished that the public should know him. His hard and active public life is represented there but casually, and we see the man in the secrecy of his own thoughts, as he talked to himself when alone. We hear of certain sins, or, at least, "unfortunatenesses," of his early and past life, which clung about his memory, were kept there by anniversaries of sadness or penance, and sometimes intruded grinning faces through the gloom of the chamber when all the house was asleep. We see that, after all, whether from such causes or from some form of constitutional melancholy, the old man, who walked so briskly and cheerily about the court, and was so sharp and unhesitating in all his notions of what was to be done, did in secret carry in him some sense of the burden of

life's mystery, and feel the air and the earth to *some* depth around him to be full of sounds and agencies unfeatured and unimaginable. At any moment they may break through! The twitter of two robin redbreasts in his room, as he is writing a sermon, sets his heart beating; a curtain rustles—what hand touched it? Above all, he has a belief in revelation through dreams and coincidences; and, as the very definiteness of his scheme of external worship may have been a refuge to him from that total mystery, the skirts of which, and only the skirts, were ever touching him, so in his dreams and small omens, he seems to have had, in his daily advocacy of that scheme, some petty sense of near metaphysical aid. Out of his many dreams we are fond of this one:—"January 5 (1626-7), Epiphany Eve and Friday, in the night I dreamed," he says, "that my mother, long since dead, stood by my bed, and drawing aside the clothes a little, looked pleasantly upon me, and that I was glad to see her with so merry an aspect. She then showed to me a certain old man, long since deceased; whom, while alive, I both knew and loved. He seemed to lie upon the ground, merry enough, but with a wrinkled countenance. His name was Grove. While I prepared to salute him, I awoke." Were one to adopt what seems to have been Laud's own theory, might not one suppose that this wrinkled old man of his dream, squat on the supernatural ground so near its confines with the natural, was Laud's spiritual genius, and so that what of the supernatural there was in his policy, consisted mainly of monitions from Grove of Reading? The question would still remain, at what depth back among the dead Grove was permitted to roam?

There is no difficulty now in seeing why Milton changed his resolution of entering the Church of England. To the Church as it was governed by Laud, and as it seemed likely to be governed by Laud or others for many years to come, it was impossible for *him* honestly to belong! And yet there were other fine and pure spirits of that day who were positively attracted into the Church by that which repelled him from its doors.

It was in April 1630, for example, and mainly through the

direct influence of Laud, that George Herbert became an English parish priest. For several years he had been inclining that way. Shortly after the death of James he had given up his hopes of court employment, and retired into the country. Here he had "many conflicts with himself whether he should return to the painted pleasures of a court life, or betake himself to a study of divinity and enter into sacred orders, to which his dear mother had often persuaded him." Having concluded for the holier life, he had taken deacon's orders, had accepted the prebend of Layton Ecclesia in Williams's diocese of Lincoln, and had built in that village, partly with his own money, partly with that of friends, the loveliest gem of a parish church, "being for the workmanship a costly mosaic, and for the form an exact cross." He had also resigned his Public Oratorship at Cambridge, that he might have more time for his sacred duties. Still he had not taken priest's orders nor a cure of souls, and it seemed as if, what with his courtly accomplishments, what with the elegant cast of his sanctity, the court might have him back again. In 1629, however, a severe illness, which brought him to death's door and left in him the seeds of consumption, weaned his last thoughts from all worldly things. Having, as part of his plan, married a lady of kindred disposition, he desired nothing so much as some country parish where he might bury himself in well-doing. When, however, in the month above mentioned, his noble relative the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, then new in the earldom of Pembroke by his brother's death, presented him with the rectory of Bemerton in Wiltshire near Salisbury, there arose such questioning in Herbert's mind as to his fitness for the sacred office, that he determined to decline it. He went to Wilton to thank the earl and to give his reasons. It chanced that the king and the whole court were then at Wilton or near it; and so "that night," says Walton, "the earl acquainted Dr. Laud, then Bishop of London, with his kinsman's irresolution, and the Bishop did the next day so convince Mr. Herbert that the refusal was a sin, that a tailor was sent for to come speedily from Salisbury to Wilton to take measure and make him canonical clothes against next day; which the tailor did; and Mr. Herbert, being so habited, went with his presentation to

the learned Dr. Davenant, who was then Bishop of Salisbury, and he gave him institution immediately." When thus led into the Church, by the hand of Laud himself, and in the proper canonical garb, Herbert (April 26, 1630) was thirty-six years of age. He lived but three years longer, the model of a country parson, and the idol of his parishioners; nor, during these three years, was there a parish in all England in which, by the exertions of one man whose pious genius had received from nature the due peculiarity, there was a nearer approach than in Bemerton to Laud's ideal of the "beauty of holiness." The parish church, the chapel, the parsonage-house, were all beautified; the church services and ceremonies were punctually fulfilled in every particular; and the people were so taught on Sundays the sacred significance of all the forms and gestures prescribed, that they loved them for their own sake as well as for their pastor's. Over the miry roads in rain and mist on week-days walked the delicate aristocratic man, "contemning his birth," as he said, "or any title or dignity that could be conferred upon him, compared with his title of priest;" and twice every day he and his family, with such gentlemen of the neighbourhood as could come, assembled in the chapel for prayers—on which occasions, as the chapel-bell was heard over the lands around, the ploughmen would stop reverently in mid-furrow, that the sound might satiate them and do good to their hearts. Here also it was that those sacred strains of "The Temple" were written, which, though some of them were but poetic interpretations of Laud's prose, have come down as the carols of the Church of England in its essence, and are dear beyond that Church to the lovers of sacred wit and quaint metrical speech. Yes, at the very time when Milton was renouncing the Church as his profession, his senior, Herbert, with death's gate shining nearer and nearer before him, was finding his delight in her services and praises.

"I joy, dear mother, when I view
Thy perfect lineaments and hue
Both sweet and bright:
Beauty in thee takes up her place,
And dates her letters from thy face,
When she doth write."

Nor is Herbert the only instance of a man of fine character actually led into a closer connexion with the ecclesiastical system of England than might otherwise have been, by Laud's personal influence or the influence of his system. Omitting several instances of younger men either won from secular life to the Anglican Church by Laud, or saved to the Anglican Church by his timely demonstrations of its capabilities when they were passing over to Rome, we may note the famous case of Nicholas Ferrar and his family. Ferrar, who had been a student of Clare Hall, Cambridge, as early as 1605, and till 1613 a fellow there, had spent some intermediate years in travelling in Holland, Germany, France, Italy, and Spain; and then, returning to England in 1618, had, with an elder brother, concerned himself in a public manner with the Virginia colonization scheme, and had, moreover, as a member of James's last Parliament, taken a leading part in colonial business. In his travels, besides acquiring a knowledge of modern languages and other accomplishments, he had paid great attention to the religion of the Catholic nations, and to "the manner and the reasons of their worship;" so that, though he resisted "many persuasions to come into communion with that Church," and continued "eminent for his obedience to his mother, the Church of England," yet, when he returned home, he could not but think that England, in the fury of her Protestantism, had parted unnecessarily with some portions of the apparatus of a holy life which were still kept up with good effect in warmer Catholic lands. In other words, it seemed to him that the ecclesiastical system of England might well permit, for the sake of such pious souls as desired it, a restoration of the means of monastic seclusion and discipline. There being plenty of money in the Ferrar family, left by their father, an enterprising London merchant, who died in 1620, and all the family having the same singular meekness and passion for a devout life which distinguished Nicholas, he was able with ease to make the experiment. The manor of Little Gidding, a desert spot, chiefly of pasture land, on the borders of Northamptonshire, about eighteen miles from Cambridge, had been bought by his widowed mother, and here Nicholas carried his

plans into effect (1626-7). The hall, and the chapel adjoining it, which were almost the only buildings in the parish, were fitted up in a proper manner; and the whole family, consisting of the mother, Nicholas and his elder brother John, a married sister named Collett, many young nephews and nieces, with some others who obtained leave to join them, to the number of about thirty in all, including servants, migrated to this place, and established themselves as a monastic colony. As the establishment was under the presidency of the widowed mother, an aged woman of eighty, and as all the members were bound to celibacy so long as they continued in it, the people round about named it "The Protestant Nunnery." The real management was in the hands of Nicholas, who had been ordained deacon by Laud for that purpose by his own express desire, to the great surprise of all his business acquaintances. The inmates were permitted to pursue various occupations, such as reading, teaching, binding prayer-books, collating the Scriptures, &c.; much was given in charity; but the peculiarity of the place was that day and night there was a ceaseless round and succession of religious duties. Twice every day Nicholas himself read the Common Prayer to them all in the chapel; but there were also in the chapel, or in an oratory within the hall, continual additional services during the day, and again by relays of watchers during the whole night. When one set of watchers became weary with reading or with singing lauds to God, a bell roused others to relieve them, and so on till morning dawned. Thus "in this continued serving of God," says Walton, "the Psalter or whole Book of Psalms was in every four-and-twenty hours sung or read over, from the first to the last verse; and this was done as constantly as the sun runs his circle every day about the world, and then begins again the same instant that it ended." In every part of the worship Laud would have found his notions of beauty and decorum fulfilled or exceeded. Thus, "within the chapel," besides other furniture and decorations, "were candles of white and green wax," and at every meeting every person present bowed reverently towards the communion-table before sitting

down. In short, at another time the establishment would have run a risk of being suppressed as Popish.[1]

The Herberts and the Ferrars (and there was a growing number of like-minded men in England, all known to each other and in correspondence with each other) were the higher representatives of that element or tendency of the young English opinion of the day which was conserved within the Church, or even drawn into it from without, by Laud's rule and policy. In them, indeed, Laudism was seen in a state of bloom and fragrance which it never could have attained in the arid nature of Laud himself. Laudians of a more ordinary stamp, and more like their master, were all those coevals of Milton, who, simply following the suasion of the time, had already professed themselves on the Laudian side in the course of their studies, and were anxious to take livings and prove their principles in gowns and surplices before congregations.

But, though Laudism was so conspicuously in the ascendant, though the great majority of those who were flocking into the Church were Laudians, whether of the first or of higher dimensions, was it absolutely impossible to enter the Church or to exist in it without being a Laudian? By no means so. With all Laud's vigilance and that of the prelates of his party, and in spite of ordinances, inquisitions of archdeacons, episcopal visitations, circular letters to churchwardens encouraging them to report, &c., it was still possible for ministers of Calvinistic and Puritan sentiments, unless too fiery and fierce to contain themselves, to get livings and to keep them, without concessions that could be called deadly or dishonourable. At the utmost, even in times of persecution, it is but a tree here and there that the axe of power has time to fell, and in such cases, as some one has said, the thinning of the big boughs may but help the growth of the underwood. At all events, it is a

[1] Respecting the Ferrar establishment, see Rushworth, II. 178; Walton's Life of Herbert; Hacket's Life of Williams, Part II. pp. 50-53; Carlyle's Cromwell, I. 56-57 (edit. 1857); and also Lives of Ferrar, edited, with illustrations, by J. E. B. Mayor, M.A., Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, 1855. Mr. Mayor's volume collects all the existing information about Ferrar; and the story of the family may be there read as told by themselves and those intimate with them, in contradiction of false reports.

known fact that, under Laud's government, and even in the dioceses of zealous bishops, Puritan ministers did contrive to avoid compliance with many of the enjoined forms and ceremonies. We are informed, for example, that Milton's former tutor, Young, contrived, for ten whole years after his appointment as vicar of Stowmarket, to avoid the use of the surplice, notwithstanding that during that time there were in the diocese of Norwich three such disciplinarians in succession as Dr. White, Dr. Corbet, and Dr. Matthew Wren.[1] The more celebrated Edmund Calamy, also, who was at this time a neighbour of Young's in Suffolk, being minister at St. Edmundsbury, used afterwards, when the Puritans were in the ascendant, to declare that, even in those difficult days, he never bowed to or towards the altar, or the like.[2]

Had Milton chosen, therefore, he might have slipped into the diocese of some liberal bishop; and he might have managed his part as well as others till the arrival of better times. To enter the Church in such a fashion, however, was not in Milton's nature. Young or old, he was not a man to "slip" in anywhere. He could judge for himself, at least; and rather than buy the sacred office with what to him, if not to others, seemed servitude and forswearing, he would lead the life of a simple layman! And so the Church of England lost John Milton. Had it been otherwise—had that pure courageous youth, who, two hundred and thirty years ago, stood dubious by the threshold, but crossed the black marble line and advanced into the sacred vestibule and the aisles beyond—what might the result not have been! Milton, as an ecclesiastic, would have been Milton still; such an archbishop, mitred or unmitred, as England has never had. The tread of such a foot across the sacred floor, what it might have trampled into extinction; the magnanimity of such a soul, breathed into the counsels of the Church through that approaching revolution when Church as well as State was to be riven asunder for repair, how it might have affected these counsels while yet the future model was in doubt, and only the site and the materials solicited the architect! But it was

[1] History of Stowmarket, by the Rev. A. G. Hollingsworth.
[2] Wood's Fasti, I. 511.

not so to be. Ten years hence, indeed, Milton will throw his soul into the question of Church Reform; will, of all Englishmen, make that question his own; but then it will be as a layman and not as a churchman! For the present he but moves to the church-door, glances from that station into the interior as far as he can, sees through the glass the back of a little man gesticulating briskly at the farther end, does not like the look of him or of his occupation, and so turns sadly but decidedly away.

Out of the Church of England, however, there were at that time certain possible alternatives for any Englishman who might feel such a strong vocation towards the "sacred office of speaking," that, if he could not pursue it in England, he would pursue it elsewhere. There was the Irish Church; there was the Scottish Church; there were the Foreign Chaplaincies; and there was the rudimentary Church of the Colonies.

I. *The Irish Church.* Ireland, with the great mass of its people still untouched Celts, and with only a selvage of English and Scottish settlers on its eastern coasts, exhibited a corresponding division of religions. The native Irish were all Roman Catholics; only the English and Scotch, amounting to not a tenth of the population, were Protestants. Both religions, however, had organizations co-extensive in form with the whole island. In each of the four provinces there was a legal Protestant archbishop, with bishops under him, as in England. The following is a list of the bishoprics and of the men who held them in the year 1632:—

Province of Munster. 1. *The Archbishop of Cashel:* Archibald Hamilton, a Scot. 2. *Bishop of Waterford and Lismore:* Michael Boyle, educated at Oxford. 3. *Bishop of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross:* Richard Boyle. 4. *Bishop of Limerick:* Francis Gough, an Englishman. 5. *Bishop of Ardfert:* William Steere, an Englishman. 6. *Bishop of Killaloe:* Lewis Jones, a Welshman, educated at Oxford. 7. *Bishop of Kilfenora:* James Heygate, a Scot.

Province of Leinster. 1. *The Archbishop of Dublin:* Lancelot Bulkeley, an Englishman. 2. *Bishop of Kildare:* William Pilsworth, an Englishman. 3. *Bishop of Ossory:* Jonas Wheeler, an Englishman. 4. *Bishop of Ferns and Leighlin:* Thomas Ram, an Englishman, educated at Cambridge.

PROVINCE OF ULSTER. 1. *The Archbishop of Armagh* (styled "the Primate of all Ireland"): the famous and learned James Usher, born in Ireland, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin; now over fifty years of age. 2. *Bishop of Clogher:* James Spotswood, a Scot. 3. *Bishop of Meath:* Anthony Martin, educated at Trinity College, Dublin. 4. *Bishop of Kilmore and Ardagh:* William Bedell, an Englishman, educated at Cambridge. 5. *Bishop of Down and Connor:* Robert Echlin, a Scot. 6. *Bishop of Dromore:* Theophilus Buckworth, an Englishman, educated at Cambridge. 7. *Bishop of Derry:* George Downham, an Englishman, educated at Cambridge. 8. *Bishop of Raphoe:* John Lesly, a Scot.

PROVINCE OF CONNAUGHT. 1. *The Archbishop of Tuam:* Randolph Barlowe. 2. *Bishop of Killala and Achonry:* Archibald Adair, a Scot. 3. *Bishop of Elphin:* Edward King, educated at Oxford; the uncle of Milton's friend, Edward King of Christ's College. 4. *Bishop of Clonfert and Kilmacduagh:* Robert Dawson, an Englishman.[1]

Here is an imposing Church organization—only four bishops fewer than for all England. Imagine the deaneries, the archdeaconries, and lastly the parochial livings under such an extensive surface of bishoprics; observe also that the bishoprics were almost all filled by Englishmen or Scots imported for the purpose, with but one or two born Irishmen among them (one of these, however, being the Primate Usher, the greatest of them all); and it will seem as if Ireland might have been a very convenient refuge in those days for aggrieved Puritan clergymen of the sister nation. For the Irish Church, though episcopal, was episcopal after a much laxer fashion than the Church of England. The first professors sent over to Trinity College, Dublin, at its foundation by Elizabeth in 1593, had been eminent Calvinists from Cambridge; in the reign of James, when obstacles to the colonization of Ireland had been removed, the persons who had availed themselves of the opportunity had been chiefly enterprising Scottish Presbyterians, who carried their ministers with them, or else English Puritans, who were glad to go to Ireland for the chance of greater religious freedom; and thus, though the organization of the Church was externally prelatic, the constituency of the Church, its blood and substance, were mainly Presbyterian or Puritan. In order to reconcile the

[1] The list is drawn up from Cotton's "Fasti Eccles. Hibern." 1847.

Scottish Presbyterian ministers to the episcopal government, the bishops had not scrupled to waive their full episcopal rights—allowing Presbyters to join with them in the act of ordaining other Presbyters, and also allowing them to dispense with the Liturgy. In the same spirit, when it was deemed necessary at a convocation of the Irish Protestant clergy in 1616, to adopt a set of Articles expressing their corporate creed, it was decided not to borrow the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, but to frame a new set of a more Puritan and Calvinistic grain. A draft of such Articles was prepared by Usher, then Provost of Trinity College; which, after passing the Convocation and the Irish Parliament, and being approved by the English Privy Council, was ratified by the Irish Lord Deputy in the King's name. Among the Articles was one more strongly Sabbatarian than accorded with the prevalent views in England; in the matters of ordination and of Lent and other fasts, the language was left very open; nothing special was said of the consecration of bishops or archbishops; and, as might have been expected, the denunciations of Popery were thorough-going. Thus, both in principle and in practice, the Protestant Church of Ireland presented a spectacle by no means to the taste of the English conformists. It was a muddle, they thought, of Presbyterian practices and a mere *jure humano* episcopacy. There were among the Irish bishops men who thought so too. Of this stamp was Echlin, Bishop of Down and Connor since 1612. Usher, on the other hand, since his appointment to the primacy in 1624, had resisted attempts to compel conformity, and, desiring only that the Irish Church should have a firm Calvinistic creed with a moderately episcopal organization, had sought to direct her energies against the surrounding Popery of the island.[1]

In such circumstances, we repeat, the Irish Church might have seemed a desirable refuge for aggrieved English Puritans. There were, however, serious counterbalancing disadvantages. In the first place, that Church, with all its imposing organiza-

[1] Neal's Puritans, II. 96-100, and Reid's History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, I. 130, &c.

tion of archbishops, bishops, and so on, was but a shell without a kernel. There were not 200,000 Protestants in Ireland for the four archbishops and the twenty bishops to share among them. Rome was still master of the rich green island. Despite English laws, there was still an unbroken body of Catholic parish clergy, with a titular hierarchy of bishops, archbishops, vicars-general, &c. all complete. Since the accession of Charles, the Irish Catholics had become bolder than ever. "Monasteries, nunneries, and other superstitious houses," say the English Commons in their Remonstrance of 1628, speaking of Ireland, "are newly erected, re-edified, and replenished with men and women of several orders, and in a plentiful manner maintained at Dublin and most of the great towns, and divers other places."[1] Nor was the inferiority of the Protestant Church in Ireland to its Catholic rival merely one of numbers and influence. By the lay seizures of the Reformation the old legal revenues of the Irish Church, such as they were, had been wofully diminished; and the Protestant clergy had but a starving subsistence. To be an Irish bishop was not much better, save in dignity, than to be an English rector; and forty shillings a-year was the legal income of some of those who served under the bishops as parish ministers. All sorts of devices, by consolidating bishoprics, livings, &c. had been tried; but still the Church was in a miserable plight. "I have been about my diocese," wrote Bedell to Laud in 1630, when he had just gone over as Bishop of Lismore and Ardagh, "and can set down, out of my knowledge and view, what I shall relate. And shortly, to speak much ill matter in a few words, it is very miserable everyway. The Cathedral of Ardagh (one of the most ancient in Ireland, and said to be built by St. Patrick), together with the bishop's house there, are down to the ground; the church here [Kilmore] built, but without bell or steeple, font or chalice. The parish churches all in a manner ruined, unroofed, and unrepaired; the people, saving a few British planters here and there, obstinate recusants; a popish clergy more numerous by far than we, and in the full exercise of all jurisdiction ecclesiastical."[2] In such a

[1] Rushworth, I. 622. [2] Ibid. II. 47.

state of things, a young Englishman fresh from Oxford or Cambridge had but little inducement to dedicate himself to the Irish ministry. It does not appear that Milton, at least, felt any vocation to be a missionary in Ireland.

Moreover, Laud had already his eye on the Irish Church. Among his projects noted down on paper in the year 1630 are these two referring to Ireland:—*First*, "To procure King Charles to give all the impropriations, yet remaining in the crown, within the realm of Ireland, to that poor Church;" *Secondly*, "A new charter for the College near Dublin to be procured of his majesty; and a body of statutes made, to rectify that government." He had made some progress towards these results before 1632. Men of Laudian principles had been appointed, by his influence, to livings and offices on the other side of the Channel; and the Calvinistic primate Usher was already aware that the Arminian leaven was at work, and that Laud meditated nothing less than the repeal of the Irish Articles, and the subjection of the Irish Church to English rule and discipline.

II. *The Scottish Church.* Glancing, not westward across the Irish Channel, but northward across the Tweed, the English Puritans could see pent up in that boreal extremity of the island, a Church still more Presbyterian and Calvinistic than the Irish one. True, it was not now exactly as Knox had left it. From the moment that the Scottish king James had crossed the Tweed, and experienced the delicious sensation of sitting on the throne of the Tudors, after having for thirty-six years been king of a little nation of less than a million, from whom he received some 5,000*l.* a-year, with occasional presents of poultry and silk hose, and no end of pulpit instruction, it was the desire of his heart to use his new power so as to break the neck of Scottish presbytery. He had so far succeeded. In 1606, episcopacy had been restored by the Scottish Parliament, in as far as the investiture of some thirteen parish clergymen with the titles and the temporalities of bishops could be regarded as such a restoration; and in 1610, after these bishops had for four years borne their empty honours amid the scoffs of the people, the General Assembly of

Glasgow had been prevailed upon to adopt them ecclesiastically, by constituting them moderators or presidents in synods, and bestowing on them some rights of jurisdiction. Two courts of high ecclesiastical commission had been appointed—the one at St. Andrew's, and the other at Glasgow; each under the presidency of an archbishop. Finally, in 1621, James had gained another victory in the adoption of the Five Articles of Perth, by which the Kirk, hitherto obdurate in the matter of ceremonies, consented to allow kneeling at the sacrament, private communion, private baptism, confirmation by the bishops, and the observance of Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, and Pentecost. So far, the Kirk had ceased to be Presbyterian. But episcopacy in Scotland was yet a long way short of English episcopacy. With her two new-made Archbishops of St. Andrews and Glasgow, and her eleven subordinate bishoprics—those of Dunkeld, Aberdeen, Moray, Brechin, Dumblane, Ross, and Orkney in the province of St. Andrew's; and those of Galloway, Argyle, and the Isles in the province of Glasgow—Scotland was yet toughly, fervidly, indomitably Presbyterian. "Though these were bishops in name," says Clarendon, "the whole jurisdiction and they themselves were subject to an Assembly which was purely Presbyterian; no form of religion in practice, no liturgy, nor the least appearance of any beauty of holiness."[1] The clergy were not satisfied even with such episcopacy as there was; were very disrespectful to the Spotswoods, the Leslys, the Lindsays, and the Forbeses among them who had consented to be made bishops; would insist casuistically that these bishops were presbyters still, though perhaps *primi inter pares*. The people were still more restless. They regarded the new ceremonies with horror; and the day on which they had received their final ratification, and become the law of the land—Saturday, Aug. 4, 1621—was spoken of as "the black Saturday." It was one of the darkest and stormiest days, say the chronicles, ever known in Scotland.

Intensely Calvinistic in creed, without a liturgy, not burdened with ceremonies, and episcopal only as having a super-

[1] Clarendon, I. 63.

ficial apparatus of bishops screwed down upon it, the Scottish Church of 1632, albeit it had nonconformists of its own braving the penalties of prison and exile, might have seemed a very tolerable institution to the less advanced nonconformists of England. What they desired was an episcopacy without severe accompaniments; and here they would have had it! With the exception, however, of one or two stray cases, ministers ordained in England do not seem to have even thought of connecting themselves with the Church north of the Tweed. Then, as now, the tendency was rather of the Scots southwards than of the English northwards; and a Cambridge man or an Oxford man, thrown by chance into a Fifeshire or a Perthshire parish, would have been stared at by his parishioners till he lost his wits. There was no Englishman at this date among the Scottish bishops; all were Scots, speaking the true Doric. And so with the parish clergy. Besides, even had there been precedent to suggest to an adventurous Englishman the idea of carrying himself and his English speech into that far hyperborean region, and so becoming familiar with those rough "Gordons, Colkittos, and Galasps," whose very names seemed so outlandish, there were beginning to be symptoms that he might be pursued thither by that from which he had fled. Laud had his eye on Scotland, too; and he and Charles were bent on a farther extension of prelacy among the Scots than had seemed possible to James. Take heed, Laud; for you ken not the stomach of that people!

III. *The Foreign Chaplaincies.* As early as the fifteenth century there had been factories or agencies of the English "merchant-adventurers" in the chief towns of northern Germany and the Netherlands. The influx of Protestant and then of Puritan refugees from England and Scotland had increased the British ingredient in these towns; and, finally, English and Scotch regiments, sent over by Elizabeth and James for continental service in the war of the Netherlands against Spain, had left their relics where they had been stationed. There were thus, in many of these continental towns, English and Scotch congregations, requiring the services of English or Scotch pastors. Milton's preceptor, Young, had been chaplain

to the British merchants in Hamburg; and Hamburg was but one of several German towns similarly provided. In Hamburg, says Neal, "the English church," protected by the tolerant policy of the city, "managed its affairs according to the Geneva discipline, by elders and deacons." But it was in the Low Countries, and more particularly those provinces which were under the singularly free government of the States General of Holland, that the British Churches abroad attained their greatest development. Calvinistic in the main themselves, but with other sects among them in sufficient numbers to ensure a liberty of religious difference such as existed nowhere else in the world, the Dutch welcomed the English Puritan ministers who came among them, and gave them all the rights of their own clergy, including state support. By the year 1632, there were English or Scotch congregations in Amsterdam, Arnheim, Bergen-op-Zoom, Bois-le-Duc, Breda, Brille, Campvere, Delft, Dordrecht, Flushing, Gorcum, Haarlem, the Hague, Leyden, Middleburg, Rotterdam, and Utrecht. Left entirely to themselves, these congregations had, in most cases, adopted the Presbyterian forms in their worship, and had become more and more alienated from episcopacy. It was in Holland, and especially in the great commercial city of Amsterdam, that the Brownists or Independents found shelter, and that those books and tracts were printed, which, being sent over to England, tended to diffuse the new ingredient of Independency or Congregationalism through the popular English Puritanism. Only one or two of the congregations, however, were Brownist; and the rest were so far from advocating pure congregationalism that they had formed themselves, with the consent of the States, into a regular Presbyterian organization with the name of "The Synod of the English and Scotch Clergy in the United Provinces." This name occurs in Dutch histories of the period as well as in English state documents. After Charles had ascended the throne, however, the existence of a body so composed, and with such a name, attracted the hostile attention of the English government; and Laud had already attempted to stretch his hand across the water so as to seize those Dutch rats. On

the 19th of May, 1628, a letter was addressed in the king's name to the clergy of the Dutch synod, requiring them to abstain from the use of any other liturgy than that of England; to abstain from ordaining pastors for themselves, or receiving among them any pastors except such as had been ordained in the mother countries; to introduce no novelties in worship or in doctrine; to watch over the issue from the Dutch press of publications derogatory to the Church of England; and, finally, in all matters of doubt, to have recourse to the English ambassador for advice. The synod, in reply, urged that, though English subjects, they were amenable to the laws of the country which supported them; defended themselves meekly in some points; but stoutly maintained their privilege of ordaining pastors. After this, little more is heard of the matter till Laud's elevation to the archbishopric, when he returned to the charge in a bolder fashion, requiring all chaplains, whether English or Scotch, in the Low Countries, to be "exactly conformable to the Church of England." Fortunately, the emigrants were safe within the Dutch laws; and not only prior to 1632, but through the whole of Laud's rule, the Low Countries were the chief refuge of the English Puritans. Here, on the quays of the great Dutch ports, by the sides of docks of green water, where ships were unloading and merchants and sailors going about with pipes in their mouths, or, in more inland towns, by the sides of lazy canals flowing amid quaint red and white houses, there walked in those years many an exiled minister, free from all fear of Laud. Some of these clergymen remained all their lives in Holland, growing daily more Dutch in their figures and their theology; others made but a flying visit of a year or two, and then, tired of the red and white houses, the canals, and the flat Dutch scenery, resigned their charges and returned home. There are English and Scotch congregations at this day in some of the Dutch towns, the lists of whose pastors are unbroken from the year 1610.[1]

[1] See Neal, II. 227-228; Rushworth, II. 249-250; and, more particularly, a historical account of the British Churches in the Netherlands, appended to a "History of the Scottish Church, Rotterdam," by the Rev. William Steven, himself some time minister of that Church. (Edinburgh and Rotterdam, 1832.)

IV. *The Colonial Church.* We give the benefit of this modern name to the early Puritan settlements in America. There, across the roar of the Atlantic, was the true refuge of the oppressed —a continent left vacant from of old by God himself, to be shone upon by the sun and blown upon by the winds, with but a sprinkling of Red Indians to tend it, in order that, when the fulness of time was come, and this side of the earth had begun to teem with more than it could or would contain, there might be fresh space and growing-ground for what it cast out. The beginning had already been made. In 1608, or a century after the Spaniards had been familiar with America, the first British colony was permanently established in Virginia. This colony, having been planted in the mere spirit of commercial adventure, had no special attractions for the English Puritans; and it was not till several years later that they conceived the idea of planting colonies for themselves on the more northern portion of the American coast known as New England. The first colony there, that of New Plymouth, was founded in 1620 by a band of between one and two hundred persons, chiefly from among the British Independents of Holland, who, having raised funds and obtained the necessary patent from James, set sail in two detachments, one from Delfthaven in Holland, the other from London. "If God reveal anything to you by any other in-"strument of his," was the advice given to these emigrants by John Robinson of Leyden, the founder of Independency, as he prayed with them and took farewell of them at Delfthaven, "be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive any "truth by my ministry; for I cannot sufficiently bewail the "condition of the reformed Churches, who are come to a period "in religion, and will go at present no farther than the instru-"ments of their reformation. The Lutherans cannot be "drawn to go beyond what Luther saw; and the Calvinists, "you see, stick fast where they were left by that great man "of God, who yet saw not all things. This is a misery much "to be lamented, for though they were burning and shining "lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole "counsel of God, but, were they now living, would be as

"willing to embrace further light as that which they first "received. I beseech you remember it is an article of your "Church-covenant, that you be ready to receive whatever truth "shall be made known to you from the written Word of God. "But I must herewithal exhort you to take heed what you "receive as truth; examine it, consider it, and compare it "with other Scriptures of truth before you receive it; for "it is not possible the Christian world should come so "lately out of such thick anti-Christian darkness, and that "perfection of knowledge should break forth at once."[1] Here was a principle which certainly required new ground—almost new physical as well as new civil conditions—in which to plant itself; and, with this principle in their hearts, accompanied by the sensible advice from the same lips that they should "abandon, avoid, and shake off the name of Brownists, as a mere nickname and brand for making them odious," the stout little company crossed the ocean. Miserable was their first winter; but New Plymouth survived, to receive year after year accessions from the mother country. Hearing that the colony had contrived to live, the Puritans at home resolved, at the time when Laud's oppressive policy began, to found another on a larger scale. A charter having been obtained from Charles (March 4, 1628-9) by some persons of substance in London, forming them into a corporation and body-politic by the name of "The Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England," a fleet of six vessels, with Puritan families on board to the number of about 350 persons, set sail in May 1629, and landed in the following month at Neumkeak or Salem, now Boston. They took with them as their pastors or chaplains, Mr. Higginson, a silenced minister of Leicestershire, and Mr. Skelton, a silenced minister of Lincolnshire; and in a covenant which they drew up and signed before sailing, they professed all lawful obedience to those that were over them "in Church or commonwealth," at the same time giving themselves "to the Lord Jesus Christ and to the word of his grace for the teaching, ruling and sanctifying" them "in matters of worship and conversa-

[1] Neal, II. 120-121.

tion," and rejecting "all canons and constitutions of men in worship." Above a hundred of the colonists died the first winter, including Mr. Higginson; but the colony weathered through, and was reinforced the next summer by about two hundred more pilgrims, with several ministers among them. In taking farewell of England, these pilgrims desired the prayers of the Church, promising that when they should be "in their poor cottages in the wilderness," they would remember the brethren at home. From that time forward, New England received an increasing succession of Puritan emigrants, including ministers deprived or threatened by Laud—Elliot, the apostle of the Indians; Mr. John Cotton; Mr. Richard Mather; Mr. Charles Chauncy; Mr. Davenport, the feoffee, after a brief intermediate residence in Holland; and many more. Before the end of Laud's rule in 1640 (by which time, however, the colonies of Connecticut and New-haven had been added to those of Plymouth and Massachusetts), about four thousand persons, including seventy-seven divines, "all of whom were in orders in the Church of England," had transported themselves to New England.[1]

> "Religion stands a-tiptoe in our land
> Ready to pass to the American strand,"

Herbert had written in one of his poems as early as 1632; and the words, used by Herbert in a sense of his own, were taken up and repeated by the Puritans. In the end, as we shall see, Laud was to exert himself in this matter too, and to try to coerce the American Church, or at least prevent its increase; but, on the whole, whoever, about the year 1632, desired liberty of conscience, could have it in full measure across the Atlantic. Alas! at what a cost! Where now the great American republic receives the ships of the world into its northern harbours, these few hundreds of outcast Puritans, the first founders of its strength, had to raise their psalms of thanksgiving on bleak and unknown headlands, amid cold and hunger and ague, the graves of their little ones who had perished lying around them, Red Indians hovering near on the one side, and, on the other side, the eternal sea-line which severed them from

[1] Neal, II. 203-207.

dear cruel England, and the long low plash of the sullen waves.

"Church-outed by the prelates" at home, and not so zealously bent on the ministerial office as to embrace any of those alternatives by which his contemporaries in similar circumstances were enabled to pursue that office out of the sway of prelacy, Milton had to resolve on some totally distinct course of life. There is evidence in several allusions in his subsequent writings that he at least thought of the profession of the law.[1] But though the thought may have occasionally recurred in his mind for a year or two after the date of his leaving college, he took, so far as appears, no definite steps towards fulfilling it. Leaving it for his brother Christopher to become the lawyer of the family, he obtained his father's consent, as regarded himself, to a life of very different prospects—to wit, a life of continued study, without any professional end whatever, though with the possibility of authorship or some other public application of his powers in the distance.

That Milton, before leaving college, had had dreams of a literary career, we have already seen. In his letter to a friend quoted at the beginning of this chapter, there are hints of some such ambition lurking under his hesitations to enter the

[1] In addition to the evidence indicated in the text, there yet exists, Mr. Hunter informs us (Milton Gleanings, pp. 21-23), a copy of Fitz-Herbert's "Natura Brevium," which belonged to Milton's widow. Sir Anthony Fitz-Herbert was a famous lawyer and judge of the reign of Henry VIII. His "Natura Brevium," according to Wood (*Athenæ*, I. 111), "was esteemed an exact work, excellently well penned, and hath been much admired by the noted men in the common law." There were several editions of it. That under notice is of the year 1584; and the volume is still in "its original binding of dark brown calf." (In 1830 it was in the possession of the Rev. Dr. Stedman, whose father, the Rev. Mr. Stedman, of St. Chad's, Shrewsbury, had it presented to him as a curiosity by Mr. Joshua Eddowes, a bookseller of Shrewsbury, born in 1724, and having relations at Nantwich). On the title-page, says Mr. Hunter, is this inscription in Milton's beautiful handwriting:—

Johes Milton: me possidet,

and in the same hand, on the fly-leaf, this Latin pentameter:—

Det Christus studiis vela secunda meis.

"But this is not all," says Mr. Hunter, "for a little lower on the same page we find, in another hand,—

Det Christus studiis vela secunda tuis."

"We can hardly doubt," continues Mr. Hunter, that this was written "by the father, with whose handwriting I am not acquainted." Mr. Hunter adds, "It is remarkable that this copy of Fitz-Herbert appears to have been in the possession of another poet of the time, these words appearing on a later fly-leaf,—

"John Marston oeth this Book."

Whoever the "John Marston" was, he must have preceded Milton as the owner of the book. The poet Marston died in 1634; but there were several John Marstons,—one, the poet's father, who was a lawyer.

Church. In a later reference, however, to this period of his life, he seems to reveal more distinctly the nature of his then but half-formed speculations as to his future mode of life. Speaking of the care bestowed on his education, both at home and at the University, he says, "It was found that, whether ought was imposed upon me by them that had the overlooking, or betaken to of my own choice, in English or other tongue, *prosing or versing, but chiefly this latter*, the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live."[1] The interpretation of this seems to be, that already in 1632, on the faith of the acknowledged success of such compositions of his in Latin and English as he had produced prior to that time, whether as college exercises or for his own recreation, he himself felt, and his friends felt too, that he had a vocation to authorship and especially to poetry. It may be well here to take stock of the little collection of pieces (all already individually known to us) on which this judgment was formed:—

I. Latin: (1.) In *Prose*, the First Four of his "Familiar Epistles" or "Epistolæ Familiares"—the first written in 1625, and the other three in 1628; and the seven College Themes or Exercises, entitled "Prolusiones quædam Oratoriæ," of which an account has been given. (2.) In *Verse*, seventeen separate pieces, now printed in his works as follows:—

i. The seven pieces in elegiac verse, forming the whole of the "Elegiarum Liber," or "Book of Elegies:" viz.:

1. "Ad Carolum Diodatum:" 1626.
2. "In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiensis:" 1626.
3. "In obitum Præsulis Wintoniensis:" 1626.
4. "Ad Thomam Junium, præceptorem suum:" 1627.
5. "In Adventum Veris:" 1628-9.
6. "Ad Carolum Diodatum ruri commorantem:" 1629.
7. The Elegy beginning "Nondum blanda tuas leges Amathusia nôram:" 1628.

ii. The first five of the pieces, in different kinds of verse, forming the so-called "Sylvarum Liber," or "Book of Sylvæ:" viz.:

1. "In Obitum Procancellarii Medici:" 1626.
2. "In quintum Novembris:" 1626.

[1] Reason of Church Government (1641): Works, III. 144.

3. "In Obitum Præsulis Eliensis:" 1626.
4. "Naturam non pati senium:" 1628.
5. "De Ideâ Platonicâ quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit."

III. The first five brief scraps in elegiac verse, in the "Epigrammatum Liber," or "Book of Epigrams:" viz.:

1. "In Proditionem Bombardicam:" "On the Gunpowder Treason."
2. "In Eandem."
3. "In Eandem."
4. "In Eandem."
5. "In Inventorem Bombardæ:" "On the Inventor of Gunpowder."

II. ENGLISH: With the exception of one letter to a friend, all the English remains of this period are in verse. They are fifteen pieces in all, as follows:—

I. The Translations of Psalms CXIV. and CXXXVI.: 1624.

II. The following miscellaneous poems:

1. "On the death of a fair infant dying of a cough:" 1626.
2. "At a Vacation exercise at College:" 1628.
3. "On the morning of Christ's Nativity," with "The Hymn:" 1629.
4. "The Passion:" 1630 (?)
5. "On Time:" 1630. (?)
6. "Upon the Circumcision:" 1630 (?)
7. "At a Solemn Musick:" 1630 (?).
8. "Song; On May Morning:" 1630 (?)
9. "On Shakespeare:" 1630.
10. "On the University Carrier:" 1630-31.
11. "Another on the same:" 1630-31.
12. "An Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester:" 1631.

III. Sonnet "On his being arrived to the age of twenty-three:" Dec. 1631.

These pieces, if printed, would have made a sufficient little volume. Only two of them, however, had as yet found their way into type—the Latin lines "Naturam non pati senium," privately and anonymously printed in Cambridge, for the Commencement of 1628; and the English epitaph "On Shakespeare," prefixed, but without the author's name or

initials, to the Folio Shakespeare of 1632. All the rest were still in manuscript; and it was from the perusal of them in that uncomfortable state, that Milton's friends had come to the conclusion which he records.

One person naturally demurred to the conclusion, or at least to the practical result of it—the poet's good old father. That his son, the son of his hopes, should now, in his twenty-fourth year, after acquiring all that school and college could give, not only abandon his destined profession of the Church, but propose nothing else for himself instead than a continued life of literature, could hardly but disturb him. There seem to have been conversations on the subject—the usual reasonings between the father who is a man of business, and the son who will be a poet. In this case, however, both father and son were such that the controversy was but a short one and terminated indulgently. So much we gather from Milton's Latin poem "Ad Patrem," not dated, but certainly written about this time. Here are parts of the poem in prose translation:—

"Do not, I pray, continue to contemn the sacred Muses, nor think those powers vain and poor by whose gift thou thyself art skilled to compose a thousand sounds to apt metres, and, taught to vary the sounding voice with a thousand modulations, art deservedly the heir of Arion's name. Why now should it surprise thee if it should chance that thou hast begotten a poet in me, and if, joined so near by dear blood, we should follow cognate arts and a kindred study? Phœbus, wishing to part himself between the two, has given me the one set of gifts, has given my father the other; sire and son, we hold between us the whole divided god. Nay, though you profess to hate the tender Muses, I do not believe that you hate them. For thou didst not, my father, bid me go where the broad way is open, the ready mart of exchange where there shines the sure and golden hope of heaping up coin; nor dost thou whirl [present tense, "*nec rapis*"] me on to the laws and the ill-kept rights of nations, and condemn my ears to silly clamours; but, desiring rather to enrich my mind by cultivation, thou allowest me, far from the noise of town, and shut up in deep retreats, to wander, a happy companion by Apollo's side, through the leisured

sweetness of Aonian glades. * * Go now, gather wealth, whosoever thou art that preferrest the ancestral treasures of the Austrian, the silver realms of Peru! What greater wealth could father have bestowed, or Jove himself, though he had bestowed all, heaven excepted? Better were not the gifts, even had they been safe, of him who entrusted the public light of the world to his stripling son, the chariot of Hyperion, the reins of Day, the tiara glittering round with radiant gleams. Therefore will I, though as yet but the lowest member of the learned throng, take my seat now among the victorious ivy-wreaths and laurels; and no longer shall I be mixed obscure with the inactive crowd; and my footsteps shall avoid the eyes of the profane. Be far off, watchful cares; be far off, all quarrels, and the face of Envy writhing with eye askance! * * But, for thee, dear father, since it is not given me to be able to tell all thy deserts, nor to repay thy gifts by acts, be it enough to have recorded them, and thoroughly to appreciate them in my grateful mind as I rehearse them, and to lay them up in faithful remembrance. And ye, youthful verses, my sport and amusement, if ye might but dare to hope for perpetual existence, and to survive the pyre of your master and behold the light, not dragged into black oblivion under thick Orcus, perhaps ye will preserve to a late age, for an example to others, these praises of my father, and his name thus sung!"

From certain words of Milton's already quoted it appears that the fellows of Christ's College would have been glad if he had continued to reside amongst them, so as to carry on his studies with those facilities of access to books and the like which the University afforded. By this time, however, his father had retired from business altogether, and was living on his modest fortune in the little village of Horton in Buckinghamshire; and thither Milton removed, to fulfil in greater seclusion his design of preparing himself for some part in contemporary British literature. It will be the purpose of the next chapter to describe the element on which he had determined to embark.

CHAPTER VI.

SURVEY OF BRITISH LITERATURE.

1632.

As, in political history, we reckon by the reigns of the kings, so in our literary history, for the last two hundred and fifty years, we may reckon by the reigns of the laureates. The year 1632 was (nominally) the thirteenth year of the laureateship of Ben Jonson.* He had succeeded to the honorary post in 1619, on the death of Samuel Daniel, who is considered to have held it, or something equivalent to it, from Spenser's death in 1599. In the case of Ben, however, the office had been converted into something more definite and substantial than it had been before. Prior to his appointment, a pension of a hundred merks a-year had been conferred on him by James. This pension had come to be regarded as his official income as laureate, and, as such, had been raised to a hundred pounds by Charles in 1630. With the office of laureate, or court poet, thus enhanced in value, Ben conjoined that of chronologer to the city of London, having been appointed by the Corporation on the death of Thomas Middleton in 1628, at a yearly salary of a hundred nobles.[1]

It is not always, whether in the civil commonwealth, or in the republic of letters, that the right by title accords, so well as it did in Ben's case, with the right by merit. It was now some six-and-thirty years since, returning from his campaign in Flanders, a big-boned youth of two-and-twenty, he had attached himself to the cluster of dramatists and playwrights who then constituted the professional literary world of London, and begun to cobble plays, like the rest of them, at from £5 to £10 each. Borrowing, as most of them had to do, a pound or five shillings at a time from Henslowe and other managers on the faith of

[1] Memoir of Middleton, prefixed to Mr. Dyce's edition of his works.

work in progress, "the bricklayer," as he was called, (and yet he had been Camden's favourite pupil at Westminster School, and had been at Cambridge!) had made his way gradually, always with a quarrel on his hands; till at length, having shown what he could do in one way, by killing one of Henslowe's players in a duel in Hoxton Fields, and being "almost at the gallows" for it, and what he could do in another by writing his "Every Man in his Humour," and four standard plays besides, he had fairly, even while Elizabeth was yet alive, taken his place as, next to Shakespeare, the great dramatist of the age. This position he had retained till Shakespeare's death in 1616; confirming it by six or seven more of his plays, including "Volpone," "The Alchemist," and "Bartholomew Fair," and by seventeen or eighteen of his masques at court. During these first thirteen years of James's reign, indeed, others of the Elizabethan seniors besides Shakespeare had divided public attention with him, and younger candidates for dramatic applause had appeared in Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster, and Massinger. Jonson's place among these rivals had by no means been unquestioned. Some of his plays had had but a moderate success; in all of them there had been a vein of dogmatism, a spirit of satire and social invective, and a parade of a new and scholarly art of construction, which had prevented them from being thoroughly popular on the stage; and, conscious of this, Ben had invariably, either in the plays themselves or in prefaces to them when they were published, announced himself as a man of a new school, taken the public by the throat as a blatant beast that knew not the right or the wrong in poetry or in anything else, and appealed in the high *Odi profanum vulgus* strain from their judgment to that of the learned. Thus, in the opening of "Every Man out of his Humour" (1599):—

> "O how I hate the monstrousness of time,
> Where every servile imitating spirit,
> Plagued with an itching leprosy of wit,
> In a mere halting fury strives to fling
> His ulcerous body in the Thespian spring,
> And straight leaps up a poet,—but as lame
> As Vulcan or the founder of Cripplegate."

Again, in the lines appended to "The Poetaster," when that merciless attack on Decker, Marston, and others, was published in 1602:—

> "That these base and beggarly conceits
> Should carry it, by the multitude of voices,
> Against the most abstracted work, opposed
> To the stuff'd nostrils of the drunken rout—
> Oh! this would make a learn'd and liberal soul
> To rive his stainèd quill up to the back,
> And damn his long-watched labours to the fire.
> * * * *
> I, that spend half my nights and all my days
> Here in a cell to get a dark pale face,
> To come forth worth the ivy and the bays,
> And in this age can hope no other grace!
> Leave me! There's something come into my thought
> That must and shall be sung high and aloof,
> Safe from the wolf's black jaw and the dull ass's hoof!"

Not liking to be so bullied, the public had persisted in their instinctive preference of other plays, and, above all, of those of Shakespeare and of Beaumont and Fletcher. On the other hand, the scholarly and academic critics, pleased at being appealed to, had made the cause of Ben their own, and had championed him as the poet of the most learned art.

Thus situated between the public and the learned, Ben had acted accordingly. In the very year of Shakespeare's death, he had, as if with the intention of quitting the stage altogether, collected and published in a folio volume the greater part of his plays, masques, and other compositions up to that date. During the nine remaining years of James's reign he had not written a single new play, but had contented himself with the composition of some ten additional masques, and with those translations from Aristotle and Horace, those occasional effusions of epistolary or epigrammatic verse, and those more elaborate exercises in historical prose, the greater part of which perished in the fire which consumed his library. This was also the time of his wife's death, of his famous journey to Scotland and visit to Drummond of Hawthornden (1618-19), of his short residence at Oxford, of his rambles as a widower at large among his friends' houses in other parts of England,

and, finally, of his supposed second marriage and his elevation to the laureateship. After the accession of Charles, however, he had returned to the stage in his comedy of "The Staple of News" (1625). His reappearance had by no means moved the public to enthusiasm; but his necessities had obliged him to be patient, and in 1629 he had made another trial in his "New Inn." This comedy having been driven from the stage on the first night of its performance, he had risen in his usual fury:—

"Come, leave the loathed stage
And the more loathsome age,
Where pride and impudence, in faction knit,
Usurp the chair of wit,
Indicting and arraigning every day
Something they call a play!
Let their fastidious, vain
Commission of the brain
Run on and rage, sweat, censure, and condemn!
They were not made for thee, nor thou for them.

Say that thou pour'st them wheat,
And they will acorns eat;
'T were simple fury still thyself to waste
On such as have no taste,
To offer them a surfeit of pure bread
Whose appetites are dead!
No, give them grains their fill,
Husks, draff to drink and swill:
If they love lees and leave the lusty wine,
Envy them not; their palate's with the swine."

Acting on this resolution, Ben had again made his formal appeal to the learned in a second volume of his "Works," published in 1631; and Charles, humouring him in his hour of ill luck, had good-naturedly presented him with a hundred pounds out of his private purse, besides raising his salary and adding the boon of the annual tierce of Ben's favourite wine.

Such was Ben's literary life as he and others could look back upon it from the year 1632. He was then in his fifty-ninth year; no longer the lean thin youth that he had been six-and-thirty years before, but a huge unwieldy veteran, weighing twenty stone all but two pounds, with grey hair, and

a visage, never of captivating beauty, now scarred and seamed, and blotched into a sight among ten thousand.

"My mountain belly and my rocky face,"

is his own well-known description. Latterly, too, this corpulent mass had been sadly wrecked by disease. Palsy had attacked him in 1628, and, though still able to move about, "in a coat like a coachman's with slits under the arm-pits," he was more frequently to be seen in bed or in his big straw chair in his house in Westminster—"the house under which you pass," says Aubrey, "as you go out of the churchyard into the old palace." Here, according to all the authorities, his style of housekeeping was none of the most orderly. His children by his first marriage were dead or dispersed; he had never been of economic habits; and now that he was old his besetting sin of Canary had grown upon him. "His pension, so much as came in," says Izaak Walton, "was given to a woman that governed him, with whom he lived and died, and neither he nor she took much care for next week, and would be sure not to want wine; of which he usually took too much before he went to bed, if not oftener and sooner."[1] In and about 1632 he seems to have been in deeper distress than usual—confined to his house for some months, if not actually bedridden; and in great want of money. "Nov. 10, 1631: It is ordered by this Court [the Court of Aldermen] that Mr. Chamberlain shall forbear to pay any more fee or wages unto Benjamin Johnson, the City's Chronologer, until he shall have presented unto this Court some fruits of his labours in that his place."[2] In Ben's poems and correspondence there are allusions to the loss of this part of his income. "Yesterday," he says in a letter to the Earl of Newcastle, "the barbarous Court of Aldermen have withdrawn their chandlerly pension for verjuice and mustard, £33 6*s.* 8*d.*;" and he goes on to solicit the Earl's bounty against Christmas. And so in an "Epistle Mendicant" to the Lord Treasurer Weston:—

[1] Quoted by Chalmers (Life of Jonson: English Poets) from Zouch's Life of Walton.

[2] Mr. Dyce's account of Middleton, prefixed to his edition of his works.

"Disease, the enemy, and his engineers,
Want, with the rest of his concealed compeers,
Have cast a trench about me now five years,

And made those strong approaches by false braies,
Redoubts, half-moons, horn-works, and such close ways,
The Muse not peeps out one of hundred days;

But lies blocked up and straitened, narrowed in,
Fixed to the bed and boards, unlike to win
Health, or scarce breath, as she had never been."

And yet, poor, palsied, mendicant, and gross with wine as he was, Ben was an actual and no nominal laureate. The very men from whom he borrowed feared him and felt his weight. When he was able to go out and roll his ill-girt body down Fleet Street, heads would be turned to look at him or raised for the honour of his recognition; and with the exception of Dryden at a later time, and of Samuel Johnson at a still later, no man can be named who, while he lived, exercised so imperiously the sovereignty of literary London.

London, which in the days of Samuel Johnson numbered 700,000 inhabitants, did not number more than a third as many in those of his earlier namesake. In a town with such a population, everybody of note may know everybody else of note. The person of King Charles himself must have been very familiar to his subjects in London; the Privy Councillors must have been as well known as the city clergy and the aldermen; and one of the dangers for such an unpopular man as Bishop Laud was, that he was apt to be recognised as he trudged along the streets. Born close to Charing Cross, and a denizen of London for the better part of his life, Ben, even had his physiognomy and figure been less remarkable, could hardly have escaped social notoriety. Like his namesake Samuel, too, he had always been a man of most "clubbable" habits, seeking refuge from the horrors of a constitutional hypochondria in all kinds of company, and domineering wherever he went by his vast information and his power in table-talk. In the earliest stage of his career he had fought his way among the Marstons, and Deckers, and Chettles, as much by browbeating them in their tavern suppers

as by mauling them on the stage with his laborious dramas. Fuller's picture of the wit-combats between him and Shakespeare—Ben the great Spanish galleon built higher in learning but heavy and slow in moving, and Shakespeare the English man-of-war that could tack about and take advantage of all tides—represents him at a later stage, when his worth was established. In one respect, his conversation had a fault from which that of Dr. Samuel was free. "I was invited yesterday," says Howell in one of his letters, "to a solemn supper by B. J.: there was good company, excellent cheer, choice wines and jovial welcome; but one thing intervened which almost spoiled the relish of the rest—that B. began to engross all the discourse, to vapour extremely of himself, and by vilifying others to magnify his own muse." But as no one dared to resent Ben's egotism, or even to hint the perception of it to his face, so in the whole circle of his contemporaries it made nothing against such general weight of metal.

In those days, notwithstanding the greater etiquette which hedged in rank, there was far more of cordial and familiar intimacy between men of rank and men of the literary class than at present. Throughout the reign of James nothing is more striking than the habitual association of scholars, poets and men of letters with the noblemen and officials who composed the court. Shakespeare's intimacy with the Earls of Southampton and Pembroke is well known; and Shakespeare was by his position, and probably also by his character, less liable to such connexions than almost any contemporary poet. Scores of other instances of close familiarity of relationship between wits and men of the highest rank might be collected from the literary history of the time. But of all the wits and poets none had nearly such an extensive acquaintanceship as Ben Jonson. From the king to the lowest court official he knew and was known. In his epigrams, epistles, &c. we find him addressing the dignitaries of the day all round—King James and then King Charles; Lord Chancellor Ellesmere and then Lord Chancellor Bacon; the Earls of Pembroke, Salisbury, Dorset, Newcastle, Suffolk, &c.; and other lords,

privy councillors, judges and baronets by the dozen—and that in a style implying, even when it is most respectful, that he, the bricklayer, was as good as any of them. Even when he is begging money, it is with a surly jocosity, and with the bludgeon visible in his other hand. In the records of his life we have indications to the same effect. James, it is said, would have knighted him if he had cared for it; bishops and privy councillors were glad to have the honour of his company; and it was counted a feat to get him down for a while to Oxford. "He never esteemed of a man for the name of a lord," he told Drummond at Hawthornden; and other evidence bears out the assertion. Of Pembroke, who was in the habit of sending him every New Year's-day a gift of £20 to buy books, he spoke with the affection of one who saw him at all hours, and knew him thoroughly; but perhaps of Bacon alone among contemporary men of rank does he speak in a tone of conscious reverence.

If, as the representative of literature in general society, Ben had influence to form to his own standard the contemporary critical judgment of lords and ladies, much more did he domineer in literary society itself. Any time for twenty years he had ruled without rival in the London world of authors. The quantity of verse addressed to him by his contemporaries is prodigious; the allusions to him in the literature of the time are innumerable. Some, indeed, had been beaten into submission, and were still rebels at heart; and there were others who, as being veteran Elizabethans like himself, could not be expected to pay him court except on a footing of ostensible equality. But the rising generation of poets and wits, all the men born since 1590—*there* was Ben's real kingdom! It always was and always will be that a man's intellectual retinue is among those younger than himself. What matters dogmatism to the young, what matter foibles?

> "Still are they equal-fit for weeping or for laughter;
> The flight they still admire, the flash with pleasure see:
> Who finished is, is scarce worth looking after;
> The growing one will always thankful be."

The affection of the "growing ones" in Britain for Ben in his day was unbounded. The very phrase for being admitted into the guild of literature was "being sealed of the tribe of Ben." The place of sealing, what could it be but the tavern? As Dryden sat afterwards at Will's, and a pinch from his snuff-box made modest merit happy, so to sup with Ben by his invitation, or under the permission of his presidency, was a thing to live for. The days of the Mermaid were over, for society was moving west. But there were other taverns whose capabilities had been tested. There was one in particular where Ben held his usual club—the famous Devil Tavern at Temple Bar, kept by Simon Wadloe, and deriving its name from its sign (adopted in compliment to St. Dunstan's Church on the opposite side of the street) of St. Dunstan pulling the devil by the nose. Here in the great room called "the Apollo" (which men used to go and see as late as 1788) Ben held his accustomed court. Hither came all his cronies and companions, as well as those who desired to be sealed for the first time—lawyers from the neighbouring Temple or other Inns of court, fledging dramatists who had plays in manuscript, jolly young fellows of colleges or even bachelors of divinity from Oxford or Cambridge, up on a holiday to town, and bent on a night at the Apollo as the golden fact of their visit. Over the door of the great room as you entered were these lines from Jonson's pen:—

"Welcome all who lead or follow
To the Oracle of Apollo!
Here he speaks out of his pottle,
Or the tripos, his tower-bottle:
All his answers are divine;
Truth itself doth flow in wine.
Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,
Cries old Sim, the king of skinkers;
He the half of life abuses
That sits watering with the muses.
Those dull girls no good can mean us;
Wine it is the milk of Venus,
And the poet's horse accounted:
Ply it and you all are mounted.
'Tis the true Phœbian liquor

Cheers the brains, makes wit the quicker,
Pays all debts, cures all diseases,
And at once three senses pleases.
Welcome all who lead or follow
To the Oracle of Apollo !"[1]

Then, in the interior of the room, over the chimney, and under a bust of Apollo, was to be seen a board (still extant), on which were inscribed in gold letters the rules of the club as drawn up by Jonson in scholarly Latin. Among them were such as these:—That every one, not a guest, should pay his own score; that the waiters should be active and silent; that the rivalry should be rather in talk than in potations; that the fiddler should make his appearance only when sent for; that there should be no noisy argumentation, but wit and song in abundance; that no one should read silly poems and no one be forced to write verses; that there should be no smashing of the glasses or breaking of the furniture; and that there should be no reporting of what was said or done out of doors. From the following clause in the rules—"*Eruditi, urbani, hilares, honesti adsciscuntor; nec lectæ fœminæ repudiantor*"—it appears that members might bring "ladies" with them. With this exception, and with the exception that the laureate was president, the Apollo must have been very much such a place of evening entertainment as Londoners may still find about the same neighbourhood. There was Ben in the chair, or, in his absence, some substitute to lead the mirth; there were the tables, with the guests broken up into groups round them; there were the waiters going about taking orders, with Wadloe superintending and receiving the money; and every now and then there was the hush of the entire party for the speech or recitation, or for the song from some of the sons of melody present. If the speech or recitation, there would be the accompanying laughter and applause, and the wild clattering of glasses at the close; if the song, the full chorus at every verse, and a clattering of glasses still more uproarious. The very style of song is one that we know yet. A great favourite, of course,

[1] Cunningham's Handbook of London: Art. "Devil Tavern;" and Ben Jonson's Works, by Gifford, edit. 1838, pp. 726, 727.

was "Old Sir Simon the King," the hero of which was Wadloe himself; there were songs comic, songs sentimental, songs of the manly English type, and songs melancholy; but ever, amid them all, there was the one song melancholy of all feasts, telling how the time on earth is short, and how the bowl and good fellowship ought to make it warm.

"Here let us sport,
Boys as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on
Round the old tree."

Ah! it is the oldest of human songs, and at the same time the newest—the song sung with scarce a variation by Egyptians, Hebrews, Assyrians, Greeks and Romans in their turn, and by us now till *our* turn shall be over. The time comes when we too shall go, and the lights will be lit for the next company. Lo! how for one after another, even of the company that is, there comes the skeleton-messenger that beckons him away; and how, though it is known, as the door closes after him, that he follows that messenger through cold and darkness to the grave already dug, those left behind but gather the closer together, and resume their ditty:—

"Then for this reason,
And for a season,
Let us be merry
Before we go!"

Only on one supposition, according to St. Paul, is the song false or imperfect in philosophy. "If after the manner of men I have fought with wild beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me if the dead rise not?"

Though Ben's critical sway extended to all kinds of literature, it was in dramatic poetry that he was pre-eminent. "He was paramount," says Fuller, "in the dramatic part of poetry, and taught the stage an exact conformity to the laws of comedians." Fuller here expresses the contemporary opinion of all the learned. Ben's plays were a new kind of moralities.

"The *doctrine*, which is the principal end of poesy," he says in one place, "to inform men in the best reason of living." In other words, his theory was that the poet should be superlatively the moralist, and that every poem should be an invention of facts and circumstances in illustration of some specific moral or social end. Applied to the drama, the theory issued, in his own case, in that peculiar kind of drama which may be called, in language suggested by himself, the Morality of Humours. Finding the word "humours" in everybody's mouth—"racked and tortured," he says, "by constant abuse" —he had rescued it and made it his own. Thus, in the induction to "Every Man out of his Humour," in 1599 :—

> "In every human body
> The choler, melancholy, phlegm, and blood—
> By reason that they flow continually
> In some one part and are not continent—
> Receive the name of *humours*. Now, thus far
> It may, by metaphor, apply itself
> Unto the general disposition ;
> As, when some one peculiar quality
> Doth so possess a man that it doth draw
> All his effects, his spirits, and his powers
> In their confluctions all to run one way,
> This may be truly said to be a *humour*."

Adhering to the word as thus explained, he had asserted that all plays, and especially comedies, ought to be, and that his own would always be found to be, well-calculated exhibitions of the leading affections of the individual mind, and of the contemporary body-politic. That he had kept his promise is distinctly asserted by himself in the induction to the last but one of all his plays, the comedy of "The Magnetic Lady, or Humours reconciled," produced in 1632.

"The author, beginning his studies of this kind with *Every Man in his Humour*, and, after, *Every Man out of his Humour*, and since continuing in all his plays, especially those of the comic thread, whereof the *New Inn* was the last, some recent Humours still, or manners of men that went along with the times ; finding himself now near the close or shutting-up of his circle, hath fancied to himself in idea this Magnetic Mistress—a lady, a brave bountiful housekeeper, and a virtuous widow, who having a young niece ripe

for marriage, he makes that his centre attractive to draw thither a diversity of guests, all persons of different humours, to make up his perimeter. And this he hath called *Humours Reconciled.*"

At this distance of time we have come to a very definite conclusion, not only as to the respective merits of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, but also as to the relative value of their literary methods. If we do not actually pronounce Ben's theory of poetry to have been a heresy, we see in it a theory competent to sustain only poetry of a certain mixed, and, on the whole, inferior order. Interested in Ben historically, and discerning in him a masculine force of intellect, it is still the dogmatic and historical elements in his works, their blasts of personal opinion and their wealth of comic observation, that we admire; and though we do not deny the fancy, the occasional poetic strength, and the frequent though somewhat hard and pedantic grace, yet, were we in quest of poetry alone, we should certainly leave Ben in the middle of the way, and deviate into the adjoining thickets of Fletcher and the other dramatists. It is a curious fact also, susceptible perhaps of philosophic explanation, that the function of proclaiming doctrine or morality as the chief end of poesy, should belong most frequently to men of Ben's ill-girt type in their personal habits.

These, however, are modern conclusions; and no fact in the history of British literature can be better ascertained than that the period from 1616, or thereby, onwards through the rest of Ben's own life and far beyond it, was a period of extraordinary deference to his influence and his literary maxims. In the year 1632 he had still five years of his crippled life before him; and though his last failure in the "New Inn" had indicated his declining strength, it had not shaken the faith of his admirers. Thus Suckling, the least reverent of them, in his "Session of the Poets," where the various writers of the day contend for the presidency:—

> "The first that broke silence was good old Ben,
> Prepared before with Canary wine;
> And he told them plainly *he* deserved the bays,
> For *his* were called Works where others were but Plays.

And bid them remember how he purged the stage
Of errors that had lasted many an age ;
And he hopes they did not think the 'Silent Woman,'
The 'Fox,' and the 'Alchemist' out-done by no man.

Apollo stopt him here and bade him not go on ;
'Twas merit, he said, and not presumption
Must carry 't. At which Ben turned about,
And in great choler offer'd to go out.

But those that were there thought it not fit
To discontent so ancient a wit ;
And therefore Apollo called him back again,
And made him mine host of his own 'New Inn.'"

Under the wide canopy of Ben's supremacy there still lingered a few others of the known dramatic veterans. Fletcher and Middleton were gone, with others of their race; but Chapman was alive (died 1634), Ben's senior by seventeen years, a venerable Elizabethan, with silver whiskers and stately air, his Homeric fire not quite burnt out; and, though with far less of social weight than Ben, yet "much resorted to by young persons of parts as a poetical chronicle," and preserving the dignity of poetry by being "very choice who he admitted to him."[1] Marston and Decker were also alive, now aged men, with no enmity to Ben remaining; Marston sometimes in London (where he died 1634) and sometimes in Coventry, where he had property ; and poor Decker, familiar all his life with misfortune and the King's Bench, still a struggling playwright and pamphleteer, somewhat of "a rogue," if Ben's character of him is to be taken, and yet the writer of some lines that live and will live. Who does not know these ?—

"The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit ;
The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

Other survivors of the Elizabethan cluster of dramatists were Anthony Munday (died 1633), long superannuated ; the voluminous Heywood, of whose 220 plays only twenty-five remain ; and John Webster, only two of whose plays had yet been

[1] Oldys, MS. note to Langbaine.

published—the "White Devil," in 1612 and again in 1631, and the "Duchess of Malfy" in 1623.

Of the Jacoban, as distinct from the Elizabethan dramatists, the greatest surviving representative was undoubtedly Massinger,—the modest and manly Massinger. He was now forty-eight years of age, or ten years younger than Jonson; and he survived till 1640. During twenty-six years of his life, or since his leaving Oxford in 1605, he had been writing plays and getting them acted, not without experience of poverty and hardship; but only towards the close of James's reign had any of his plays been published or his great merits been fully recognised. His "Duke of Milain" had been printed in 1623, his "Bondman" in 1624; his and Decker's "Virgin Martyr," and several other tragedies or tragi-comedies wholly by himself, including "The Fatal Dowry," were also before the world; and he had just written his "New Way to Pay Old Debts," though it was not published till 1633. Next to Massinger among the still active dramatists, and ranking next to him in the entire list of our old dramatists, unless Webster should dispute that place with him, was John Ford, of the Middle Temple, barrister. He was almost exactly of Massinger's age, having been born in 1586; and he died in or about 1639. Like Massinger, he had been writing for the stage — though, probably, with less dependence on it for livelihood—for many years; and at least one of the eleven plays which now form his works, was out in print. In fulness and fine equability Ford was far below Massinger; but in intensity, in the power of making an audience miserable and moving them to tears, he was thought to excel him. Indeed the reputation of lugubriousness had attached itself to him personally.

> "Deep in a dump John Ford alone was got,
> With folded arms and melancholy hat."

And no wonder, seeing that this was his favourite sentiment:—

> "*Penthea.* How weary I am of a lingering life,
> Who count the best a misery.

Calantha. Indeed
You have no little cause ; yet none so great
As to distrust a remedy.
Penthea. That remedy
Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead,
And some untrod-on corner of the earth."

Of other surviving dramatists of the same Jacoban swarm we need name only William Rowley and Nathaniel Field. Rowley's muse was still active ; but Field, who had been an actor in Shakespeare's plays in his boyhood, had now retired from the stage for some years, and died in February 1632-3.

Forms of literature, like forms of life and society, have their periods ; and much of the talent, and also of the leisure and the capital, that had for forty years attended to the sustenance of the drama, was now drawn away in other directions. Charles, though a lover of music and art, was less an encourager of the legitimate drama than his father had been. Still the national taste, as represented more particularly in the populace of London, clung with some tenacity to the dramatic form of amusement. There were five regular companies in the metropolis :—the King's Company, to which Shakespeare had belonged, acting at the Globe in Bankside in summer, and at the Blackfriars in winter ; the Queen's Players, acting at the Phœnix in Drury Lane ; the Prince's Players, acting at the Fortune Theatre in Cripplegate ; the Salisbury Court Company in Fleet Street ; and the Children of the Revels, acting, it is supposed, at the "Red Bull" in St. John's Street. There was also the Hope Theatre, in Bankside, used occasionally as a bear-garden. There was still sufficient encouragement, therefore, for new dramatists and actors ; still a real fondness among the Londoners for theatres and all connected with them. If the English drama had been a national boast, it was London that had given it to the nation ! Then, as now, personal anecdotes and traditions of dramatists and actors were part of the gossip of the city and its suburbs ; and the illiterate, as well as the literate, talked of the dramatists dead and living with a degree of interest and familiarity never extended to other classes of writers. A curious illustration of this

was the habit, still kept up, of naming them, as they had named each other, by abbreviations of their Christian names. Greene was remembered as "Robin;" Marlowe as "Kit;" Watson, Nash, and Kyd, each as "Tom;" Beaumont as "Frank;" Fletcher as "Jack;" and Shakespeare himself as "Will." And so of the living! Ben was "Ben" to everybody; Massinger was "Phil;" Field was "Nat;" Decker was one of several "Toms;" and Ford, Webster, and Marston were a triad of "Jacks."

Of the group of play-writers belonging more properly to Charles's own reign, the most important was James Shirley. He was born in London in 1594, and was educated at Merchant Tailors' School, and at St. John's College, Oxford, at the time when Laud was President of that College. Laud, says Anthony Wood, "had a great affection for him, especially for the pregnant parts that were visible in him, but, he then having a broad or large mole upon his left cheek, which some esteemed a deformity, that worthy doctor would often tell him that he was an unfit person to take the sacred function upon him, and should never have his consent so to do."[1] Shirley, migrating, however, to Cambridge, did enter into holy orders, and was for some little time a preacher at St. Alban's. Becoming unsettled in his faith and inclined to the Roman Catholic Church, of which he was afterwards a professed member, he had given up his charge, and, after supporting himself for some time as a schoolmaster in St. Alban's, had "retired to the metropolis, where he lived in Gray's Inn, set up for a playmaker, and gained not only a considerable livelihood, but also very great respect and encouragement from persons of quality, especially from Henrietta Maria, the queen-consort, who made him her servant." Prior to 1632 he had published four comedies, and written several more, in virtue of which he had taken a place as a dramatist higher than that of any of the other juniors of Massinger. He was then in his thirty-ninth year, and had a long dramatic life yet before him.

After Shirley, among the junior dramatists, may be reckoned Thomas May. He had been born in 1595, the son of Sir

[1] Ath. III. 737.

Thomas May in Sussex ; had been educated at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge ; had held a fellowship there ; but had come up to London and become an *attaché* of the court. While James was still king, he had earned a place in letters by a comedy called "The Heir," acted in 1620, though not published till 1633, and by a translation of Virgil's Georgics. Remaining about the court on a footing of intercourse with Charles, he had added to his reputation by three tragedies, a translation of Lucan's Pharsalia (1630), and other works ; and now, at the age of thirty-seven, somewhat fat and with an impediment in his speech, he had some established celebrity as a dramatist and poet, which was to be curiously obscured afterwards when he became better known as Thomas May, the parliamentarian secretary and authorized historian of the Long Parliament. With no such twist in the end of his career as yet anticipated, he was still loyal Tom May, a "chosen friend" of Ben Jonson, and looking, it was said, for the laureateship, in the event of Ben's death. Among the other younger dramatic poets at least, there was only one that could then have seemed so likely to succeed to that office.

Dick Brome, Ben Jonson's old servant, was now beginning to apply lessons which he had learnt from Ben in the production of those comedies of real life of which he was to write some one-and-twenty in all. But, though Brome was Ben's likeliest successor in one walk of comedy, his succession to Ben's laurel was out of the question. A somewhat likelier man, as being a gentleman by birth, and of Oxford training, was Shakerley Marmion, who, after squandering his property and serving in the Low Countries, had turned dramatist at the age of nine-and-twenty, and made at least one hit at Salisbury Court theatre in his comedy of "Holland's Leaguer." He was to write several more plays before his death in 1639. Farther in at court, and altogether much better known, though as yet but in his twenty-seventh year, was William, or (keeping his dramatic abbreviation) Will Davenant. The son of the landlord of the Crown Inn at Oxford (at which Shakespeare used to lodge on his journeys between Stratford and London), he had been educated at Lincoln College, Oxford ; had entered the

service of the Countess of Richmond, and then that of Lord Brooke; and was now on terms of intimacy with the Earl of Dorset and other courtiers. He had written New Year's-day odes and the like to the king and queen, odes and verses to some of the principal persons of quality, and odes on incidents of public note. His dramatic pieces already published were, a tragedy in prose called "Albovine, King of the Lombards" (1629), and two tragi-comedies, also in prose, entitled "The Cruel Brother," and the "Just Italian" (1630). Altogether, what with his talents and his gentlemanly manner, young Davenant was much in favour; and none the less, it seems, that a little misfortune had happened to him, which was a constant subject of jest to his aristocratic companions. Thus Suckling, anticipating who should be laureate in case Ben should die:—

> "Will Davenant, ashamed of a foolish mischance
> That he had got lately travelling in France,
> Modestly hoped the handsomeness of 's muse
> Might any deformity about him excuse.
>
> And surely the company would have been content,
> If they could have found any precedent;
> But in all their records either in verse or prose
> There was not one laureate without a nose."

There were many minor practitioners of the dramatic form of literature. Alablaster's Latin tragedy of "Roxana," acted at Cambridge in Elizabeth's reign, was first published in 1632, —the author being then known in his old age as a Hebrew scholar and one of the Arminianizing and Popish divines of whom the Puritans complained. Among younger academic dramatists in Latin or English, Peter Hausted of Queen's and Thomas Randolph of Trinity College, Cambridge, are already well known to us; and to their names may now be added that of Dr. John Hacket, the future Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, and biographer of Williams, but now rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn, in London, and Archdeacon of Bedford. Hacket, while at Trinity College, Cambridge, had written a comedy called "Loyola," which had been twice acted before King James, and was well known, though not published till 1648. Hausted and Hacket were but academic dramatists; but

Randolph was recognised among the dramatists of London, having already printed two comedies besides his "Jealous Lovers." He seems to have been often up in town, and known at the Apollo Tavern as one of Ben Jonson's favourite "sons" in the muses. He died March 1634-5, at the early age of nine-and-twenty.

A score or so more of small dramatic names—Mabbe, Markham, Ludovick Carlell, Gomersall, &c. &c.—might be collected. About the year 1632, indeed, a factitious impulse was given to the drama in England by one of those very causes which had been leading to its decline.

From the time of Elizabeth, the drama, in all its forms, had been under the ban of the stricter sort of Puritans; and Mr. Collier and others believe that it is to the growth of Puritan sentiment in London, rather than to any other cause, that the decay of the theatrical interest under Charles is to be attributed. Certain it is that the dislike which the drama had always manifested to the Puritans as its natural enemies, and which had taken the form of satires against them on the stage, was now greatly increased. The Puritans, on the other hand, found fresh reasons for condemning the stage, independently of this its increased hostility to themselves. In the Michaelmas Term of 1629, for example, London was scandalized by the appearance, for the first time, of female performers on the stage, according to a custom till then confined to France and Italy. The experiment was tried on three distinct days in a French play, acted by a French company of actors and actresses, first at the Blackfriars, then at the Red Bull, and then at the Fortune. On each occasion the performance was unsuccessful. The women, whether because they were French or because they were women, were "hissed, hooted, and pippin-pelted from the stage" by the virtuous audience; and Sir Henry Herbert, the master of the revels, was obliged, in charity, to return part of the fee that had been paid him for allowing the experiment.[1] But, though ordinary popular feeling did the work of Puritanism in this particular, Puritanism was not satisfied; and there was in preparation, in the year 1632, an assault on the

[1] Collier's Annals of the Stage, II. 22-25.

stage such as only Puritanism, in its most merciless mood, could administer, and in which, while the recent scandal of public acting by women was to receive due notice, the entire institution, and all its abettors, from the throne downwards, were to bear the force of the shock. It was at Christmas in this year (a little in advance, therefore, of the time with which we are concerned) that there was launched from the London press a book of a thousand pages of quarto letter-press, with the following tremendous title :—

"Histrio-Mastix : The Player's Scourge, or Actor's Tragœdie, divided into two Parts : wherein it is largely evidenced by divers Arguments ; by the concurring Authorities and Resolutions of sundry Texts of Scripture, of the whole Primitive Church both under the Law and the Gospel, of 55 Synods and Councils, of 71 Fathers and Christian writers before the year of our Lord 1200, of above 150 foreign and domestic Protestant and Popish authors since, of 40 heathen Philosophers, Historians, and Poets, of many heathen, many Christian Nations, Republics, Emperors, Princes, Magistrates ; of sundry apostolical, canonical, imperial Constitutions ; and of our own English Statutes, Magistrates, Universities, Writers, Preachers—That Popular Stage Plays (the very pomps of the Divell, which we renounce in Baptism, if we believe the Fathers) are sinful, heathenish, lewd, ungodly spectacles, and most pernicious corruptions, condemned in all ages as intolerable mischiefs to Churches, to Republics, to the manners, minds, and souls of men ; and that the profession of Play-Poets, of Stage-Players, together with the penning, acting, and frequenting of stage-plays, are unlawful, infamous, and misbeseeming Christians. All pretences to the contrary are here likewise fully answered, and the unlawfulness of acting or beholding academical Interludes briefly discussed ; besides sundry other particulars concerning Dancing, Dicing, Health-drinking, &c. of which the Table will inform you. By William Prynne, an Utter Barrister of Lincoln's Inn."

This block of a book, on which Prynne had been busy for seven years, was to produce various consequences. Not only were dramatists, players, and all in any way connected with the theatrical interest to be roused in its behalf for personal reasons, but—on the plea that the character of the queen had been attacked in the book for her patronage of stage-plays, and her performances personally in court-masques—there was to be a sudden rush of other classes of the community to the defence of the tottering institution. The courtiers were to get

up masques and plays out of loyalty ; the members of the Inns of Court were to do the same with all the more alacrity that it was one of their number that had struck the disloyal blow ; the scholars in colleges were to catch the same enthusiasm ; and those who had gone to the theatres for mere amusement before were to go twice as often to spite Prynne and the Puritans. The new impulse thus given to the drama in or about 1632 was to last—to the advantage of Massinger, Ford, Shirley, Brome, Davenant, and the other younger playwrights—till the triumph of the Puritans in the Long Parliament.

Passing from the drama of the time to its non-dramatic poetry, we have to note, first of all, the absence of any poet of such magnitude as to fill, in this department, the place that had been left vacant by Spenser's death in 1599. During the intervening three-and-thirty years, indeed, there had been abundance of non-dramatic poetry of greater or less merit—in part from such surviving contemporaries of Spenser as Chapman, Warner, Daniel, Drayton, Davies, Donne, Hall, and the translators Harrington, Sylvester, and Fairfax ; in part, from those who were more characteristically the dramatic poets of the period, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher included ; and, in part, from younger non-dramatic poets who had sprung up in the wake of these seniors. None of all these, however, had made up for the loss of Spenser, "Anglicorum poetarum nostri seculi facile princeps," as he was still fondly called.

> "Many a heavy look
> Followed sweet Spenser, till the thickening air
> Sight's farther passage stopped : a passionate tear
> Fell from each nymph ; no shepherd's cheek was dry."

Moreover, of those who had stood around when Spenser departed, and had done their best, by subsequent efforts, to continue poesy in England, most were now gone. Warner had been dead three-and-twenty years ; Daniel and Sylvester thirteen ; the dramatists who had helped most by their sweet occasional strains were dead too ; Donne and Fairfax had been dead a year ; and old Michael Drayton, one of the most

productive, and really one of the best of them, had died still more recently (Dec. 1631), after having, in his old age, added the parting effusion of his *Muse's Elysium* to the ten myriads of lines of not unpleasant sing-song, with which, dating from 1591, he had already deluged England. Drayton being dead, the precedency, out of the drama, might, with Ben's consent, be assigned to silver-whiskered Chapman, as the most venerable survivor. He,

"The learned shepherd of fair Hitching Hill,"

was almost as old as Spenser himself would have been if he had lived, and although, contrary to the natural bent of his genius, much of his time had been given to the drama, his voice had also been heard "loud and bold" in the interpretation of Homer and the Greeks.

"All soundly on their cables slept, even till the night was worn;
And when the Lady of the Light, the rosy-fingered Morn,
Rose from the hills, all fresh arose, and to the camp retired;
While Phœbus with a fore-right wind their swelling bark inspired."

The non-dramatic poetry of England, over which, as lieutenant for Ben, Chapman may be regarded as thus presiding in his extreme old age, was by no means homogeneous. What with the inheritance from the past of different kinds of poetry along with Spenser's, and what with new diversities of intellectual tendency which had arisen since Spenser's death, the verse-writers of 1632 distributed themselves obviously enough into certain tribes or schools.

I. There was a distinct Spenserian school, consisting of a number of disciples of Spenser, professedly or unconsciously such. In this school we would reckon all or nearly all of those who deserve to be called the finer poets of the time.

There may, in a certain sense, be *kinds* of poetry; but Spenser's poetry is as nearly poetry in its essence as any poetry that ever was; and, if even now a verse-writer, in whom there should be found nothing generically Spenserian, would probably be discovered to owe the absence of the quality to his not being a poet at all, much more, so shortly after

Spenser's own time, was it likely that true poets should seem as if dipped in his spirit. Whenever, indeed, a new non-dramatic poet should arise, equalling Spenser in general faculty, and possessing the essential poetic gift in equal degree, but with new structural associations, then Spenser's avatar in the history of our poesy would be over; and as his had succeeded that of Chaucer, so another would succeed his! No such man had yet appeared; and it was, therefore, almost a certificate that a verse-writer possessed the essential quality of a poet, to say that he had a resemblance to Spenser. In Chapman and Drayton themselves there is a likeness of poetic manner to Spenser, as of younger brothers to an elder and greater; the casual poetry of the dramatist Fletcher, and of other recent dramatists, had been distinctly Spenserian—Shakespeare alone excepted, whose lyrical strain rose clear, keen, and peculiar into the heaven of the period, a song as intense as his speech was universal; and in that portion of Ben Jonson's own poetry, where, as in his masques, he is conceived to be most graceful and ideal, it is still of Spenser that we are reminded.

"Of Pan we sing, the best of hunters, Pan,
That drives the hart to seek unused ways,
And in the chase more than Sylvanus can:
Hear, O you groves, and, hills, resound his praise!

"Of Pan we sing, the best of shepherds, Pan,
That keeps our flocks and us, and both leads forth
To better pastures than great Pales can:
Hear, O you groves, and, hills, resound his worth!
And, while his powers and praises thus we sing,
The valleys let rebound and all the rivers ring!"

There were poets, however, who were Spenserian in a more intimate sense; who not only, as being poets, were unconsciously or occasionally under the influence of Spenser's recent genius, but who read and studied him for their poetic culture, and devoted themselves to those very forms of poetry which he had made famous—the eclogue or pastoral, and the descriptive and narrative allegory. The most remarkable of these were William Browne, and the two brothers, Giles and Phineas Fletcher.

In their very manner of speaking of themselves and their art, these poets kept up the pastoral fiction which Spenser had used so fondly, after a fashion derived from Theocritus and Virgil in their eclogues, and from various Italian and Spanish poets who had revived the idyl in modern times. The poets, according to this fiction, are always shepherds or goatherds, tuning their oaten pipes by the banks of streams, plaining in solitude the cruelty of the shepherdesses, or conversing with each other on their homely cares.

> "All as the sheep, such was the shepherd's look,
> For pale and wan he was, (alas the while!)
> Mayseem he loved, or else some care he took;
> Well couth he tune his pipe and frame his style;
> And to a hill his fainting flocks he led,
> And thus him plained, the while his sheep there fed."

Such is the guise of the poet in Spenser's pastoral descriptions; such is Spenser himself, in his character of Colin, with Thenot, Hobbinol, Thomalin, Willie and the rest around him, each with his Phœbe or Rosalind; and such, in his allegoric allusions, are the other poets of his age—all shepherds of an ideal Arcadia, even to big Ben of Fleet Street, and all with pipes in their mouths of the least usual sort. The same fiction was kept up in much of the masque poetry of Ben himself and the other dramatists; the effect being, as we have said, to give a Spenserian look to the language. But none kept up the fiction so faithfully as the two non-dramatic Fletchers and Browne. In their own verses, they are shepherds—Phineas Fletcher, a Thyrsilis piping on the banks of the Camus; Giles, his brother, piping response; and Browne, a British shepherd of many names. In their references to contemporary poets, Britain is still Arcadia, and Ben and the rest keep sheep.

A misconception as to the nature of the eclogue or pastoral has been very prevalent. No criticism of compositions of this kind, from Virgil's Bucolics downwards, has been more common than that the poets have failed in keeping to the truth of pastoral character and pastoral life, and have made their shepherds and shepherdesses talk in a language and express

feelings which, neither in Arcadia nor elsewhere, did shepherds and shepherdesses ever know. One is surprised that so gross a view of the matter should so long have been current. There *may*, of course, be a pastoral of real life, where the purpose is to exhibit rural manners as they actually are, among the swains of Greece, Italy, Spain, England or Scotland. It seems to have been Ben Jonson's intention in his "Sad Shepherd," the last and one of the most poetical of his works, to come closer to this model of the pastoral than was usual. But the pastoral of real life is one thing; and the pastoral, as it was conceived by Spenser and by many of his contemporaries both in and out of England, was another. The pastoral, with them, was but a device or form, deemed, and perhaps found, advantageous for securing in the poet's own mind that feeling of ideality, that sense of disconnexion from definite time or place and from all contemporary social facts, which is almost essential to the pure exercise of poetic imagination. If, as is held, the very possession of the imaginative or poetical faculty in a high degree is shown, especially in youth, by a tendency to themes and stories of purely fantastic interest, and if it is only later, when speculation and experience have braced the mind, and bound up its luxuriance into strength, that human and historic themes have their turn, then what device so convenient for young poets as that traditional fiction of an Arcadia, all sylvan and simple, wherein life was a thing of a few conditions, and it was not complex civic society that was seen moving, but only rare shepherds and shepherdesses, leisurely amid luscious leagues of untouched vegetation, out of whose nearer haunts were not yet extirpated either the satyrs, or the nymphs, or the green-eyed elves? What mattered it that no such Arcadia had ever been, that such shepherds and shepherdesses never were? The Arcadia was the allegoric world of the poet's own phantasy; the shepherd was the poet himself moving in that world, and weaving out his own personal song, with just as much of the circumstance of the shepherd's life thrown in as might make the song a story. Thus it was with the earlier poetry of Spenser. In the Spenserian pastorals, though it is

Colin and Hobbinol that speak, the matter is still Spenser's. There are the Spenserian descriptions of nature, the Spenserian sorrows, the Spenserian ethics, even the Spenserian politics, and Spenser's own aspirations after a higher poetic range.

> "Abandon then the base and viler clowne,
> Lift up thyselfe out of the lowly dust,
> And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts;
> Turne thee to those that weld the awfull croune,
> To doubted knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
> And helmes unbruisèd waxen daily browne."

He did betake himself to these loftier poetic themes, and, in doing so, gave up the form of the pastoral which had served his younger muse so well. He announces this in the opening lines of his *Faery Queene*:—

> "Lo! I, the man whose Muse whilome did maske,
> As time her taught, in lowly shepherd's weeds,
> Am now enforced (a far unfitter taske!)
> For trumpets stern to change mine oaten reeds,
> And sing of knights' and ladies' gentle deeds."

And yet, even in that great allegoric romance, is it not as if the poet were still some learned shepherd of Arcady, telling forth, on its verge, to reverent audiences from the courtly world, tales which it had never been his to con, had he not been all his life a practised denizen of those ideal forests; by night a watcher of the stars through their netted roofs, and a listener to the satyr's laugh and the whispers of the wood-nymphs, in their adjacent depths; and, by day, a seer of the happier visions of olden life locked up in them by enchantment, but loosened to the seer's eye—whether the passing of a solitary damsel in white with a flower in her hand, or the crimson whirl, through an opening in the glade, of a troop of knights and ladies, heralded by the blast of a horn, and closed by the figure of the panting dwarf?

Whatever its advantages, the pastoral, like all other forms, has had its day, and will return no more. But it did not die with Spenser; and by none of his near successors, I repeat,

was it retained more faithfully than by Browne and the Fletchers.

Browne was the most strictly pastoral in the form of his poems. Born in Devonshire in or about 1590, and educated for a time at Oxford,—which he had left in order to become a member of the Inner Temple,—he had taken his place as a poet as early as 1613, by the publication of the first part of his "Britannia's Pastorals." An "Elegy on Prince Henry" followed in the same year; in 1614 he published "The Shepherd's Pipe, in seven eclogues;" the second part of "Britannia's Pastorals" was added in 1616, with copies of verses from Ben Jonson and others; and from that time—save that in 1620 he wrote a masque for performance at the Inner Temple, and that in 1625 he republished the two parts of his "Britannia's Pastorals" together—he seems to have taken his farewell of poetry. According to Wood, his literary contemporaries expected from him a biographical work on the English poets; and so high was his reputation, that, when he returned to Oxford in 1624 as tutor to Robert Dormer, afterwards Earl of Caernarvon, the University gave him the degree of M.A. with unusual honours. After remaining a year or two with his noble pupil, "he became," says Wood, "a retainer to the Pembrokian family, was beloved by that generous count, William Earl of Pembroke, and got wealth and purchased an estate; which is all I know of him hitherto, only that, as he had a little body, so a great mind." He seems to have lived, after the Earl's death, in his native county of Devonshire, where one of his name died in 1645; but in 1632 he was in the unusual predicament of one who, still not much over forty, was known entirely by works published before his twenty-seventh year.

His "Britannia's Pastorals" appear to have been much read then by persons of fine taste; nor could persons of the same class find now, among the books of that time, a more pleasant book of the kind for a day or two of peculiar leisure. The plan of the book is that of a story of shepherds and shepherdesses, with allegorical personages introduced into their society, wandering in quest of their loves and adventures, through

scenes of English rural nature ; but the narrative is throughout subordinate to the descriptions for which it gives occasion. A rich and sweet, and yet very varied sensuousness, characterises these descriptions. There are hills and woods and grassy nooks, with "mesh" stalks and wild flowers ; there is a great plenitude in the circumstance of vegetation, both as to colour and as to odour ; there is a clear healthy air, with sunsets and sunrises, the songs of birds, the hum of bees, the tinkling of sheep-bells, and the purling of rills. The mood is generally calm and quiet, like that of a painter of actual scenery ; there is generally the faintest possible breath of human interest ; but now and then the sensuous takes the hue of the ideal, and the strain rises in vigour. In the course of the poem Spenser is several times acknowledged as the poet whose genius the author venerates most. The influence of other poets may, however, be traced, and especially that of Du Bartas. The verse is the common heroic rhymed couplet, used by Sylvester in his translation of Du Bartas, and, indeed, systematically by all English poets since Chaucer, as the fittest for ordinary description and narrative ; but Browne is a far more cultured versifier than Sylvester, and his lines are linked together with an artist's fondness for truth of phrase and rhyme, and for natural ease of cadence. It is almost unjust to a poet so universal in his sensuous range to represent him by short specimens ; but one or two may be given. Here is the break of morning :—

"By this had Chanticleer, the village cock,
Bidden the good-wife for her maids to knock ;
And the swart ploughman for his breakfast stayed,
That he might till those lands were fallow laid.
The hills and valleys here and there resound
With the re-echoes of the deep-mouthed hound.
Each shepherd's daughter with her cleanly pail
Was come a-field to milk the morning's meal ;
And, ere the sun had climbed the eastern hills
To gild the muttering bournes and pretty rills,
Before the labouring bee had left the hive,
And nimble fishes which in rivers dive
Began to leap and catch the drowned fly,
I rose from rest, not infelicity."

Take, by way of variety, this bit of flower and colour painting :—

> "As, in the rainbow's many-coloured hue,
> Here see we watchet deepened with a blue,
> There a dark tawny with a purple mixt,
> Yellow and flame with streaks of green betwixt,
> A bloody stream into a blushing run,
> And end still with the colour which begun,
> Drawing the deeper to a lighter stain,
> Bringing the lightest to the deep'st again,
> With such rare art each mingleth with his fellow,
> The blue with watchet, green and red with yellow,
> Like to the changes which we daily see
> About the dove's neck with variety,
> Where none can say, though he it strict attends,
> Here one begins and there the other ends ;
> So did the maidens with their various flowers
> Deck up their windows, and make neat their bowers,
> Using such cunning, as they did dispose
> The ruddy peony with the lighter rose,
> The monk's-hood with the bugloss, and entwine
> The white, the blue, the flesh-like columbine,
> With pinks, sweet-williams, that far off the eye
> Could not the manner of their mixtures spy."

In this easy and rich style of verse, interrupted occasionally by a song or a bit of octosyllabic metre, the pastorals proceed, with a constant variety of matter, so as to form, all in all, a poem of the sensuous-ideal kind, liker to the Endymion of Keats than to any other subsequent poem we can name. The seven eclogues forming "The Shepherd's Pipe" exhibit the same merits on a smaller scale, but in stanzas and varied lyrical measures.

The Fletchers were Spenserians of a more pensive and elevated strain than Browne, though less charmingly clear and luxurious in their descriptions of nature. Of a poetic race—for their father, Giles Fletcher, a Doctor of Laws and in diplomatic employment under Elizabeth, was himself a poet and the brother of Bishop Fletcher, the father of the dramatist—the two brothers, both about the same age as Browne, had distinguished themselves as devotees of the Muse, while yet undergraduates at Cambridge. On leaving Cambridge, they had both taken holy orders, and become

English parish clergymen—Giles at Alderton in Suffolk, and Phineas at Hilgay in Norfolk. The only remaining specimen of Giles's poetry is his poem entitled "Christ's Victory and Triumph in Heaven and Earth, over and after Death," which was published at Cambridge in 1610, while the author was only Bachelor of Arts. Though he afterwards applied himself, as a clergyman, to school divinity, the poet, according to Fuller,[1] was still discernible in all he did. "When he preached at St. Mary's (Cambridge), his prayer before his sermon," says Fuller, "usually consisted of one entire allegory, not driven, but led on, most proper in all particulars." Fuller adds that, after he was settled in Suffolk, "his clownish and low-parted parishioners, having nothing but their shoes high about them, valued not their pastor according to his worth; which disposed him to melancholy, and hastened his dissolution." His death took place in 1623, when he was little over thirty. His brother Phineas remained alive, however, till about 1650. He does not seem to have appeared in print till 1631, when an academic play entitled "Sicelides" which he had written while at Cambridge, was published. This was followed by a prose biographical work, entitled "*De Literatis Antiquæ Britanniæ*," published at Cambridge in 1632; and this by a quarto volume of his works, also published at Cambridge, and containing his long poem in twelve cantos, called "The Purple Island," his seven "Piscatory Eclogues," and other shorter pieces—all the produce, as he says, of his "unripe years and almost childhood." But, though these works of Phineas were not generally accessible till so published, manuscript copies of some of them had long been in circulation; and ever since 1610 Giles and Phineas Fletcher had been named together by academic men as among the most eminent of the Cambridge poets.

Both expressly avow their affection for Spenser. Thus Giles Fletcher, in the preface to his poem, after mentioning Sannazaro and other poets with praise, couples together "thrice-honoured Bartas and our (I know no other name more glorious than his own) Mr. Edmund Spenser, two blessed

[1] Worthies; London.

[2] Biographia Dramatica.

souls." And Phineas more emphatically, in a verse where, after declaring Virgil and Spenser to be his favourites, he concludes :—

> "Their steps not following close, but far admiring,
> To lackey one of *these* is all my pride's aspiring."

But the influence of Spenser is at once visible in their poetry. Giles Fletcher's "Christ's Victory and Triumph" is a poem of four cantos, in a regular and stately eight-line stanza, each canto being an allegoric vision of one of the scenes in Christ's history—the first of Mercy contending with Justice before the throne in heaven, and of Christ's mission in the scheme of Mercy; the second of the Temptation in the wilderness, and of Christ's triumph over the fiend and his lures; the third of the Passion in the garden and at Calvary; and the fourth of the Resurrection and Reascension into heaven. The descriptions are in a high style of allegoric phantasy, the language of Spenser and even his cadence being but transferred to a sacred subject; the personifications, which are numerous, are also singularly Spenserian; and altogether the impression left is that of a fine, sensitive, and pious mind. Here is part of the allegoric description of Mercy :—

> "About her head a cypress heaven she wore,
> Spread like a veil upheld with silver wire,
> In which the stars so burnt in golden ore
> As seemed the azure web was all on fire."

The so-called "Piscatory Eclogues" of Phineas Fletcher differ from Spenserian pastorals only in this, that the occupations of Thyrsilis, Thelgon, Dorus, Thomalin, and the rest, are those of fishermen rather than shepherds. Otherwise the fiction is the same; and, following his simple fisher-lads down the Cam, or the Thames, or the Medway, or out at sea in their skiffs along the rocky coasts, the poet, just as in the other case, but with more of watery than of sylvan circumstance, expresses his own feelings and makes his own plaint. Thus, against ambition :—

> "Ah! would thou knewest how much it better were
> To bide among the simple fisher-swains.

No shrieking owl, no night-crow lodgeth here ;
Nor is our simple pleasure mixt with pains.
Our sports begin with the beginning year,
In calms to pull the leaping fish to land,
In roughs to sing and dance along the golden sand."

But "The Purple Island" is Phineas Fletcher's greatest effort ; and, though, in the induction, that also is set forth as the song of the shepherd Thyrsil, for which he is crowned with bays and hyacinths by his rural companions, it is, throughout, a learned allegory, far longer than his brother's sacred poem, and much more elaborate. The first canto, which is very poetically written, announces the subject, which is no other than the whole Anatomy of Man, under the image of a Purple Island. Four cantos are then taken up with the details of his actual corporeal anatomy—the bones, muscles, blood, heart, liver, &c. and the vital processes, up to their sublimation in the five senses, being all described in ingenious but deplorably unreadable poetic figure, and in the seven-line stanza, of which the whole poem consists. This part of the poem either disgusts or amuses the reader, as the case may be ; but about the sixth canto,—where the poet passes from technical anatomy and physiology into what may be called the psychology of his subject, and begins to enumerate and marshal the faculties, habits, and passions of man, each under a separate personification, with a view to the great battle of the virtuous powers of the list, under their leader Eclecta, or Choice, against the vices,—then the genius of the poet, already more than indicated even in the former cantos, takes wing into a freer element, which it fills, in the remaining six cantos, with beauty and sublimity in ill-devised profusion. Some of the personifications, in the latter part of the "Purple Island," are not surpassed in Spenser ; and, on the whole, the poetry, though still wearisome from the unflagging strain of the abominable allegory, is richer than in his brother's shorter production, if not so serenely solemn. Here is a personification of Penitence :—

"Behind him Penitence did sadly go,
Whose cloudy dropping eyes were ever raining.
Her swelling tears, which even in ebbing flow,
Furrow her cheek, the sinful puddles draining.

Much seemed she in her pensive thought molested,
And much the mocking world her soul infested;
More she the hateful world and most herself detested.

She was the object of lewd men's disgrace,
The squint-eyed, wry-mouthed scoff of carnal hearts;
Yet smiling Heaven delights to kiss her face,
And with his blood God bathes her painful smarts;
Affliction's iron flail her soul had thrashed,
Sharp circumcision's knife her heart had slashed;
Yet was it Angels' wine which in her eyes was mashed."

Not far from Penitence, in the procession of the Virtues, comes Elpinus, or Hope, who is thus described:—

"Next went Elpinus, clad in sky-like blue;
And through his arms few stars did seem to peep,
Which there the workman's hand so finely drew
That rocked in clouds they softly seemed to sleep.
His rugged shield was like a rocky mould
On which an anchor bit with surest hold,—
'I hold by being held' was written round in gold."

It is uncertain whether Fairfax, the translator of Tasso, was still alive in 1632. In all likelihood he was; and, in any case, his version of the Italian epic, published in 1600, was still in the height of its repute as a specimen of luxuriant style and of true poetical genius in translation. Fairfax also might be ranked among the Spenserians.

As Chaucer's genius had travelled, after his death, into the northern part of the island, assisting there to produce a series of northern poets decidedly superior, in the interval between Chaucer and Spenser, to the series of their southern coevals, so, though in much weaker degree, the inspiration of Spenser had also travelled north, retouching here and there a tuneful soul to poesy, even in the midst of the Presbyterian struggles which occupied the Scottish nation. In 1584 James himself, then in his eighteenth year, had published his "Essays of a Prentice in the Divine Art of Poesy." These royal effusions, however, were in the native Scottish rather than in the English style; and perhaps the first Scotchman who wrote verses in the genuine English of Spenser and his contemporaries was Sir Robert Aytoun. Born in 1570, in his youth in the employment of James at his Scottish court, and finally, on James's

migration to England, his companion thither, and one of the gentlemen of his bedchamber and private secretary to the queen, Aytoun lived till 1638, and had a reputation in London, not only as a courtier, but also as a man of literary tastes, and himself the author of some graceful lyrics. Even Ben Jonson had some pride in reporting to Drummond that "Sir R. Aytoun loved him dearly."

Aytoun's intimate friend and far more voluminous fellow-Scot, was Sir William Alexander, better known afterwards as the Earl of Stirling. Of the Lowland Scottish family of the Alexanders of Menstry, in Clackmannanshire, this poet, born about 1580, had also, like Aytoun, been one of the few men about the Scottish court of James VI. whom the southern muse had visited on their own side of the Tweed. Having travelled in England and abroad, he had, on his return to Scotland, astonished his private friends in that part of the world by a number of English sonnets, songs, and madrigals, celebrating, with a quite Petrarchian melancholy, his love for a certain Scottish Aurora, whose charms had pained him since his fifteenth year; and, afterwards, when another lady, who had married him, had somewhat toned down the sorrow of the first love, he had written in a moralizing strain a so-called "monarchic tragedy" on the subject of Darius. It was published at Edinburgh in 1603. Thus known to James in Scotland as one of the most accomplished of his subjects there, Alexander continued, after the union of the crowns, to put forth volume after volume, professedly as a British poet using the common literary tongue, and vying with his English contemporaries. Three new "monarchic tragedies," on the subjects of Crœsus, Alexander, and Julius Cæsar, were added to that on Darius; the sonnets to Aurora and other shorter pieces were published or republished; and at length, in 1614, appeared the huge poem, in twelve cantos of heavy eight-line stanzas, entitled "Doom's-day, or the Great Day of the Lord's Judgment." About this time, being still not over his thirty-fifth year, he was induced by James, who called him "his philosophical poet," to enter into public employment. He became gentleman-usher to Prince Charles; then a knight and baronet, and master of requests to the king (1614); then, by

the king's grant, proprietor of lands in Nova Scotia, with power to found colonies; then, after the accession of Charles, viceroy of Nova Scotia, with great privileges; and finally, while still engaged in his colonial schemes, secretary of state for Scotland (1626). In recognition of his merits in this last office he was created Baron Alexander of Menstry in 1630, on his way to the earldom of Stirling in 1633. He lived till 1640, and in 1637 republished all his works under his title as Earl.

His poetry never can have been read much, and is not now read at all, such merits as it has being as nothing against the combined influence of such quantity and such monotony. His "monarchic tragedies," all illustrating the transitoriness of human grandeur, were never made for the English stage, and had choruses after the classic model; and his great poem of "Doom's-day" is a tide of descriptive and doctrinal commonplace undulating in unexceptionable metre. He must have been one of the most fluent of men; and if it was desired that the first Scottish writer who broke through his native dialect into literary English should exhibit a facility of movement in the new element, encouraging to other Scots, rather than any other quality, there could not have been a fitter person for the business than the knight of Menstry. That he was very popular personally is known. Thus Drayton, whom he resembles in fluency, and his friendship with whom was one reason why he "was not half kind enough" to Ben Jonson, but rather "neglected" him, as Ben himself thought:—

> "So Scotland sent us hither for our own
> That man whose name I ever would have known
> To stand by mine, that most ingenious knight,
> My Alexander, to whom, in his right,
> I want extremely; yet, in speaking thus,
> I do but show the love that was 'twixt us,
> And not his numbers, which were brave and high:
> So like his mind was his clear poesy."

Drayton goes on to mention another Scottish poet with whom he was no less proud to be acquainted:—

> "And my dear Drummond, to whom much I owe
> For his much love; and proud was I to know
> His poesy."

And then, coupling the two Scots together:—

"For which two worthy men
I Menstry still shall love and Hawthornden."

With Drayton's good leave, however, Hawthornden was, poetically, better than Menstry. If there was any one Scotchman worthy to be named along with the true English poets of the age between Spenser and Milton, it was William Drummond.

Born at Hawthornden, near Edinburgh, in 1585, the son of Sir John Drummond, usher to James VI., Drummond was in his eighteenth year when the English and Scottish crowns were united. Having taken his degree at the University of Edinburgh, he went abroad to study law in 1606, but returned through England in 1609, and, on his father's death in 1610, gave up the legal profession, and fixed his residence as a gentleman of literary leisure on his beautiful paternal property. In all Scotland there is not a sweeter or more romantic spot; and the favourite autumn day's excursion now from Edinburgh is to the glen of the Esk, to see the rich wooded cliffs, and climb the fairy paths along them, between Drummond's old house of Hawthornden and the still older ruins of Roslin chapel and castle. The old chapel and castle were there in Drummond's days; and the house of Hawthornden was repaired by himself in 1638. By that time he had made it celebrated beyond Scotland. Inclined to poetry from his earliest youth, accomplished in Italian and other foreign tongues, and a reader, as his own notes inform us, of all the best literature of the period, he had appeared himself as an author in 1613, when he published his "Tears on the Death of Meliades" (Prince Henry), and again in 1616, when he published a volume of sonnets and occasional pieces. These, together with his "Wandering Muses, or the River Forth Feasting," written by way of welcome to James I. on his revisiting Scotland in 1617, had made his name known to the English poets; and when Ben Jonson visited him in 1619-20, he had the pleasure of receiving from Ben not only all the London gossip of the time, but also praises of his own verses. Drummond

continued to correspond with Jonson and others of the English poets from his northern home, and was recognised by them as a member of their fraternity. The death of a young lady to whom he was about to be married having made his little paradise of Hawthornden intolerable to him, he had, shortly after Ben's visit, gone abroad and travelled for eight years in France, Italy, and Germany; and it was during his absence that his "Flowers of Sion, or Spiritual Poems," and a prose piece entitled "The Cypress Grove," were published at Edinburgh (1625). He was back in his native country by 1630, having brought a fine collection of books with him; and, having married, in that year, a lady to whom he was attracted by her likeness to his first love, he continued to live at Hawthornden or its vicinity, almost a solitary representative of softer literary tastes in the northern kingdom. He wrote more verse and more prose, and died in 1649.[1]

If there was no inburst of the essential Scottish spirit into English literature in the plentiful verse of Alexander, neither was there a representation of it in the poetry of Drummond. There is no blast in it of the *perfervidum ingenium* which already, for a century or more, had been spoken of as the characteristic of his nation, no stroke of the true Presbyterian emphasis. His verse is that of a fine, cultured, and gracefully poetical mind, trained under Italian and English influences, and shutting itself in, as much as possible, from nearer influences that might disturb these. That he had rough Scottish humour in him, and that in his walks to and fro between Hawthornden and Edinburgh, he must have had a shrewd native eye for all that was to be seen, and no lack of the right vernacular for saluting the country-folks he met, is proved well enough by his burlesque of "Polemo-Middinia," written after 1640:—

"Et Rob Gib, wantonus homo, atque Oliver Hutchin;
Et plooky-faced Watty Strang, atque in-kneed Elshender Atken."

Once within the woods of Hawthornden, however, and, still more, when in his library, with Spenser or Tasso or Sidney's

[1] Chalmers's Life of Drummond in his "Poets;" Mr. Peter Cunningham's Life prefixed to a selection of the Poems in 1833; and Mr. Laing's edition of the "Conversations."

"Arcadia" before him, all that was specially Scottish left him; and, when he wrote, whether it was in the pensive, or in the descriptive, or in the witty and amorous vein, it was as one who had his place to keep among the minor English poets. Among them he was certainly very far from the worst. His sonnets, in particular, have been praised in modern times as among the second-best in the language. In his narrative and descriptive poems he is decidedly one of the English Arcadians, with something of Browne's sweet sensuousness, and using very musically the same metrical couplet. Here is a specimen on a Scottish subject—the Forth sending her nymphs to the other rivers and lakes to bid them rejoice with her on James's return to his native kingdom :—

"And you, my nymphs, rise from your moist repair,
Strew all your springs and grots with lilies fair :
Some swiftest-footed get them hence, and pray
Our floods and lakes come keep this holiday ;
Whate'er beneath Albania's hills do run,
Which see the rising or the setting sun,
Which drink stern Grampius' mists or Ochil's snows—
Stone-rolling Tay, Tyne tortoise-like that flows,
The pearly Don, the Dees, the fertile Spey,
Wild Nevern which doth see our longest day
Ness smoking sulphur, Leave with mountains crowned,
Strange Lomond for his floating isles renowned,
The Irish Rian, Ken, the silver Ayr,
The snaky Dun, the Ore with rushy hair,
The crystal-streaming Nid, loud-bellowing Clyde,
Tweed, which no more our kingdoms shall divide,
Rank-swelling Annan, Lid with curled streams,
The Esks, the Solway where they lose their names ;
To every one proclaim our joys and feasts."

If, as a poet of sensuous circumstance, Drummond has any one particular excellence, entitling him to a kind of pre-eminence, so far as that excellence could bestow it, among the minor poets, it is in the description of the clear nocturnal sky and the effects of quiet moonlight on streams and fields. Thus :—

"To western worlds when wearied day goes down,
And from Heaven's windows each star shows her head,
Earth's silent daughter Night is fair though brown ;
Fair is the morn though in love's livery clad."

Again,

"How Night's pale queen
With borrowed beams looks on this hanging round."

The frequency of such allusions in his sonnets is more than mere fancy could have caused; and we see that, over the lovely glen where the poet had his home, there must have rolled occasional nights as softly sapphire as those of Italy, and that then the poet would be habitually abroad, pacing some leafy walk, and watching, with the sound of the Esk in his ear, Cynthia showering her light on the solitude, and the stars all tremulous in their fainter fires.

II. At the opposite pole of the poesy of the period from the Spenserians or Arcadians were the metrical satirists. The opposition is a permanent one in literature. If it is characteristic of the genius of pure imagination to shun the actual and contemporary facts of the social world, and to wander away into regions of the ideal and general, where it may make its own themes and invent its own histories, dashing these themes and histories, it may be, with those personal pains and those allusions to the times which it will not express save in that indirect fashion, there are yet always men, included in the poetical class by reason of the form of their writings, who proceed in the opposite manner, take their matter from the very thick of social life, attack abuses and wrongs just as they see them, and make verse the vehicle for passing social censure. If Virgil was the type of the one class of poets among the Romans, Juvenal was the type of the other; and the satire was perhaps the form of poetry most natural to the Roman genius. In strict theory it might be questioned whether the satire ought to be accounted poetry at all. Where *indignatio facit versus*, the result can be but metrical invective; which may be a far more choice and keen and durable literary substance than ordinary poetry, but which, *per se*, is not poetry. Nothing is poetry except the produce of a mind wholly swung into phantasy. As all know, however, the universal custom of languages has included satirists among the poets—has included among the poets, indeed, all who have produced excellent literary effects, of whatever

kind, by fine or powerful metre. There are several reasons reconciling the practice in this respect with the theory which it seems to violate. In the first place, verse is so exquisite a thing in itself, that in reading masterly specimens of it, whatever be the matter contained, we feel the pleasure which all sense of art communicates. In the second place, those who do write metrical satires, generally are poets who have proved themselves such to some extent independently; and they necessarily carry the poet with them into whatever they do, satire itself included. Thus it was with Horace and with Dryden. But, thirdly, metre itself is a stimulus to imagination; the very act of writing metrically compels, to some extent, to thinking poetically; and so even the metrical satirist, who has given no independent proofs of being a poet, can hardly but here and there feel the rhythm heating the roots of his wings and persuading him to a little flight.

The man whom our literary historians have agreed to consider the father of English satire, in the modern form in which it has been practised by Dryden, Pope, and others, as distinct from the older form exemplified in Piers Ploughman, Skelton, and the like, was still alive in 1632, at the age of fifty-eight (exactly Ben Jonson's age), but with four-and-twenty years of his eventful life yet before him. This was Joseph Hall, already known to us as Bishop of Exeter since 1627. It was now about thirty-five years since Hall, then a youth of three-and-twenty, and fresh from Cambridge, had published in two portions (1597 and 1598) his six books of satires—the first three books entitled "Toothless Satires," and the last three "Biting Satires." In the opening lines of the first book he had distinctly announced himself as the beginner of a new form of literature:—

> "I first adventure, with foolhardy might,
> To tread the steps of perilous despite;
> I first adventure, follow me who list,
> And be the second English satirist."

On inquiry it is found that Donne might have the better claim to absolute priority, *his* satires having been written by 1594. But Hall's were first published; they were written

without knowledge of Donne's; and they were after a more orderly type of satire. The first book of the "Toothless Satires" was directed against the faults, literary and other, of the poets of the age; the second treated of academical abuses; the third of public manners and morality, which also form the matter of the "Biting Satires." The author's acknowledged models are Juvenal and Persius; and he professes that it was to their nervous and crabbed style of poetry, rather than to the imitation of Virgil and Spenser, that his genius inclined him.

> "Rather had I, albe in careless rhymes,
> Check the misordered world and lawless times."

What Hall's satires did towards "checking the misordered world" may not have been much; but, as compositions of the satirical order, they have kept a place in our literature. Interesting still on historical grounds for their references to contemporary manners, they are admired for their direct energy of expression, their robust though somewhat harsh tone of feeling, and, above all, the wonderfully modern appearance of their metrical structure. Thus, on modern luxury:—

> "Time was, and that was termed the time of gold,
> When world and time were young that now are old,
> When quiet Saturn swayed the mace of lead,
> And pride was yet unborn and yet unbred;
> Time was that, while the autumn fall did last,
> Our hungry sires gaped for the falling mast;—
> Could no unhusked acorn leave the tree
> But there was challenge made whose it might be.
> * * * *
> They naked went, or clad in ruder hide,
> Or home-spun russet, void of foreign pride;
> But thou canst mask in garish gawdery,
> To suit a fool's far-fetchèd livery—
> A French head joined to neck Italian,
> Thy thighs from Germany and breast from Spain;
> An Englishman in none, a fool in all,
> Many in one, and one in several.
> Then men were men; but now the greater part
> Beasts are in life and women are in heart."

Thus had Hall written when Spenser was alive, and Shakespeare and his coevals were in the height of their dramatic

fame; and in virtue of such verses had he been named by Meres, in his list of the English literary celebrities of 1598, as a promising English Persius. In the long intervening period of his life, however,—though retaining something of the hard style of intellect shown in his satires,—he had advanced into other occupations, rising step by step in the Church to the prelacy, and writing those numerous and various prose works, under which the recollection of his satires had been all but buried, so that his name was no longer the English Persius, but the English Seneca.

Marston the dramatist had first appeared as an author in three books of satires, entitled "The Scourge of Villany," published in 1598. The fashion having been set by Hall, Donne, and Marston, became prevalent enough during the next thirty years; and there were few of the poets of James's reign, dramatic or other, who did not throw off occasional pieces in the established couplet, which were either satires in form, or, under the name of epistles or epigrams, belonged essentially to the same class. In Ben Jonson's works, for example, are many pieces of this kind; and, on the whole, as Ben excelled his contemporaries in most things, so he excelled them in this poetry of social criticism. As a poetic realist, indeed, he tended towards satire constitutionally. The quasi-Horatian epistles of Ben, the Beaumonts and others, might be distinguished, however, from the proper Juvenalian satire which Hall had introduced.

From among the host of writers using verse for social purposes, one stands out very conspicuously as the popular satirist of the day. This was George Wither, whose poetry had been all but forgotten when Anderson and Chalmers edited their general collections of our old poets, and to whom, accordingly, recent critics and historians have been the more anxious to do justice.[1]

Born in Hampshire in 1588 of a family of some wealth, Wither had gone from school to Magdalen College, Oxford. Here, says Wood, he "made some proficiency with much ado

[1] Gilchrist, Ellis, Sir Egerton Brydges, Southey, Hallam, Craik, and others; but, above all, Mr. Wilmott, in his "Lives of the Sacred Poets" (1834).

in academical learning; but, his geny being addicted to things more trivial, was taken home after he had spent about three years in the said house, and thence sent to one of the Inns of Chancery, and afterwards to Lincoln's Inn, to obtain knowledge in municipal law. But, his geny still hanging after things more smooth and delightful, he did at length make himself known to the world (after he had taken several rambles therein) by certain specimens of poetry."[1] Among these were "Elegies on the Death of Prince Henry," published in 1612, and "Epithalamia, or Nuptial Poems," on the marriage of Frederic, Count Palatine, with the Princess Elizabeth, published in 1613. In the same year with the last, the author being then twenty-five years of age, was published a volume of satirical verse, entitled "Abuses Stript and Whipt." The volume (printed, it may be worth remarking, by Humphrey Lownes) became immediately popular. This was owing partly to its adaptation to the popular taste, but partly also to the fact that the Privy Council, in consequence of some passages in the book deemed insulting to persons in authority, thought it worth while to imprison the author. From the Marshalsea prison he addressed "A Satire to the King," fearless but yet loyal, which is supposed to have led to his release; and in 1615 he published "The Shepherd's Hunting, being certain Eclogues made during the Author's Imprisonment." These, as well as their predecessors, had an immense sale, passing through edition after edition with a rapidity of which there is hardly any other example at that time; and the same popularity attended many subsequent publications of the author—in 1618 his "Wither's Motto, '*Nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo:* Nor have I, nor want I, nor care I'" (an odd metrical exposition of his own character, of which 30,000 copies were sold in a few months); in 1619 his "Preparation to the Psalter," written in prose, with religious poems attached; in the same year "Fidelia, a Poem," and "Exercises on the First Psalm, both in Prose and Verse;" in 1621, "Songs of Moses and Hymns of the Old Testament;" in 1622, "Juvenilia," or early poems,

[1] Athenæ, III. 761.

a pastoral entitled "The Mistress of Philarete," and a larger collection of "Hymns and Songs of the Church," with music by Orlando Gibbons; in 1628, a thick volume of verse (printed, as he says, entirely by his own hand, because he "could not get allowance to do it publicly") with the title, "Britain's Remembrancer, containing a Narrative of the Plague lately past, a Declaration of Mischiefs Present, and a Prediction of Judgments to come;" &c. &c. The author had again been in prison, but had apparently at last convinced the king and the council that there was no great harm in his popularity. On the publication of his "Hymns and Songs," at all events, a royal letter had been addressed to all printers and booksellers, stating the king's pleasure that, whereas his "well-beloved subject, George Withers, gentleman, by his great industry and diligent study, had gathered and composed" the said book, "being esteemed worthy and profitable to be inserted in convenient manner and due place into every English psalm-book in metre," the sole liberty of printing it should be reserved to him, his executors and assigns, for the period of fifty-one years. This privilege was the cause of a quarrel between Wither and the London booksellers. They would not sell his hymns bound up with the Psalm-book, and even used the power of the trade against his other publications. From this ill-usage he appealed to the public in a bulky prose pamphlet, entitled "*The Scholar's Purgatory discovered in the Stationers' Commonwealth, &c.*" addressed primarily to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the bishops and clergy in convocation assembled. With the reading world, however, he continued in extraordinary favour. He was "so generally known," says Wood, "that thousands, especially such youths as were puritanically educated, were desirous to peruse his future writings," and would have them in spite of the booksellers. In 1632, being then in his forty-fifth year, and already for nearly twenty years the pet of the public, he was engaged in bringing out a complete new translation of the Psalms, which, he hoped, would be bound up with the Bible, and supersede all previous versions for Church use. This work was being printed in the Netherlands.

Wither, it will have been seen, was a lyric poet and a pastoral poet, as well as a satirist or social poet. By right of one or two of his earlier pieces—more particularly his "Mistress of Philarete," and his "Shepherd's Hunting," written during his first imprisonment—he might have been mentioned under the previous head among the Arcadians. He was personally intimate with Browne, Drayton, and other poets; he had a hand in at least one of the eclogues of Browne's "Shepherd's Pipe;" and in his own poems just mentioned there is something of the sweet sensuousness and graceful fancy found in Browne's poetry. By his contemporaries, indeed, these poems were thought to show more of true poetic fancy than any of his other writings; and recent critics, in their anxiety to resuscitate Wither, have relied chiefly on these and on a few of his select lyrics. The favourite quotation from him is from the fourth eclogue of his "Shepherd's Hunting," in which he celebrates the power of poesy to console even the tenant of a prison.

"In my former days of bliss,
Her divine skill taught me this,—
That from everything I saw
I could some invention draw,
And raise pleasure to her height
Through the meanest object's sight.
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rusteling;
By a daisy, whose leaves spread
Shut when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me
Than all Nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness
In the very gall of sadness.
The dull loneness, the black shade
That these hanging vaults have made;
The strange music of the waves
Beating in these hollow caves;
This black den which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss;

The rude portals that give sight
More to terror than delight;
This my chamber of neglect,
Walled about with disrespect;
From all these and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight."

But, although there are many other passages in Wither reminding one either of Browne for their pleasant sensuousness, or (more frequently) of Drayton's thinner style of verse, yet, by the great bulk of his writings, he ranks indubitably not among the Arcadians, but among the social poets or satirists. The truth is, his career as a poet was the external counterpart of his singular constitution as a man; and, despite the efforts of his admirers to revive a regard for his poetry, it is less now as a poet than as a character of the period that he is interesting.

At the basis of his nature was a prodigous self-satisfaction. To aid in expressing this, he had received from nature an irresistible fluency. "He could make verses as fast as he could write them," says Aubrey, who informs us, moreover, that his wife—an Elizabeth Emerson of Lambeth—was "a great wit," and could write verses too. "His unaffected diction even now," says Mr. Craik, "has scarce a stain of age upon it, but flows on, ever fresh and transparent, like a pebbled rill." Nor were there wanting some excellent and even strong qualities in the man to render his fluency effective. With his self-satisfaction he conjoined some real strength of brain, a certain elevation of aim, and a perfect dauntlessness of spirit. In his very first writings he had come forward as a plain man, who was to speak truth and care for nobody. "Do not look," he says, in his garrulous preface to his *Abuses Stript and Whipt* (1613), "for Spenser's or Daniel's well-composed numbers, or the deep conceits of now-flourishing Jonson: no; say 'Tis honest plain matter,' and there's as much as I expect." And so in the text of the book, speaking of his occupations when he first wandered about London as a law-student:—

"Casting preferment's too much care aside,
And leaving that to God that can provide,
The actions of the present time I eyed,
And all her secret villanies descried;
I stript Abuse from all her colours quite,
And laid her ugly face to open sight."

Even in prison they could not break his spirit! Thus, in his "Satire to the King," respecting the courtiers:—

"I'd have my pen so paint that, where it traces,
Each accent should draw blood into their faces.
I'd learn my muse so brave a course to fly,
Men should admire the power of poesy;
And those that dared her greatness to resist
Quake even at naming of a satirist."

And so, through the world, from that time forward, he continues to go, self-labelled as "Wither, the man that would not flatter." His "Motto," published in 1618, was, as we have said, a detailed exhibition of his character to the public in this light. He had had his portrait painted; under it he had written the motto, "*Nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo;*" this motto he had adopted as his impress; and the poem is an illustration of it in three parts, corresponding respectively to the three clauses—the first explaining what Wither is not, the second what he is, and the third what he cares not to have or to be. The tone throughout is that of egotistic independence.

"My mind's my kingdom, and I will permit
No other's will to have the rule of it;
For I am free, and no man's power, I know,
Did make me this, or shall unmake me now."

While expounding his own character in the poem, he launches into satires of all who are not of the same spirit with himself. The lash, though never personal in its application, excoriates where it strikes. Thus, of the poets and wits of the time:—

"I am not of a temper like to those
That can provide an hour's sad talk in prose
For any funeral, and then go dine,
And choke my grief with sugar-plums and wine.
I cannot at the claret sit and laugh,
And then, half tipsy, write an epitaph.

I cannot for reward adorn the hearse
Of some old rotten miser with my verse;
Nor, like the poetasters of the time,
Go howl a doleful elegy in rhyme
For every lord or ladyship that dies,
And then perplex their heirs to patronise
My muddy poesy."

Wither had found patrons, however, in the general public; and he does not seem to have been at all indifferent to *their* favour, nor to the pecuniary results of it. Having once been accepted as a writer of a peculiarly honest and virtuous vein, he was ready "to express and publish his conceptions" in any innocent form that would recommend them to the popular taste. He would write songs and pastorals, like others, only taking care that they were ethically of the right sort; he would reach the popular heart through Scriptural hymns and a new version of the Psalms; he would not disdain even symbolical title-pages, illustrative wood-cuts, and arrangements of letter-press and binding by which his books could be converted into "lotteries"! To write so as to "suit the vulgar capacity" was the rule he had prescribed for himself; and whether the result should be called poetry or prose by the critics he professed not to care. Moreover, the idea seems to have grown upon him, that, as he was a leader of the popular opinion, so he was bound to form guesses as to the issues of events, and announce his conclusions in the shape of warnings and vaticinations. In this character he first distinctly appears in his *Britain's Remembrancer*, written while the recollections of the Plague of 1625 were fresh. Addressing Britain there, he says:—

"For I will tell thy fortune, which, when they
Who are unborn shall read another day,
They will believe then that God did infuse
Into thy poet a prophetic muse;
Moreover know that He did him prefer
To be to this isle his Remembrancer."

Accordingly, after the publication of this book, the reputation of Wither was as much that of a political fanatic as of a poet.

When we examine in what his title to the prophetic character consisted, we find that it was chiefly in an unusually strong degree of the conviction (pretty sure to be right at any time) that the cup of social iniquity was full.

> "Upon thy fleets, thy havens, and thy ports,
> Upon thine armies and thy strong-walled forts,
> Upon thy pleasures and commodities,
> Upon thy handicrafts and merchandise,
> Upon the fruits and cattle in thy fields,
> On what the air, the earth, or water yields,
> On prince and people, on both weak and strong,
> On priest and prophet, on both old and young,
> Yea on each person, place, and everything,
> His just deserved judgments God will bring."

If it is essential to social health and progress that some souls should have this feeling, even to overcharge, in every time, a man who held it to whatever extent in the age of Charles I. will hardly seem to have been far in error. Wither not only had it, but had it in the exact form and proportion which fitted him to be the monitor—we had almost said the journalist—of the time then passing. He was a lay-preacher of the very notions which formed the political creed of the middle-class English Puritans; he gave back to the citizens of London, in easy metre and rhyme, and with his name attached, the platitudes they were in the habit of expressing in their houses and shops. Thus of ambition :—

> "And, though I'm loth to speak it, I protest
> I think it reigns not in the clergy least;
> For you at first great humbleness shall see,
> Whilst their estates and fortunes meaner be.
> They are industrious and take pains to teach,
> And twice a week shall be the least they preach;
> Or, in their poverty, they will not stick
> For catechizing, visiting the sick,
> With such like duteous works of piety
> As do belong to their society.
> But, if they once but reach a vicarage,
> Or be inducted to some parsonage,
> Men must content themselves and think it well,
> If once a month they hear the sermon-bell.
> But, if to any higher place they reach,
> Once in a twelvemonth is enough to preach!"

If this was not poetry, it was just such straightforward metrical politics as the middle-class Puritans of the day were willing to buy and read; and, by keeping to this vein, Wither had become, by 1632, a recognised literary power in England. He had written for the people, and the people swore by George Wither.

Wither and his popularity seem to have been a great matter of jest to the fraternity at the Apollo Club. "Is Wither a poet?" was a question of the day with the critics there. There were arguments for as well as against; and there was some danger in speaking ill of a man of such popularity and such fluency in invective, with such a following at his back. King Ben took the responsibility on himself. In his masque of *Time Vindicated*, presented at court on Twelfth Night, 1623, a character called Chronomastix (*i. e.* the satirist of the age) is introduced as a candidate for the honours of fame. The goddess Fame is seated with her attendants, Eyes, Ears, and Nose, when Chronomastix enters.

"*Chron.* The Time! Lo, I, the man that hate the time;
That is, that love it not; and (though in rhyme
I here do speak it) with this whip you see
Do lash the time, and am myself lash-free.

Fame. Who's this?

Ears. 'Tis Chronomastix, the brave Satyr.

Nose. The gentlemanlike Satyr—cares for nobody—
His forehead tipt with bays! Do you not know him?"

Chronomastix advances to salute Fame, saying,—

"It is for you I revel so in rhyme,
Dear mistress, not for hope I have the Time
Will grow the better by it. To serve Fame
Is all my end, and get myself a name."

Whereupon Fame bursts forth,—

"Away! I know thee not! Wretched impostor,
Creature of glory, mountebank of wit,
Self-loving braggart, Fame doth sound no trumpet
To such vain empty fools! 'T is Infamy
Thou serv'st and follow'st, scorn of all the Muses!
Go revel with thine ignorant admirers;
Let worthy names alone."

Chronomastix, astonished at this reception, can hardly believe that he hears aright, and recounts his triumphs as a popular author.

"*Ears.* Rare! how he talks in verse just as he writes!

Chron. When have I walked the streets, but happy he
That had the finger first to point at me,
Prentice or journeyman? The shop doth know it,
The unlettered clerk, major and minor poet!
The sempster hath sat still as I passed by,
And dropt her needle! Fishwives stayed their cry!
The boy with buttons, and the basket-wench,
To vent their wares into my works do trench!
A pudding-wife that would despise the times
Hath uttered frequent penn'orths through my rhymes,
And, with them, dived unto the chambermaid;
And she unto her lady hath conveyed
The seasoned morsels, who hath sent me pensions
To cherish and to heighten my inventions!
Well, Fame shall know it yet, I have my faction
And friends about me, though it please detraction
To do me this affront."

He then calls in some of his faction to stand by him. They appear, dance round him adoringly, and carry him forth from Fame's presence. Eyes, Ears, and Nose assure Fame that she has made a mistake in disowning him, and that his faction will deify him in despite. "'Twill prove but deifying of a pompion," says the tetchy lady.

Chronomastix was, perhaps, here meant by Jonson to stand for a type of popular satirists in general; but that he had Wither in view as the least sufferable specimen of the genus then alive is undeniable. In some editions of Wither's first satires, there had been a wood-cut representing him, precisely as he is introduced in the masque, as a satyr with a whip in his hand. There is a distinct allusion, also, to the engraved frontispiece prefixed to his "Motto"—in which Wither is represented as a laurelled poet, leaning his back against a pillar, gazing straight at heaven. Moreover, Chronomastix is identified with Wither by special references to Wither's clandestine dealings with printers, and to his acquaintances in London. Among those who rush in at his call are two mutes, who are thus described:—

"You'd think them rogues, but they are friends;
One is his printer in disguise, and keeps
His press in a hollow tree, where, to conceal him,
He works by glow-worm light—the moon's too open.
The other zealous rag is the compositor,
Who in an angle, where the ants inhabit
(The emblems of his labours), will sit curled
Whole days and nights, and work his eyes out for him."

What follows is more interesting to us :—

"There is a schoolmaster,
Is turning all his works, too, into Latin—
To pure satyric Latin; makes his boys
To learn him; calls him the Time's Juvenal;
Hangs all his school with his sharp sentences;
And o'er the execution-place hath painted
Time whipt, for terror to the infantry."

The schoolmaster here spoken of can be no other than our friend, the elder Gill, head-master of St. Paul's School, in whose *Logonomia Anglica*, published in 1619, Wither, as we have seen (p. 62), had been cited expressly under the name of the English "Juvenal." The citation had been retained in the second edition of the *Logonomia*, in 1621; and probably Gill had shown his admiration for Wither in other ways. There was, as we shall find, a standing feud between Ben Jonson and the Gill family; and it is interesting to know that the feud began while Milton was a pupil at St. Paul's School, and therefore one of the "infantry" referred to by Ben.

Wither was not a man to let even Ben pass without an answer. In his *Britain's Remembrancer*, published in 1628, he takes occasion, accordingly, to retaliate on Ben and all his tribe :—

"With words ironical they do revile me;
The Valiant Poet they in scorn do style me—
The Chronomastix."

And, in a long continuation in the same style, Wither describes them sitting in drunken conclave at the Apollo, and settling the claims of all the poets of the day, himself included. If any one were there to defend him, they did not dare, he hints, to deny that he had merits! And this was about the right

conclusion. He has left, along with some real poetry, a sea of the flattest verse known in our language; but his influence was as healthy as his style was plain and apprehensible. He was a brave bull-necked Englishman, slightly crazed in the organs of combativeness and self-esteem, the same man substantially in 1632 that he was afterwards when he became one of Cromwell's major-generals.

Still lower in the literary scale than Wither, and named among the poets of the day only by way of good-humoured jest, was Taylor the water-poet. Honest John, a Gloucester man by birth, and now over fifty years of age, had been known in his double capacity as a poet and a waterman for at least twenty years. In his youth he had served in the navy, and had been in Holland, Germany, and other parts of the Continent; more recently, and since setting up as a Thames waterman, he had made wherry voyages along the English coasts, and up rivers never penetrated by a London boat before; and he had also made a journey to Scotland on foot at the time when Ben was there. No man knew the town better than he; and there was not a man of any mark in town or near it, from the king and his privy councillors down to the Gloucester carrier or the landlord of the inn on Highgate Hill, but had a word for "the Sculler." With a fund of rough natural humour, and an acquired knack of writing, he had won his name of "the water-poet," and at the same time increased his custom as a boatman, by a series of printed effusions, none of them above a sheet or two in length, and consisting either solely of verse, or of verse and prose intermixed, under such titles as "The Travels of Twelvepence," "The Praise of Beggary and Begging," "Taylor's Pennyless Pilgrimage, or Journey, without money, from London to Edinburgh in Scotland, and back to London," "A very merry Wherry Voyage from London to York with a Pair of Oars," "A Kecksy-winsy, or a Lerry-cum-Twang, wherein John Taylor hath satirically suited 750 of his bad debtors, that will not pay him for his 'Journey to Scotland,'" "Elegies and Religious Narrations," "The World runs on Wheels," "The Praise of Hempseed," "The Praise of a Jail, and the excellent mystery

and necessary use of all sorts of Hanging," &c. &c. His plan of disposing of these productions seems to have been to hawk them about personally among his patrons and acquaintances, or to sell them in parcels to those who retailed ballads and other cheap popular literature. In more than one instance, however, he had dedicated to the king, or come forward in some public way as a wit and pamphleteer. Thus, in 1613, he had led "a suit against the players," the object of which was to prevent the increase of play-houses on the north side of the river—it being manifestly to the advantage of the watermen that the theatres should be kept on the south side. More recently he had been writing furiously against the nuisance of hackney coaches, and in favour of the old modes of locomotion by foot or on water. One way or another, his broad-sheets had a circulation which more than paid their expenses. They were good reading for the Gloucester carrier on the road, and they were laughed over at court. King James, according to Ben, used to say jocularly, that he knew no verses equal to "the Sculler's."[1] Confident in his popularity, the Sculler had had the audacity to print, or bind together for sale, in 1630, a folio edition of his collected "Works," including all that he had written in prose or in verse up to that date. He was to live four-and-twenty years after the publication, and, besides distinguishing himself by his sturdy loyalty during the civil wars, was to pen a farther quantity of prose and verse, enough to make a second folio, had all been collected.

III. Distinct from both the Spenserians and the social poets, was a group of metrical writers whom it is easier to enumerate than to describe by a common name. The peculiarity by which they are associated is that they seemed to regard verse not as a vehicle for pure matter of imagination, or for social allusion and invective, but simply as a means of continuous intellection on any topic whatsoever. According to the nature of the topics on which they wrote, they might be distributed into such sub-varieties as the philosophical poets, the

[1] Conv. with Drummond, p. 26; and Discoveries.

metaphysical poets, the dialectical poets, the theological poets, &c.

Much of the so-called poetry of all languages has consisted of such metrical disquisition, ratiocination, or meditative subtlety. Now though, as in satire, so here, metre brings its own charms with it; though men willingly accept fine exposition, subtle dialectics, or excellent doctrine in metre, and care not, as they read, to distinguish too nicely between that and poetry; yet there is probably no mistake from which poetry has suffered more than from this habit of fancying that the metrical evolution of any train of thought whatsoever will result in a poem. For the thinker, as such, prose is the legitimate element; the conditions of verse, whatever compensations they may bring, are not favourable to that strain of the logical sinew by which the thinker, as such, advances from proposition to proposition, and links truth to truth; and, though, when the thinker merges in the poet, or the poet borrows from the thinker, we welcome the golden sentences in which he peals forth splendidly and musically those sure conclusions of the common reason, and those primary feelings of all humanity, where logic takes end in tears and song, it is quite a different thing when, under the shelter and through the art of rhyme, that which in prose would be bad metaphysics, third-rate psychology, amusing individual whim, or ingenious sectarian fallacy, is issued and accepted as very good poetry. Time takes care of this by sweeping the ephemeral away, but contemporary judgment is sadly harassed by it.

A tendency to intellectual "conceit," to the pursuit of quaint mechanical analogies, had been abundantly visible among the Elizabethan poets, Shakespeare not excepted. In Sir John Davies (1570—1626), Sir Fulk Greville, and Lord Brooke (1554—1628) the age had had poets of a more distinctly speculative order; and much of the Earl of Stirling's poetry might be associated better perhaps with that of Davies than with that of the Spenserians. But, of all the non-dramatic poets since Spenser, there was not one who had imported into English verse an influence so distinctly anti-Spenserian as Donne.

In him there were gathered up, as it were, and welded into one mind, all the tips and clippings of super-subtlety among the Elizabethans.

In 1632 they were still writing elegies on Donne's death, which had occurred in the March of the preceding year. For the last sixteen years of his life he had been known as Dr. Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, a most pious and popular preacher, though not Calvinistic, and a man of great theological and other learning; but even then he was in relations with the court and the literary world as a wit and a poet; and there were those alive who could recollect him as he had been in his youth, ere yet he had thought of the sacred calling—a gallant lay wit about town, secretary to Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, a member of Raleigh's club at the Mermaid, and a writer of satires, epigrams, and miscellaneous poems not specially clerical in either their style or their subjects. Some of these poems had been in circulation in manuscript as early as 1593, when Spenser was yet alive and Donne was only in his twenty-first year; the best of them, as Ben Jonson thought, had been written before 1598, when he first became acquainted with Donne; only a portion of them had been printed, and Donne, after he became Doctor of Divinity, would fain have recalled both these and the manuscript ones, and destroyed them; but they had been too firmly lodged in the literature of the time to be recovered, and there was now in preparation, under his son's care, a collected edition of his "Poems, Songs, Sonnets, Satires, Letters, &c.," in which those earlier slips of his pen were to be given in one medley with the more sacred metrical effusions of his later years. Even now we look at both sets of pieces indiscriminately as Donne's poetical remains. Nor are we wrong. The pious Dean Donne, whom Herbert admired and Izaak Walton all but worshipped, was essentially the same man who had gone about with bricklayer Ben in his early dramatic days; and in all his literary remains—his "Satires" of 1593–4, his "Metempsychosis" of 1601, his amorous verses of about the same date, the "Divine Poems" which he wrote as a clergyman, and even his numerous prose writings and sermons posthumously published—there is the

same intellectual manner. What a reputation even as a poet he had gained by this manner among his contemporaries, may be inferred from the fact that, on Jonson's visit to Drummond in 1619–20, there was no poet of whom he talked so much as of Donne. "He esteemeth John Donne the first poet in the world in some things," is Drummond's report; who adds, however, some severe criticisms of Ben on Donne's style, as that "for not keeping accent, he deserved hanging," and that "for not being understood, he would perish." To the same effect in Ben's verses prefixed to Donne's Poems :—

> "Donne, the delight of Phœbus and each Muse,
> Who, to thy one, all other brains refuse;
> Whose every work of thy most early wit
> Came forth example and remains so yet,
> Longer a-knowing than most wits do live!"

If the English metaphysical poets, as defined by Johnson, after a hint left him by Dryden, are to be kept together as a class, Donne must be regarded not only as their father, but as their most exaggerated representative. The name "metaphysical poets," however, does not, as we now use the word "metaphysics," point out their peculiarity. The opposite word "physical" would be, in some respects, more suggestive of the truth; one of the most obvious characteristics of the poets in question being a disposition to run everything they think of through a series of quaint physical analogies, emotionally inappropriate, though perceptible to a practised or erudite wit. After all, the word "wit," used by Dryden as the name for the quality in which Donne was pre-eminent, answers the purpose best. With a good deal of the true poet in him, Donne was essentially a wit, a subtle dialectician, using verse to assist him in his favourite mental exercise—the stanza, let us say, as a wheel whereby to spin out his thoughts into threads, the couplet as a shuttle by which to lay the threads together. His very notion of verse seems to be revealed in these lines in one of his love poems :—

> "Then as th' Earth's inward, narrow, crooked lanes
> Do purge sea-water's fretful salt away,
> I thought, if I could draw my pains

Through rhyme's vexation, I should them allay.
Grief, brought to number, cannot be so fierce ;
For he tames it that fetters it in verse."

Unfortunately, it was not only his love pains that he drew through rhyme's vexation, but his feelings and thoughts on all subjects whatsoever. Thus it is, that, notwithstanding its celebrity for a time, posterity has become utterly impatient of Donne's poetry. Of his poems, says Mr. Hallam, "few are good for much ; the conceits have not even the merit of being intelligible ; it would, perhaps, be difficult to select three passages that we should care to read again." And yet, in reading him, one can see that the admiration of his contemporaries was not a mere pretence, and that, as his conversation was full of suggestion to men who were far better poets than himself, so his poetry served as an intellectual gymnastic where, as poetry, it gave but little pleasure. Here is a characteristic passage from his elegy entitled "Of the progress of the Soul: wherein by occasion of the religious death of Mrs. Elizabeth Drury, the incommodities of the Soul in this life and her exaltation in the next are contemplated." The elegy, having been published in 1625, represents Donne's later style and tone.

"She, she is gone ; she's gone : when thou know'st this,
What fragmentary rubbish this world is
Thou know'st, and that it is not worth a thought :
He honours it too much that thinks it nought.
Think, then, my soul, that Death is but a groom,
Which brings a taper to the outward room,
Whence thou spy'st first a little glimmering light,
And, after, brings it nearer to thy sight ;
For such approaches does Heaven make in death.
Think thyself labouring now with broken breath,
And think those broken and soft notes to be
Division and thy happiest harmony :
Think thee laid on thy death-bed, loose and slack ;
And think that but unbinding of a pack,
To take one precious thing, thy soul, from thence.
* * * *
But think that Death hath now enfranchised thee ;
Thou hast thy expansion now and liberty.
Think that a rusty piece discharged is flown
In pieces, and the bullet is his own,

And freely flies. This to thy soul allow.
Think thy shell broke ; think thy soul hatcht but now ;
And think this slow-paced soul, which late did cleave
To a body, and went, but by the body's leave,
Twenty, perchance, or thirty miles a day,
Dispatches in a minute all the way
'Twixt Heaven and Earth. She stays not in the air
To look what meteors there themselves prepare.
* * * *
But, ere she can consider how she went,
At once is at and through the firmament ;
And, as those stars were but so many beads
Strung on one string, speed undistinguish'd leads
Her through those spheres, as through those beads a string
Whose quick succession makes it still one thing ;
As doth the pith which, lest our bodies slack,
Strings fast the little bones of neck and back,
So by the Soul doth Death string Heaven and Earth."

This, we believe, exhibits Donne at about his best—that is, in his mature and more religious stage, exercising himself on a metaphysical contemplation properly so called, and doing so with something of true poetic feeling. Throughout the rest of his poetry, with not a few passages of the same order, and with frequent feats of intellectual agility which make the reader start, the most tolerant modern taste is apt to be offended by the grossly physical cast of the images. Love, in Donne's poetry, is a physiological process, susceptible of all kinds of metaphysical interpretations ; his love verses are abstruse alternations between the process and its metaphysical renderings ; and that element in which most love poets dwell —the exquisite intermediate psychology—is all but wholly omitted. Thus the poem which stands first in the series from Donne in Chalmers's edition of the Poets, is one entitled " The Flea," consisting of an argument to his mistress in favour of their speedy marriage, deduced from the fact that, as the insect has skipped from the one to the other, and exercised its functions on both, their beings are already one within its jetty cover. In other poems facts of the most putrid order are jumbled together with others of most sacred associations, as equally holy to the eye of practised intellect, and equally rich in symbolisms and analogies. In short, though we must

regard Donne personally as an interesting study, and though we may admit also that in his hands the artifice of metrical cogitation, with a view to novel combinations of ideas, was exercised so superbly as almost to become thenceforward the legitimate principle of a new variety of literature, we cannot but see in him and his poetry an influence violently anti-Spenserian; and, in proportion as we regard Spenser's genius as that of poesy in its essence, so we must be glad that the avatar of Donne, as an intermediate power between Spenser and Milton, was so brief and partial.

The true heir of Donne's manner, and the second of the notable metaphysical poets—Abraham Cowley—was but a boy of thirteen when Donne died. Boy as he was, he was already a poet. At the age of ten, when just admitted as a scholar at Westminster School, he had written his little poem of "Pyramus and Thisbe," and presented it to the head-master, Mr. Lambert Osbaldiston, with the modest words—

> "My childish muse is in her spring, and yet
> Can only show some budding of her wit.
> One frown upon her work, learn'd Sir, from you,
> Like some unkinder storm shot from your brow,
> Would turn her spring to withering autumn's time,
> And make her blossoms perish ere their prime."

Several additional pieces having been written by the precocious boy, there was to appear in 1636, to the surprise of the reading public, and the envy of all the bigger boys in Westminster School, a printed collection of these pieces, dedicated to Bishop Williams as Dean of Westminster, and entitled "Poetical Blossoms, by A. Cowley." At our date of 1632, the young poet was but getting this volume ready, and his verses were known only to his private friends.

A tinge of Donne's manner was already more especially visible in those who may be called the theological poets of the day. We here use the term "theological," as distinct from the more general term "religious." Giles and Phineas Fletcher were religious poets, inasmuch as they chose themes of religious interest, and wrote in a religious spirit; and Milton was a religious poet in the same sense. But though in these poets

the imagination never contradicts the Christian orthodoxy which they professed, or is even swayed hither and thither by definite doctrine in its flight, they cannot properly be called theological poets. There were poets, however, whom this name suits, inasmuch as they consecrated their genius, wholly or in part, to the service of divinity, and made it their recreation to paraphrase in verse the tenets of English theology, or to express the thoughts and feelings which surrounded these tenets, or rose immediately out of them, in devout English minds. In behalf even of these writers there might be an abatement of much that is usually averred as to the incompatibility of poetry with consciousness of doctrinal purpose. Let the system of theology with which a poet stands connected be as logically exact as may be, let it have been shaped never so laboriously into a congeries of definite propositions, the poet, while serving it and illustrating it, must come in contact with those ultimate conceptions, in some form or other, in the very rebound from which all genius takes fire. There are fundamentals, even of a doctrinal character, in allusions to which the poet finds the whole world kin, and which figure everlastingly in all philosophy of life.

> "Alas! alas!
> Why all the souls that were were forfeit once;
> And He that might the vantage best have took
> Found out the remedy."

Shakespeare might be theological so far, and command all Christendom. And so the more express theology of Dante, and of other poets that might be named, makes no sensible interruption between their poetry and the varied intelligence of the world. But, let the process of specialization be carried still farther, and it will be seen how, within narrower constituencies, the poet may be more and more of the mere theological expositor. In the seventeenth century the English nation lived and moved in a theology which had its particularities as well as its generalities; and hence there might well exist poets who, in giving poetical form even to the particularities, were powerfully at one with contemporary feeling. Such poets there were, distributing themselves, as might be

expected, into two classes corresponding with the two tendencies of English theology at that time,—the Calvinistic tendency, which the popular mind still followed; and the new Laudian or Arminian tendency, which was affecting the Church.

Among the poets of the prevailing Calvinism might be reckoned Wither, whose Hymns of the Church and other devotional lyrics have recently been disinterred from the mass of his writings, and presented as specimens of pure and simple English. So far as Wither is theological, he is Calvinistic. As a theological poet, however, he was not so popular, it would seem, as Francis Quarles; in whom, notwithstanding that his subsequent political connexions were with the Royalists and not with the Puritans, we also recognise a mode of thought essentially puritanical. In 1632 Quarles was forty years of age. An Essex man by birth, and educated at Cambridge and at Milton's own college there, he had studied law at Lincoln's Inn, had been in the service of the Queen of Bohemia abroad, and had also been some time in Ireland as private secretary to Archbishop Usher. In 1620 he had published his first poem, "The History of Jonah, or a Feast for Worms," being a paraphrase of the story of Jonah, with interspersed meditations, in the common heroic couplet; and this had been followed by other publications of a similar character—the story of "Esther," in 1621; "Job Militant," in 1624; "Sion's Sonnets" (a paraphrase of Solomon's Song, in eight-line stanzas), and "Sion's Elegies" (a paraphrase of the Lamentations of the Prophet Jeremiah), both in 1625; in the same year an "Alphabet of Elegies," on the death of Dr. Aylmer, Archdeacon of London; in 1631 the "History of Samson," &c. The popularity of Quarles was to be immensely increased by subsequent publications, more especially by his well-known "Emblems," the first edition of which appeared in 1635; but already he was near being what his "Emblems" made him during the rest of that century, and he has not yet wholly ceased to be—"the darling of our plebeian judgments."[1] Personally, he seems to have been a man of sufficiently shrewd and comfortable

[1] So Philips calls him in his "Theatrum Poetarum," in 1674.

habits. He was occupied in business; he held in succession several snug situations; and when he died, at the age of fifty-two, he left eighteen children. But in his poems all is gloomy, terrible, and miserable. In one of his "Emblems," illustrating the text, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" the design is that of a man literally enclosed within the ribs of a skeleton, through which he gazes wofully, as through imprisoning bars. This is a type of his poetry. His most frequent meditation is as follows:—

> "Why, what are men but quickened lumps of earth,
> A feast for worms, a bubble full of breath,
> A looking-glass for grief, a flash, a minute,
> A painted tomb with putrefaction in it,
> A map of death, a burthen of a song,
> A winter's dust, a worm of five feet long;
> Begot in sin, in darkness nourished, born
> In sorrow, naked, shiftless, and forlorn!
> His first voice heard is crying for relief:
> Alas! he comes into a world of grief.
> His age is sinful and his youth is vain;
> His life's a punishment, his death's a pain;
> His life's an hour of joy, a world of sorrow;
> His death's a winter-night that finds no morrow."

Again,

> "O what a crocodilian world is this,
> Composed of treacheries and ensnaring smiles!"

Through this miserable life man is hunted by the terrors of the law, and Justice is present with her iron flail! One can see how, illustrating, as he did, thoughts of this order and doctrines still more peculiarly Calvinistic with a coarse, yet not unlearned vigour, and in a style which, though stern and abrupt, wanted neither poetic embellishment nor a quaint seasoning of conceits, Quarles should have become a favourite in Calvinistic households. To the serious citizen, to the ancient severe widow, to all downcast in the world, and seeing Dives with envy, nay, to Dives himself occasionally contemplating the world's vanity, or writhing with pain in his purple, the poetry of Quarles was not only poetry, but strong theological food.

Without positively rejecting Quarles, the softer and more ceremonious minds in the Church of England must have found a spirit more congenial to their own in the poets of the Anglo-Catholic school. Donne himself, anti-Calvinistic in his views from the first, had written sacred poems of which Laud might have approved, though their art might have perplexed him. He had left Holy Sonnets, a metrical Litany, Hymns to God the Father, to the Virgin Mary, and to the Saints, and Poems on the Annunciation, on Good Friday, on the Cross, &c., in all of which English theology was subtilized into a kind of semi-Catholicism. Thus :—

> "For that fair blessed Mother-maid,
> Whose flesh redeemed us (that she-cherubim
> Which unlocked Paradise, and made
> The claim for innocence, and disseizèd sin;
> Whose womb was a strange Heaven, for there
> God clothed himself and grew),
> Our zealous thanks we pour. As her deeds were
> Our helps, so are her prayers; nor can she sue
> In vain, who hath such titles, unto You."

And here is the analogy of the crucifix found in all nature :—

> "Who can blot out the cross, which th' instrument
> Of God dewed on me in the sacrament?
> Who can deny me power and liberty
> To stretch mine arms, and mine own cross to be?
> Swim, and at every stroke thou art thy cross;
> The mast and yard make one where seas do toss.
> Look down, thou spy'st our crosses in small things;
> Look up, thou seest birds raised on crossed wings.
> All the globe's frame and spheres is nothing else
> But the meridians' crossing parallels."

Inheriting Donne's death-bed blessing, inheriting also much of his spirit and of his literary manner, but a man altogether of gentler and more tuneful heart, the poet, George Herbert, during the two years in which he survived Donne, wrote such verses on the themes in which Donne had preceded him, that, when the two volumes were edited together in 1633—Donne's under the care of his son, and Herbert's under the care of Nicholas Ferrar—there was no question which would be most

read. What Quarles's poetry was and is to more plebeian Christians, and to those fond of "strong meat" in theology, the same was and has been Herbert's "Temple" to Christians of more aristocratic breeding or of milder theological tastes. The sale of the book, for about thirty years, averaged a thousand copies a-year. It is but necessary to open the book now to see that, while it owed part of this popularity to the spirit of general Christian sanctity which it breathes, it owed part also to its purely intellectual affinities with the Anglican ceremonialism with which the Puritans were at feud. The book is, indeed, in some sort, a poetical enunciation of the Laudian idea of the "beauty of holiness," and a detection of that idea in all the parts of the English worship, and in the architectural and other details of a well-ordered parish church. Take the verses on the church-floor:—

"Mark you the floor? That square and speckled stone,
Which looks so firm and strong,
Is Patience;
And the other black and grave, wherewith each one
Is chequered all along,
Humility.
The gentle rising, which on either hand
Leads to the quire above,
Is Confidence;
But the sweet cement, which in one sure band
Ties the whole frame, is Love
And Charity.

Hither sometimes Sin steals, and stains
The marble's neat and curious veins;
But all is cleansed when the marble weeps.
Sometimes Death, puffing at the door,
Blows all the dust about the floor;
But, while he thinks to spoil the room, he sweeps.

Blest be the Architect whose art
Could build so strong in a weak heart!"

Besides Herbert, there were others who wrote devotional poetry in the same spirit, and in a style in which Donne's literary influence was equally perceptible. Among the literary exercises which Ferrar permitted to himself, as not incompatible with the life of monastic seclusion which he had

chosen, was the composition of devotional hymns to be sung in his holy household. Izaak Walton, though he was not to be publicly known as a prose author till 1640, was already a writer of occasional religious verses, or, at least, of verses complimentary to Donne and other masters of divinity. But the good Izaak had not found it necessary for his piety to take such stringent measures as Ferrar against all secular pursuits. He was now in his fortieth year; he had either married, or was just about to marry; he was carrying on a good business as a sempster or clothier near the Fleet-street end of Chancery-lane, in the parish of which Donne had been vicar; and he must have had on his book-shelves, beside his fishing-tackle, not only books of sound divinity recommended to him by Donne, but also a tolerable collection of Elizabethan poetry. If only from his healthy piscatorial habits, he must have had an affection, in particular, for Spenser and the Arcadians. Next to his fishing excursions and his reading, his chief delight was in the society of eminent clergymen.

By a slight anticipation we may here name, as having had some qualities in common with Donne and Herbert, another poet who has kept his place in our collections — William Habington, the author of "Castara." Habington was the son of a Roman Catholic gentleman of Worcestershire, who had been imprisoned in the reign of Elizabeth, for his supposed connexion with Babington's conspiracy, and also condemned to death as having been implicated in the Gunpowder Plot. He had owed his life on the latter occasion to the interest of his relative, Lord Monteagle; and it has even been supposed that his wife, the poet's mother, was the writer of the famous anonymous letter to Lord Monteagle, which led to the discovery of the plot. If so, the poet himself may have unconsciously contributed to the important step taken by the lady in her trepidation; for he was born on the 5th of November, 1605, the very day on which king, lords, and commons were to have been blown up.[1] As became such

[1] Life of Habington, by Chalmers, in "English Poets," Vol. VI. p. 440. Chalmers, however, cites a foot-note from Dod's Catholic Church History, in which "either the 4th or the 5th of November" is made the day of Habington's birth. Guy Fawkes was caught in the cellar at one o'clock on the morning of the 5th.

a nativity, the poet was educated at Jesuit schools and colleges abroad, with the intention that he should be a Catholic priest. Declining this destiny, but remaining firm to the Catholic faith, he had returned to England, to live on the family estate in Worcestershire, which became his by his father's death. The chief event of his life, it would seem, prior to 1632, had been his courtship and marriage with Lucy, the daughter of William Herbert, first Lord Powis. To her, under the name of Castara, he had addressed a great many sonnets and short poems in different metres, celebrating her charms corporeal and mental, first as her hopeful lover, and then as her happy and admiring husband. These poems, together with others of a pious or meditative character on texts taken from the Latin Vulgate, were in circulation among his friends in 1632, but do not seem to have been published collectively till 1635, when they appeared under the title of "Castara," in three parts—the first part containing the verses to Castara before marriage; the second, those to Castara as his wife; and the third, the miscellaneous poems of piety.

Habington proclaims it to be his purpose to teach the world a new strain in poetry. Speaking in his preface of most love poets as "heathens, who can give no nobler testimony of twenty years' employment than some loose copies of lust happily expressed," he hopes that, "if the innocency of a chaste muse shall be more acceptable and weigh heavier in the balance of esteem," he may drive those rivals out of the field. The poems, accordingly, are poems first of virtuous aristocratic wooing, and then of satisfied conjugal affection; and occasion is taken throughout to expound the author's idea of the character and behaviour proper in woman, and of her just relations to the other sex. A kind of sweet, modest punctiliosity is the virtue he strives to paint and inculcate in his ideal woman. Thus, in his prose character of "A Mistress," prefixed to the first portion of his poems: "She is deaf to the whispers of love, and even in the marriage-hour can break off without the least suspicion of scandal to the former liberty of her carriage. She avoids a too near conversation with man, and, like the Parthian, overcomes by flight. . . . She never arrived to so much familiarity with man as to know the

diminutive of his name and call him by it, and she can show a competent favour without yielding her hand to his gripe." And so in his description of his Castara, as the centre of all these virtues :—

"Like the violet, which alone
Prospers in some happy shade,
My Castara lives alone,
To no looser eye betrayed ;
For she's to herself untrue
Who delights in public view.

Such is her beauty as no arts
Have enriched with borrowed grace ;
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood ;
She is noblest being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant ;
Nor speaks loud to show her wit,
In her silence eloquent.
Of herself survey she takes,
But 'tween men no difference makes."

This is pretty ; but, in repeating the same thing over and over, the poet makes it quite clear that his virtue did not proceed from the ignorance which he commends in Castara. He thus lectures the poets who "adorn the wrinkled face of lust : "—

"When *we* speak love, nor art nor wit
We gloss upon :
Our souls engender and beget
Ideas which you counterfeit
In your dull propagation.

While Time seven ages shall disperse,
We'll talk of love :
And, when our tongues hold no commerce,
Our thoughts shall mutually converse,
And yet the blood no rebel prove.

And, though we be of several kind
Fit for offence,
Yet are we so by love refined
From impure dross, we are all mind ;
Death could not more have conquered sense."

In his poems descriptive of the wifely virtues, the same strain is continued with the due variation. Modest obedience to the husband is the chief of these virtues. "She is inquisitive only of new ways to please him, and her wit sails by no other compass than that of his direction. She looks upon him as conjurers upon the circle, beyond which there is nothing but death and hell; and in him she believes paradise circumscribed. His virtues are her wonder and imitation, and his errors her credulity thinks no more frailty than makes him descend to the title of man." And so in his appended set of meditative or religious poems, in which he describes the feelings of a good man in matters higher than the matrimonial. "Catholic faith," he says, "is the foundation on which he erects religion, knowing it a ruinous madness to build in the air of a private spirit or on the sands of any new schism. His impiety is not so bold to bring Divinity down to the mistake of Reason, or to deny those mysteries his apprehension reacheth not. His obedience moves still by the direction of the magistrate; and, should conscience inform him that the demand is unjust, he judgeth it nevertheless high treason by rebellion to make good his tenets." From these sentences it will be seen that Habington, in this particular portion of his poems, takes a place among the religious poets of the time, beside Donne and Herbert, with about as much difference as might be supposed to arise from the mode of thought of a loyal English Catholic, as compared with that of two Anglican churchmen. In these poems he rises above his pedantry and frigidity, and even seems to leave poor Castara behind, as, though still perfect enough in her way, only an impediment in the higher ecstasies of his private contemplations. Thus in his poem *Cogitabo pro peccato meo*, after passing in review all the stages of his past life, his love and his literature included, as but time trifled away, he concludes,—

> "But now, my soul, prepare
> To ponder what and where we are:
> How frail is life, how vain a breath
> Opinion, how uncertain death;
> How only a poor stone shall bear
> Witness that once we were:

How a shrill trumpet shall
Us to the bar as traitors call.
Then shall we see too late that pride
Hath hope with flattery belied;
And that the mighty in command
Pale cowards there must stand."

In Habington's poetry, more easily than in any other poetry of the period of the same virtuous aim and tendency, there may be detected (and perhaps his Jesuit training had something to do with it) a characteristic which nevertheless exists in almost all the poets with whom we have associated him. It may be described as consisting in an inordinately particular recognition of the fact of sex. These words are used to distinguish between what they are here meant to signify and that apparently identical but really different perception which pervades the poetry of all ages, and without which history would be full of fallacy and philosophy itself imperfect—the perception of love as an influence in all human affairs, of the perpetual working at all points of human society of Aphrodite's white hand. Quite different was the mental habit of which we speak. It was rather a fascination of the mind round the radical fact of sex, a limitation of the mental activity within the range of the immediate suggestions of that fact, a diffusion of it, and of deductions from it, through all kinds of considerations. There may be noted, for example, in most of the writers under view, a strained attention to the fact, as if all morality depended on continual reference to it; a vigilance of it as of the only tree of the knowledge of good and evil within the whole circle of the garden wherein men now walk. The word sin, in their language, almost invariably means but one class of those actions which are included in a larger and manlier definition. Hence, in some of them, a view of human duty negative and special rather than positive or broad. Even the saintly Herbert is not free from this narrowness, and Ferrar's very notion of the best means towards a blessed life may be referred to some such cause. But it is worse when, as is the case with some of them, they will not, with all their alarm respecting the fact, take the obvious precaution of getting out of its

vicinity. With some of them it is as if, in walking round and round this one charmed tree, and avoiding every other part of the garden in their anxiety to mark it well, they divided their business between warnings not to eat of the fruit and praises of its deliciousness when licit.

But this is not all. The same fact by which, in its primary aspect, some were alternately repelled and attracted, was transformed and allegorised and sublimated in the minds of others, till it passed into a permanent mode of their thought, and affected all their rhetoric. In Donne, indeed, whose grasp of the fact was bold even to audacity, and in whose earlier poems there is an absolute contempt of all distinction between licit and illicit (which contempt he scarcely loses even when he writes conjugally), it is as a text susceptible of endless metaphysical interpretations, in addition to the literal one, that the fact continually figures. In others, however, the fact, in proportion as it is shunned by the hard intellect, seems to take out its influence in a certain enervation and languor of sentiment, and, above all, in a kind of introversion of the sensual into the spiritual. In some of the devotional poets under notice, it is as if that one allegory of Scripture, which is set forth at large in Solomon's Song, and also offered by St. Paul as full of spiritual significance, had taken exclusive possession of their imagination, and had there melted and melted till all their language was tinged by its deliquescence. Let one example suffice. In a devotional poem, written in a prayer-book sent by the poet to a lady, feminine piety is thus described :—

"Amorous languishments, luminous trances;
Sights which are not seen with eyes;
Spiritual and soul-piercing glances,
Whose pure and subtle lightning flies
Home to the heart and sets the house on fire,
And melts it down in sweet desire,
Yet doth not stay
To ask the windows' leave to pass that way:
Delicious deaths, soft exhalations
Of soul; dear and divine annihilations;
A thousand unknown rites
Of joys, and rarified delights:

An hundred thousand loves and graces,
And many a mystic thing
Which the divine embraces
Of the dear Spouse of spirits with them will bring;
For which it is no shame
That dull mortality must not know a name.
* * *
O fair! O fortunate! O rich! O dear!
O happy and thrice happy she,
Dear silver-breasted dove,
Whoe'er she be,
Whose early love
With winged vows
Makes haste to meet her morning Spouse,
And close with his immortal kisses!
Happy soul who never misses
To improve that precious hour,
And every day
Seize her sweet prey,
All fresh and fragrant as he rises,
Dropping with a balmy shower,
A delicious dew of spices!
Oh, let that happy soul hold fast
Her heavenly armful," &c.

This is not from Donne or Herbert, or any other of the poets that have been mentioned, but from another poet usually included in the same group—Richard Crashaw. In 1632, Crashaw, the son of an eminent London preacher, was but a young scholar, newly admitted at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and known there only as the author of some pieces of verse on general topics, in virtue of which he might have been ranked rather among the young Spenserians than among the religious poets. Had Milton, before leaving Christ's College, become acquainted with the younger versifier of Pembroke, and read his "Music's Duel," his "Elegies on the Death of Mr. Herrys," and such other pieces of verse, original or translated, as he then had to show, he would have found in them a sensuous beauty of style and sweetness of rhythm quite to his taste. It was only in the course of the next ten years or so that Crashaw, still residing at Cambridge (latterly as fellow of Peterhouse), was to leave lighter Spenserian themes for the "scriptures, divine graces, martyrs, and angels," which are the topics of the greater part of his remaining poems. It was then

also that he exhibited that tendency to a mystical or seraphic piety which led him at last to forsake the Church of England for the communion of Rome. Herbert's "Temple" became the model of his religious poetry; and it is from his collection of pieces named "Steps to the Temple," written at Cambridge as a kind of sequel to Herbert's poems, though not published till 1646, that the foregoing extract is taken. On the whole, there was a richer vein of poetical genius in Crashaw than in Herbert; but the spiritualized voluptuousness which appears in the above extract, and which characterises many of Crashaw's religious poems, is foreign to the clear Anglican muse of Herbert, and is chargeable rather to Crashaw's idiosyncrasy as affected by contemplations in a particular order of doctrines, to which the Roman Catholic Church has always attributed a peculiar religious efficacy—the doctrines of celibacy, of the immaculate conception of the Virgin, and the like. And yet in Crashaw's poetry, in this respect, we see but the undisguised excess of a mode of thought perceptible not only among the poets with whom he is usually associated, but also among the religious prose-writers most closely connected with *them*. Apart from the modified intellectual assent expressly accorded by Donne, by Ferrar, and by others, to some of the Catholic doctrines which Crashaw seems to have made his spiritual diet, we trace a more occult effect of the same influence in a rhetorical peculiarity common to many of the writers of this theological school. We cannot define the peculiarity better than by saying that it consists in a certain flowing effeminacy of expression, a certain languid sensualism of fancy, or, to be still more particular, an almost cloying use of the words, "sweet," "dear," and their cognates, in reference to all kinds of objects. In Izaak Walton's prose, and in much of the richest English prose of the seventeenth century, this peculiarity is discernible. There is an Oriental fragrance in the air, an odour as of concealed apples, in which one exists and breathes with one's eyes half-shut.

IV. There remain to be yet named a few poetic wits and humorists, who, though all known as skirmishers in the literary field prior to 1632, had not, up to that time, taken a

definite rank among their contemporaries by regular publication. Among these (without referring to Herbert, Crashaw, and others already named, who were still in this predicament) there were some of the cleverest men of the day, and one or two whom we name now as eminent English poets. The list, to be complete, would have to include some scores of courtiers, lawyers, clergymen, &c.; but only the more important can be glanced at.

We may head the list with a bishop—the jolly Bishop Corbet of Norwich, just removed to that see from Oxford. He was now fifty years of age, of a sufficiently grave and episcopal aspect, and of Laudian or Arminian principles, but with a reputation like that of Friar Tuck in the old ballads, or of Chaucer's monk in the Canterbury Pilgrimage. His reputation for facetiousness and good fellowship had begun while he was yet a student of Christ Church, Oxford, and had accompanied him through his clerical career. It was said that, after he was Doctor of Divinity, he had, in a freak, put on a ballad-singer's jacket, and sold off his stock of ballads for him at the market-cross of Abingdon. Riding once in a coach, in a very dirty lane, in wet weather, with a Dr. Stubbins, who was "one of his cronies and a jolly fat doctor," he had a breakdown, the results of which he described by saying that, on recovering his senses, he found Stubbins up to the elbows in mud, and himself up to the elbows in Stubbins. "One time, as he was confirming, the country people pressing in to see the ceremony, said he, 'Bear off there, or I'll confirm ye with my staff.' Another time, being to lay his hand on the head of a man very bald, he turns to his chaplain and said, 'Some dust, Lushington,' *i.e.* to keep his hand from slipping. This chaplain, Dr. Lushington, was a very learned, ingenious man, and they loved one another. The bishop would sometimes take the key of the wine-cellar, and he and his chaplain would go and lock themselves in, and be merry; then first he lays down his hood, 'There lies the doctor;' then he puts off his gown, 'There lies the bishop:' then 'twas, 'Here's to thee, Corbet;' 'Here's to thee, Lushington.'"[1] These stories,

[1] Aubrey's Lives.

whether true of the bishop or only fathered upon him, are in the exact spirit of the specimens of his verse that remain—written some of them as early as 1610, but others after he was bishop. His ballad entitled "The Fairies' Farewell" has some fancy as well as liveliness in it.

"At morning and at evening both
You merry were and glad;
So little care of sleep or sloth
These pretty ladies had.
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily, merrily went their tabour,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays
Of theirs which yet remain,
Were footed in Queen Mary's days
On many a grassy plain:
But since, of late, Elizabeth,
And, later, James came in,
They never danced on any heath,
As when the time hath bin.

By which we note the fairies
Were of the old profession;
Their songs were Ave-Maries,
Their dances were procession.
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther for Religion fled,
Or else they take their ease."

He loses no opportunity of having a good-humoured slap at the Puritans. Thus:—

"In the house of pure Emanuel
I had my education,
Where my friends surmise
I dazzled my eyes
With the light of Revelation.
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
Mitres, copes, and rotchets;
Come hear me pray, nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets."

This is from a ballad expressly satirical of the Puritans; but throughout Corbet's poems there are allusions, such as afterwards became more frequent, to "zealous brothers from the

Blackfriars," their long sermons, the upturned whites of their eyes, and their nasal utterance. Nature had put nothing of the Puritan into the jolly bishop's constitution; but neither had she qualified him to be a persecutor. He died in 1635, leaving a son, Vincent, then a mere child, whom Aubrey afterwards knew as a handsome youth, going about "begging of gentlemen" after having spent all he had. It was not till 1647 that Corbet's scraps of verse were published collectively. Unlike most of the collections of the period, they are readable still from beginning to end.

More of a poet than Corbet, and accounted the prince of the amorous versifiers of his day, was Thomas Carew, of the Carews of Gloucestershire, born about 1589, and now, in his forty-fourth year, Gentleman of the Privy Chamber and Sewer in Ordinary to King Charles, who "always esteemed him," says Wood, "one of the most celebrated wits in his court." He was "much respected, if not adored by the poets of his time, especially Ben Jonson;" and, according to Oldys, his verses, especially such as were set to music by Henry Lawes and other composers, were more in request in aristocratic society between 1630 and 1640 than those of any other poet. It is easy, in reading them yet, or his masque of *Cœlum Britannicum*, written in 1633, and performed at Whitehall by the king in person and some of the chief nobility, to see the reason of this popularity. There is a light French spirit in his love poems, a grace and even a tenderness of sentiment, and a lucid softness of style, that make them peculiarly pleasing, and that, even when he becomes licentious, help to save him. He has an elegy on Donne's death, from which we gather his extraordinary veneration for that poet. He has also verses of strong compliment to Ben Jonson and his style. But, though there is evident sincerity in his praises of these poets, and in several of his pieces he writes in their strain, Spenser and Shakespeare seem to have been his favourites for private reading, and he seems to have formed his style partly from them and partly from the light artificial French poets with whom he had become acquainted in his travels. This is in Carew's characteristic vein :—

"He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires,—
As old Time makes those decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes."

These and some hundred pieces, chiefly of the same graceful artificial cast of lyric, were published collectively as Carew's poems in 1640. The author had died in the preceding year, regretting, according to Clarendon, that his life had not been better spent.[1]

For one who now reads anything of Carew there are twenty who know by heart some verses of his friend and brother-courtier, Sir John Suckling. His ballad upon a wedding, with the necessary omission of a verse or two, is in all our books of poetic extracts. Hardly less familiar is his song on the bashful lover:—

"Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Pr'ythee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'ythee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Pr'ythee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Pr'ythee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! This will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
The Devil take her!"

Born in 1609, the son of a knight who was Comptroller of the Royal Household under James and Charles, Suckling had

[1] Clarendon's Life, edit. 1759, p. 19.

spent much of his youth abroad, where he had "taken on a little too much of the French air;" and, in 1630, he had served in a campaign in the Low Countries, and been present at several battles and sieges. Returning to England about his twenty-second year, he was to be known as perhaps the sprightliest, airiest young spark about court, till his premature death at the beginning of the civil wars. Aubrey obtained a minute description of him from his intimate friend Davenant. "He was incomparably ready at reparteeing, and his wit most sparkling when most set upon and provoked. He was the greatest gallant of his time, the greatest gamester both for bowling and cards; so that no shopkeeper would trust him for sixpence—as to-day, for instance, he might, by winning, be worth 200*l.*, and the next day he might not be worth half so much, or perhaps be sometimes *minus nihilo.* He was of middle stature and slight strength, brisk round eye, reddish-faced and red-nosed (ill liver), his head not very big, his hair a kind of sand colour. His beard turned up naturally, so that he had a brisk and graceful look." Having once had to run away from a man much stronger than himself, whom he had waylaid with the intention of beating him, he was a good deal rallied by the ladies on the subject of his personal courage; nor did he ever quite come up, in this respect, to what might have been expected from one who had served as a soldier. His works, including four plays, besides his humorous lyrics, were first collected in 1646, when the author had been dead five years.

How much a long life and a cool literary taste may contribute to permanent literary celebrity! We see this in the case of Edmund Waller, who, though he was Suckling's senior by four years, and was also known at this time as a writer of occasional pieces of verse, was to earn the much more important place which is accorded to him in our literary history by a series of poems, the last and best of which were to come from him five-and-forty years after Suckling was in the grave, and in the midst of a generation to whom Suckling, Carew, and the court of Charles I. were but matters of distant recollection. The cousin of John Hampden and also of Oliver Cromwell,

Waller had been left, when but a child, the possessor, by his father's death, of estates in Bucks and Herts worth 3,500*l.* a-year. Thus qualified for a public life, he had, after an education at Eton, and a brief stay at King's College, Cambridge, entered King James's Parliament of 1621-22 as member for Agmondesham in Bucks, when he was only in his seventeenth year. "His political and poetical life," says Dr. Johnson, "began nearly together. In his eighteenth year he wrote the poem, that now appears in his works, on 'The Prince's Escape at St. Andero'—a piece which justifies the observation made by one of his editors, that he attained, by a felicity like instinct, a style which will, perhaps, never be obsolete, and that, were we to judge only by the wording, we could not know what was written by him at twenty and what at fourscore." Here are a few lines from the poem—the description of the prince's undaunted courage during his danger in the boat:—

"Our hero set
In a small shallop, fortune in his debt,
So near a hope of crowns and sceptres more
Than even Priam, when he flourished, wore,
His loins yet full of ungot princes, all
His glory in the bud, lets nothing fall
That argues fear. If any thought annoys
The gallant youth, 't is love's untasted joys,
And dear remembrance of that fatal glance
For which he lately pawned his heart in France,
Where he had seen a brighter nymph than she
That sprung out of his present foe, the sea.
That noble ardour, more than mortal fire,
The conquered ocean could not make expire;
Nor angry Thetis raise her waves above
Th' heroic Prince's courage or his love.
'Twas indignation and not fear he felt
The shrine should perish where that image dwelt."

These lines were probably not written in 1623, when the incident occurred, but inserted into the poem in compliment to Henrietta Maria after she had become queen. With the same metrical care, and chiefly in the same style of personal panegyric, Waller had written several other poetical trifles prior to 1632, and among them, one on "His Majesty's receiving the news of the Duke of Buckingham's death."

Meantime, he had sat in Charles's first Parliament in 1625, and in his third of 1628-9, taking little part in affairs, but only feeling his way. He had also married a very rich heiress, and so increased his fortune. By this lady's death, he was now, at the age of seven-and twenty, a widower with one daughter, free to celebrate the praises of any Sacharissa or Amoret to whom he might choose to dedicate his fancy. He resided chiefly on his estate in Bucks, not writing much, nor mingling much with general society, but cultivating his talent by study. Carew and Suckling were probably acquainted with him, though his taste would not permit him to write in their loose strain. He had no personal acquaintance with Ben Jonson. According to Aubrey, he was of tallish and rather slim make, his head small, his eye full and brown, and his bearing somewhat magisterial.

Another incipient poet of the day, not absolutely unknown in London, though not so well known as the courtiers Carew and Suckling, or as the rich and gentlemanly Waller, was Robert Herrick, then vicar of the parish of Dean Prior, in Devonshire. He had been appointed to this living by the king in 1629, when in the thirty-eighth year of his age, the previous portion of his life, after he had left Cambridge, having apparently been spent in or about London, where he had been born in 1591. Before removing into Devonshire, he had been "sealed of the tribe of Ben;" and the probability is, that his acquaintance with Ben, and with the convivial pleasures of the Apollo and other metropolitan taverns which Ben honoured with his presence, had rather spoiled him for his clerical duties among his Devonshire parishioners. They were a rude set, he says:—

> "A people currish, churlish as the seas,
> And rude almost as rudest salvages."[1]

Nor was Herrick a Herbert to civilise their rude hearts, and chime religion over their hamlets by the sound of his chapel bell. He was an Anacreon or Catullus in holy orders, whiling away, at the ripe age of forty, the dulness of his Devonshire parsonage in such ditties as these:—

[1] Herrick's Hesperides, p. 28.

"Much, I know, of time is spent,
Tell I can't what's resident.
Howsoever, cares, adieu!
I'll have nought to say to you;
But I'll spend my coming hours
Drinking wine and crowned with flowers."

While the milder fates consent,
Let's enjoy our merriment,
Drink and dance and pipe and play,
Kiss our Dollies night and day."

And so, in every other poem, he sings or sips his wine, with his arm round a Julia! What eyes, what lips, what a neck! and so on amorously, beyond all clerical limits! Like Anacreon, he is sweet too in light sensuous descriptions of physical nature. "That which chiefly pleases in his poems," says Philips, "is now and then a pretty, flowery, and pastoral gale of fancy, a vernal prospect of some hill, cave, rock, or fountain."[1] There was, moreover, a tinge of amiable melancholy in his genius—the melancholy on which the Epicurean philosophy itself rests. Here is a little poem "To the Daffodils," with tears in its very cadence:—

"Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon:
Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
Up to the even-song,
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you;
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you or any thing.
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again."

[1] Theatrum Poetarum, 1674.

During twenty years Herrick was to go on writing, in his Devonshire parsonage, such little bits of song or epigram—latterly, however, repenting of the more amorous of them, and devoting himself to sacred topics by way of reparation—till, when turned adrift from his parochial charge in the course of the civil wars, he had a very large collection of them. They were published in one thick volume in 1648; but there are allusions which show that some of them were in circulation as early as 1632, and that Herrick then regarded himself as one of the fraternity of English poets. Among persons to whom he writes, besides Jonson, are Selden and Bishop Hall. The latter was his diocesan.

Among the amorous versifiers of the same school as Carew, Herrick, and Suckling, were the two young Cantabs, Thomas Randolph of Trinity, and Cleveland of Christ's. Randolph's reputation as one of Ben's favourite "sons" was gained as much by his light occasional verses as by his plays. Of these, and of his goings to and fro between London and Cambridge, there was soon to be an end by his death in 1634. His friend Cleveland had a longer life before him, in which to develop his talent. Already a pet at Cambridge, he was to be better known beyond Cambridge after his appointment to a fellowship in St. John's College in 1634; in which College he became one of the tutors, and, being excused from going into holy orders, "became the rhetoric reader, and was usually employed by the Society in composing their speeches and epistles, being in high repute for the purity and terseness of his Latin style."[1] By that time Oxford had a young poet more famous than either Cleveland or Randolph—William Cartwright of Christ Church, the son of a Gloucestershire innkeeper. In 1632 Cartwright had just taken his first degree. It was not till after 1635, when he entered into holy orders, that his great fame began. From that date to his death in 1643, at the age of thirty-two, no terms were to be too strong to express the admiration of him. He was to be "the most florid and seraphical preacher in the University;" nay, "the most noted poet, orator, and philosopher of his time." There is nothing

[1] Nichols's Leicestershire, III. 913.

in his remaining writings—plays, poems, and sermons—to account for these hyperbolic praises. "My son Cartwright," said Ben Jonson, "writes like a man;" and the compliment implies an acquaintance between him and Ben, begun as early as 1632, or not much later.

Corbet, Carew, Suckling, Herrick, Randolph, Cleveland, and Cartwright were all anti-Puritans, both constitutionally and by profession. The Puritans, however, had at least one song-writer of their own, if they chose to prove their claim to him. Wither, in addition to his satires, his pastoral narrations, and his devotional hymns, had written, chiefly as interspersed lyrics in his earlier poems, some really good secular songs. One of these is still to be heard occasionally in drawing-rooms; and a very good song it is:—

"Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman 's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?"

Wither has several songs in this light and yet innocent and moral vein. His favourite note, however, is one hardly struck in that age by any song-writer besides himself.

"Whether thrallèd or exiled,
Whether poor or rich thou be,
Whether praisèd or reviled,
Not a rush it is to thee:
This nor that thy rest doth win thee,
But the mind that is within thee."

V. For the purpose of making our survey complete in form, we may refer to the Latin versifiers of the day as constituting a separate group. The academic Latin dramatists, with Alablaster at their head, have already been mentioned. There were scores of scholars, however, who, without venturing on Latin plays, were in the habit of exercising themselves in Latin epigrams, elegies, and the like. A catalogue of their names might be drawn up from the volumes of congratulatory

and elegiac verses issued on occasions of public interest by the two Universities. To several of the volumes of the "Cambridge Muses," put forth on such occasions during Milton's academic career, we have referred in a preceding chapter. Among the names there mentioned, that of James Duport of Trinity College, afterwards Dean of Peterborough, deserves especial notice. Not a few pieces of Duport, besides those in the collections referred to, were in circulation to his credit among academic readers prior to 1632—among which we note several to or concerning James I. and Charles I.; one, "*In Benjaminium Jonsonum, Poetam Laureatum, et dramaticorum sui seculi facile principem;*" and two, which, from the coincidence of the titles, we judge to have been prepared for distribution in St. Mary's, at one of the Divinity Acts of the Commencement of 1632, when Milton took his Master's degree.[1] Not, perhaps, quite so eminent a representative of the Oxford Latinists as Duport was of those of Cambridge, but of some considerable note among them, was young Gill, whose tiny little volume of "*Παίρεργα, sive Poetici Conatus,*" with the whining dedication to Charles I. and the eulogistic address to Laud, appeared in 1632. A Latinist of far higher power than either Duport or Gill was Thomas May, among whose various works was to be a supplement to Lucan, in seven books (published in 1640), carrying on the narrative of the Roman poet to the death of Cæsar.

Scotland, poor in almost every other form of literature, was exceptionally rich in Latin verse. Neither the *Musæ Cantabrigienses* nor the *Musæ Oxonienses* will bear comparison with the *Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum* of the same period. Under this title there were published at Amsterdam in 1637, at the expense of a patriotic Scot, who wished to show to the learned world that the countrymen of Buchanan could still vie with any nation in their Latinity, a collection, in two small densely packed volumes, of choice Latin poems, by thirty-seven

[1] See Duport's "*Musæ Subsecivæ, seu Poetica Stromata,* Cantab. 1676." One of the pieces in this volume is entitled "*In optimis renatorum operibus datur culpabilis defectus;*" the other, "*Nudus assensus divinitus revelatis non est fides justificans.*" As these are the themes of the Divinity Acts at the Commencement of 1632, my surmise is probably correct.

Scottish authors, styled "*hujus ævi illustrium*"—and these but a selection, the preface informs us, out of a much larger number of poets ("*innumerabilis poetarum veluti exercitus*") who, since Buchanan's death, had maintained the fame which he had won for his diminutive country ("*extremum hunc terrarum angulum penè sub ipso mundi cardine jacentem*").

About half of the thirty-seven were alive in 1632, and most of them resident in Scotland. Among the best were certainly John Scot of Scotstarvet, at whose expense the collection was printed, and his friend Arthur Johnston, who edited the volumes. As a Latin poet Arthur Johnston was all but the equal of Buchanan; and the literary reputation of Scotland depended abroad, if not in England, more on his Latin poetry than on the English poetry of his friends Drummond, Aytoun, and Alexander.

Born at Caskieben, near Aberdeen, in 1587, he had been educated at Marischal College in Aberdeen, then just founded; he had studied medicine at Padua, and taken his Doctor's degree there in 1610; he had travelled in Germany, the Netherlands, and Denmark, and had lived for many years in Paris with extraordinary credit both as a physician and a scholar; and, some time about 1628, he had returned finally to Britain, and became "Medicus Regius," or King's Physician.[1] He resided generally in London or near the court; but there is evidence in his poetry that he was often in Aberdeen for a good time together. Thus, though his first publication with his name, an "*Elegia in obitum Jacobi I.*" appeared in London in 1625, his next three publications, containing the bulk of the poems afterwards reprinted in the "Delitiæ," were printed at Aberdeen—*Elegiæ duæ* in 1628, *Parerga Arturi Johnstoni*, &c. in 1632, and *Epigrammata Arturi Johnstoni* in the same year. In these poems there are references to local matters and persons which imply that the author was in the midst of them. One is addressed to George Jamesone the portrait painter; there are others to the Bishop of Aberdeen, to the Provost of Aberdeen, the Aberdonian Town Council, and the like. There are also short poems to Drummond, to

[1] Irving's Lives of Scottish Writers.

Alexander, and to other persons of note in different parts of Scotland. He may have been out of Aberdeen prior to 1633, when his *Cantici Salomonis Paraphrasis Poetica* was published in London. His *Musæ Aulicæ* were also published there in 1635; but again in 1637 it was from the Aberdonian press that there issued his most celebrated work, in virtue of which there was to be a closer comparison between him and Buchanan—his Latin version of the Psalms. Of Johnston's fellow Latinists of the "Delitiæ," there were others besides himself who were Aberdonians. The northern city, indeed, had a peculiar celebrity at that time as a seat of letters. Even Clarendon had heard of this; for when speaking of the Universities of Scotland as being the only spots north of the Tweed on which, in the early part of Charles's reign, an Episcopalian or English eye could rest with any composure, he names that of Aberdeen as worthy of particular recognition. His Lordship ought to have known, however, that that city had two Universities. The Universities of Scotland were and still are five in number. St. Andrew's has one, Glasgow has another, Edinburgh has a third; but it is the boast of the single city of Aberdeen to have two to itself, within a mile of each other—King's College and University as the Aberdonian Oxford, and Marischal College and University as the Aberdonian Cambridge!

After so extensive a survey of British poetry in or about the year 1632, there are several reasons why, without the risk of leading to a false estimate of the relative intellectual importance of the prose and the poetry of that age, our account of the contemporary prose-writers may be much more summary.

In the first place, far more of the prose of any period than of its poetry consists of the expenditure of intellect on those immediate social topics, the consideration of which, and consequently of all the activity connected with them, is undertaken by the general historian. It may be incumbent on the historian of literature, to mention in due place some versifier

[1] History of Rebellion, edit. 1707, p. 63.

whose intrinsic faculty may have been of the smallest; whereas the bishops, the statesmen, the men of weight and metal who made society quiet or tumultuous round about that versifier, who did more and perhaps wrote more in a month than he did in a year, may have no recognition whatever in literary history. Laud, largely as he figures in the social history of his period, is a less figure in our ordinary literary histories than Herrick, who would have licked his shoe; and Williams, almost every recorded saying of whom is worth a sonnet or an epigram, is hardly named among our national writers. It is very necessary that this should be borne in mind. With Mr. Hallam we think that many of those poets whom it has been our duty to mention fare all the better now because they lived long ago, and are presented to us, not in the entire impression of their writings, but solely through extracts, in which what is tolerable alone remains while the trash is left out of account. As regards these writers envy has lost its function. No one is interested now in keeping them down. Moreover, an antiquarian interest attaches to them; and hence a thought, a phrase, a fancy which we should pass with little notice in a modern writer, surprises us in them into something like glee. We believe that, if it were possible to disinter some of those minor poets of the year 1632, so as to see them as they actually were, weak vain creatures, it would be felt that it was only conventional deference to the metrical form of writing that had given them a title to be enumerated in the same chronological list with the Shakespeares, the Jonsons, and the Donnes, while other far superior men who also laboured with the pen, but laboured only in business-like prose, are excluded from the dignity of such a fellowship. Not but that this difference of treatment is founded on reason. It is not merely valuable intellectual matter, but intellectual matter of a certain range of kinds, elaborated into one or other of a certain range of forms, that constitutes literature, in the sense in which it can be made the subject of specific continuous history; and thus there may, in any period, be hundreds of men of profound scholarship, of quick wit, and of energetic elocution, who, though they leave writings behind

them, are passed over afterwards in literary history, simply because their writings lack the prescribed characteristics. In compensation for this omission, they have their due amount of recognition from the general historian as social functionaries; or, if the particular departments of activity with which they were connected—education, philology, antiquarian research, theological doctrine, ecclesiastical polity and the like—are ever separately studied, they are then named individually and more exactly appreciated.

In addition to this consideration, however, which would apply to any period, there is a circumstance peculiar to the period under notice, contributing to the same result. English prose then had by no means taken a development that could entitle it to co-ordinate rank with English poetry in the aggregate of English literature. This may have been partly owing to that general law according to which, in all nations, metrical literature has preceded *oratio soluta;* in virtue of which it was that Greece had a Homer long before she could have a Herodotus or a Thucydides; and in virtue of which, could we penetrate far enough back into the infancy of our species, we should probably find that men sang and recited before they could talk, and danced and leaped rhythmically before they could walk with composure. It was owing in a greater degree, however, to the fact that prose, much later than poetry, emancipated itself among us from the trammels of a dead tongue. Almost from the first hour that Englishmen expressed their feelings in song, or sought play for their imagination in tales, they chose their vernacular for the purpose; whereas in those departments of literary exercise which the world had long recognised as the proper dominion of prose—the great business of record or of history in all its varieties, the noble work of speculation or philosophical thought on all subjects interesting to humanity, and, to some extent also, the work of social controversy and moral exhortation—Latin had all along been preferred to English. An English prose was, indeed, nobly disentangling itself. As was natural, it had disentangled itself first in the form and for the purposes of popular eloquence. Allowing for the precedents of a Wycliffe, a

Chaucer in some of his works, a Sir Thomas More and the like, the first English prose-style was that of the pulpit after the Reformation. Then, in the Elizabethan age, towering above a host of chroniclers, pamphleteers, and polemical theologians, there had appeared a Sidney, a Hooker, a Raleigh, and a Bacon. After such men had appeared, and there had been exhibited in their writings the union of wealth and depth of matter with beauty and even gorgeousness of form, there could no longer be a definition of literature in which English prose should not be co-ordinate with English poetry. And yet, so much had still to be done before genius of all kinds could sufficiently master the new element, and make it plastic for all purposes (some of those included which Poetry had hitherto believed to be her own), that, in the schemes of our ablest literary historians, it is common to count but one period of English prose prior to the age of Dryden and the Restoration.

For these reasons, and also because some who were prose-writers of the period were also poets, and have been named as such, it will be enough if, by way of appended survey of the prose literature of the period, we name only those who, from some peculiarity in the form of their writings, rose out of the crowd of the scholars and academic men, or who, without this distinction, were men of extraordinary intellectual mark. We may still allow Ben Jonson to occupy the chair; for Ben was a good prose-writer himself, and it was not the poets alone, but all the wits and intellectual men of his day, that he regarded as his subjects.

A very large proportion of the prose literature of the period consisted of sermons, devotional treatises, and other works of popular or practical as distinct from learned theology. There were few Church dignitaries or clergymen of note, whether on the Laudian or on the Calvinistic side, who had not published sermons—funeral sermons, discourses before the king, and the like—in which the aim was rather the exposition of the general principles of Christianity, than the inculcation of their peculiar views as Laudians or as Calvinists. Among the devotional writings most in request were those of the

late Bishop Andrews. The "most eminent divine" in the English Church while he lived, and undoubtedly one of the first to introduce that Patristic theology, with its accompanying tendency to strong hierarchical notions in Church government and to ceremoniousness of worship, which Laud afterwards sought to enforce as the only Anglican orthodoxy, Andrews had been particularly distinguished as a pulpit orator. "He was an unimitable preacher in his way," says Fuller, "and such plagiaries who have stolen his sermons could never steal his preaching, and could make nothing of that whereof he made all things as he desired."[1] Besides what Andrews had published in his life, a folio volume of his sermons had been published after his death by the command of the king; and these were still serving as theological reading for persons of superior culture. "Both the learning and the ability of Andrews," says Mr. Craik, "are conspicuous in everything he has written; but his eloquence, nevertheless, is to a modern taste grotesque enough. In his more ambitious passages, he is the very prince of verbal posture-masters—if not the first in date, the first in extravagance, of the artificial, quibbling, syllable-tormenting school of our English pulpit rhetoricians; and he undoubtedly contributed more to spread the disease of that manner of writing than any other individual."[2] Something of the same manner, with the variations to be expected from a man of so subtle and abstruse a talent, is to be found in the sermons of Donne. Some of these, preached at Whitehall or before public bodies, had been accessible in print long before Donne's death, though it was not till a later period that the whole were edited.

The Calvinists were not without authors more exactly agreeable to their tastes than either Andrews or Donne. Among the eminent Puritan preachers who had outlived Preston, there was none more celebrated than the "humble and heavenly-minded" Dr. Richard Sibbes. Between 1618 and 1625, he had been preacher to the Society of Gray's Inn; and after his appointment to the mastership of Catharine

[1] Worthies; London.
[2] Sketches of Literature and Learning in England, III. 212.

Hall, Cambridge, he had continued to preach, with Laud's eyes upon him, at Cambridge and elsewhere. A set of sermons which he had put forth separately, and then collected in 1629 into a folio volume, under the title of "The Saint's Cordial," were eagerly bought and read by the Puritan part of the community. To these were added, in 1632, his "Soul's Conflict with itself," being the substance of several sermons —a treatise which, with "The Bruised Reed" similarly composed, and other sermons published before his death in 1635, or shortly afterwards, has not yet ceased to be in demand. From the year 1630, onwards for twenty years or so, no writings in practical theology seem to have been so much read among the pious English middle classes as those of Sibbes. Quarles, who had been one of his hearers in London, testified his admiration in a copy of verses, in which he styles him

"This known author, this rare man of men."[1]

Of far higher literary pretensions than the works of Sibbes, and also soundly Calvinistic, if not obtrusively so, were the prose writings of Bishop Hall. It has already been mentioned that, since the publication of his "Satires" in 1597, Hall had confined himself almost exclusively to prose authorship. Among his publications in the earlier part of his clerical life, while he was yet but a parish clergyman in Suffolk, or Archdeacon of Nottingham, had been his "Meditations" (1605), his "Epistles" (1608-11), and various controversial tracts, under such titles as "No Peace with Rome," "The Apology of the Church of England against the Brownists," &c. While Dean of Worcester, he had published (1617), in a large folio, a "Recollection" of such treatises, dedicated to King James. Since then he had put forth a good many additional tracts and sermons, of which he was just about to make another folio. The writings of his first folio seem, however, to have been still in most general request, particularly his

[1] Poem prefixed to a collected edition of Sibbes's works, published at Aberdeen in 1809—the only recent collected edition I have seen, though editions of his "Soul's Conflict," his "Bruised Reed," and his "Meditations," are numerous. Baxter traced his conversion to the "Bruised Reed."

"Meditations," his "Characters of Virtues and Vices," and his "Contemplations upon the Principal Passages of the Holy Story." In addition to their other merits, these, and indeed most of Hall's prose writings, had a merit which might have been expected from the author of the "Satires," and which distinguished them from the mass of the theological writings of their day—the merit of careful literary execution. "He was commonly called our English Seneca," says Fuller, "for the pureness, plainness, and fulness of his style." Hall, accordingly, has still a place in the history of English theological prose between Hooker and Jeremy Taylor; and there are modern critics who, comparing Hall and Taylor, and pointing out their differences in the midst of some obvious similarities, seem to waver in their choice between them.[1] With much of Taylor's rich fancy and rhetorical copiousness, however, there is more in Hall of a certain mechanical hardness of purpose, more of astringency and of mean temper. Even in his "Meditations" there is less of a genuine meditative disposition than of a cultured tendency to ethical sententiousness.

According to all our authorities, the first half of the seventeenth century was the great age of learning over Europe. A "prodigious reach of learning" distinguished, in particular, the *theologians* of these fifty years, and perhaps more the theologians of the Protestant Churches than their Catholic contemporaries. The British clergy were not behind those of any nation in this respect. "All confess," said Selden, "there never was a more learned clergy; no man taxes them with ignorance." The erudition thus general among churchmen was partly of the strict philological kind—for English philology, if now losing somewhat of the passion for pure Latinity and pure Hellenism which had characterised preceding scholarship, was pushing its conquests in the direction of the Oriental and Saxon tongues; but it was more of that general *historical* kind which consisted in a memory loaded to overflow with all those facts of the past, and all those portions of

[1] See Hallam, III. 126, and, for a still closer appreciation, Professor Spalding's "History of English Literature" (1853), pp. 221-226.

the literature of the past, which bore or could be made to bear on the paramount theological and ecclesiastical controversies.[1] Out of the necessities of the original controversy with the Church of Rome there had been already bred among the British clergy, as well as among the Protestant clergy of the Continent, a vast erudition pertaining to that controversy —an erudition composed of profound Biblical exegesis, great learning in the early history of the Church, and an exact knowledge of the history of the Papacy and of the opinions of the Popish theologians. Such was the erudition of the English divines of the days of Elizabeth and of the earlier part of the reign of James, while Protestant theology was still tolerably homogeneous, and Calvinists, Lutherans, Zwinglians and Anglicans acted as one phalanx over Europe against their common foe. On the rise of the new Patristic theology, however, as a system intermediate between the strictly Biblical theology which all Protestants had professed, and the Romish theology from which they had all dissented, this erudition had become hardly sufficient. In addition to the controversy between the Papacy and Protestantism, there was now the controversy between those who were called the semi-Papists or Arminians, and the more resolute Protestants, whether strict Calvinists or not. This controversy, though not special to England, had there its main footing. As Andrews, Laud and others, in their desire to place the hierarchical constitution of the Church of England and the peculiar ceremoniousness of its ritual under a stronger theoretical safeguard than Hooker's mere argument of expediency and wise political order, had formulized their views in the principle that, in matters both of rule and of doctrine, the authority of the Fathers of the first six centuries was to be regarded as supplementary to that of Scripture, so those who rejected this principle had to follow them in their Patristic lore, in order to show what sort of men, and worthy of what sort of deference, these Fathers were. Hence, before the reign of Charles, an extension of English scholarship—the Patristic divines gradually softening in their antipathy to the Catholic Church,

[1] See Hallam's Literature of Europe, III. 2.

and some even receding into it, in the course of their battle with those who, the more they read the Fathers, maintained the more vigorously the sole authority of the Bible.

Thus, all in all, there were in Britain, about the year 1632, a number of men who, with various degrees of judgment, were prodigies of acquisition and memory. There were men who had wormed their way through libraries, and might be classified according to the colours left in them by the food they had devoured. Laud's acknowledged speciality was Patristic learning. Lightfoot was weighty in Rabbinical antiquities. Meade was at the head of the Apocalyptic commentators. Bishop Goodman was great in English ecclesiastical history. Archdeacon Hakewill had a wide knowledge of ancient and modern literature. Confessedly, however, the man of most colossal erudition among the clergy of the British Islands, was one who did not belong to the English Church, and whose learning had not been acquired either at Oxford or at Cambridge. This was Archbishop Usher, the Primate of Ireland.

In Usher's early youth, while he was a student at Trinity College, Dublin, his preference had been for the lighter forms of literature. He knew Spenser, and did not think it impossible that he might himself be a poet. As he grew older, Nature corrected the mistake. Struck one day by Cicero's saying, "*Nescire quid antea quam natus sis acciderit, id est semper esse puerum*" ("Not to know what happened before you were born, is to be always a child"), he found his genius revealed to him in the fascination of the phrase, and from that day devoted himself to history. Before he had reached his thirtieth year he was profound in universal chronology, and known to Camden and other English scholars as the most learned of Irishmen. His visits to England were always for the purpose of buying books for himself or for the University of Dublin, where he was Divinity Professor from 1607 to 1620. Naturally, in such a position, his learning, or at least his use of it, became theological and ecclesiastical. At first, like a true historian, he had held his mind in absolute suspense till he had determined by independent research

whether the Romish tenets were the more ancient; and, having concluded in favour of Protestantism, he had ever after been mighty in that controversy. Though his own mother had relapsed into the Catholic communion, after his father's death, he always strenuously opposed a toleration of the Irish Catholics. Another of his conclusions, however, was that the Calvinistic system of Protestantism was the soundest and most scriptural. He was a zealous Predestinarian, and he had helped, at the celebrated Convocation in 1615, to settle the Articles of the Irish Church on a Calvinistic basis. Moreover, though friendly to Episcopacy as a system of Church government, he believed, with the Presbyterians, that there was no distinct order of bishops in the primitive ages of the Church. Though himself an archbishop, he was, therefore, ready for all liberal co-operation with the non-episcopal Churches or with true Protestants of any denomination. When the Arminian controversy arose, and, with it, the high Anglican theory of Episcopacy, he did not conceal his dissatisfaction; and, when it became evident that Laud contemplated a reorganization of the Irish Church according to *his* principles of theological orthodoxy, the independence of that Church became Usher's chief thought. It was the pride of the English Calvinists about the year 1632, when the learning of Laud and other prelates of his school was mentioned, to point across the Channel to the great Calvinistic Primate as a scholar who outweighed them all. His main works prior to that time had been his treatise "*De Ecclesiarum Christianarum successione et statu*" (1612), tracing the history of doctrine from the seventh century downwards, and his "*Goteschalci et predestinarianæ ab eo motæ Historia*," or History of the Predestinarian Controversy (1631); and he had just published, or was about to publish, his "*Veterum Epistolarum Hibernicarum Sylloge*," a collection of letters of old Irish ecclesiastics.[1]

The British clergy had not all the learning of the country to themselves. The English lawyers had a very fair share of it, with this difference, that the learning of the lawyers did

[1] Biographia Britannica; art. Usher.

not flow so exclusively in theological and ecclesiastical channels, but applied itself with greater freedom to secular needs and uses. The only man in the British Islands who was allowed to be more than a match for Usher in miscellaneous erudition was his friend and correspondent, the English lawyer Selden. No man in that age is more worthy of note than this superb scholar. His life, though simple in its tenor, had already been full of important incidents. Born in 1584 in an obscure Sussex village, of a parentage as mean as could well be, he had, by one of those arrangements by which poor lads were then sometimes helped on in life, been sent from Chichester School to Hart Hall, Oxford. After three or four years at Oxford, he removed to London to study law at Clifford's Inn; which society he left in 1604 for that of the Inner Temple. Though called to the bar, he never sought general practice, but "gave chamber counsel, and was a good conveyancer." From his first coming to London he was acquainted with Ben Jonson, Donne, and almost every other man of intellectual note. He would now and then attempt a copy of Greek or Latin, or even of English verses. His fame among his associates, however, had always been for his extraordinary acumen, and his boundless information. "He did, by the help of a strong body and a vast memory," says Wood, "not only run through the whole body of the law, but became a prodigy in most parts of learning, especially in those which were not common, or little frequented and regarded by the generality of students of his time. He had great skill in the divine and humane laws; he was a great philologist, antiquary, herald, linguist, statesman, and what not." After some minor exhibitions of his learning in legal tracts and in notes to a portion of Drayton's Polyolbion, he had published in 1614, when in his thirtieth year, his work on "Titles of Honour," still one of our great authorities in all matters of heraldry. Jonson's epistle to Selden, on reading this book, certifies the immense opinion he had of the author.

"Where is that nominal mark or real rite,
Form, act or ensign, that hath 'scaped your sight?
How are traditions there examined! how

Conjectures retrieved! and a story now
And then of times (besides the bare conduct
Of what it tells us) weaved in to instruct! * *
I yield, I yield. The matter of your praise
Flows in upon me, and I cannot raise
A bank against it. Nothing but the round
Large clasp of Nature such a wit can bound.
Monarch of letters! 'mongst the titles shown
Of others' honours, thus enjoy thy own!"

Between 1614 and 1617, Selden published some additional tracts; and in 1617 his treatise "*De Diis Syris*" ("Of the Syrian Gods"), a specimen of his learning, of which the clergy could not speak too highly. They had hardly had time to praise it, however, when his "History of Tithes" (1618) changed their humour. In this work not only was a view propounded as to the origin and obligation of tithes, alarming to the whole clerical body, but there was an onslaught on the profession generally for laziness and other ill deserts. Answers were published to the book; and Selden was summoned before Abbot, Andrews, and others in the High Commission Court, and obliged to apologise and recant. He seems to have submitted with grim facility, but it was thought afterwards that the clergy might have done well to let such a man alone. "The usage sunk so deep into his stomach," say Wood and Heylin, "that he did never after affect the bishops and clergy, or cordially approve their calling, though many ways were tried to gain him to the Church's interest." From that time, at all events, Selden was a leader among the English liberals, as well in ecclesiastical as in secular politics. He served in James's Parliament of 1621, and had the honour of being imprisoned for his conduct in it along with Pym and others. In the first Parliament of Charles I. he was member for a Wiltshire borough. In that Parliament, and also in the third, he stood in the front ranks of the opposition, along with Eliot, Pym, Sir Edward Coke, and the other chiefs. He had a share in drawing up the Petition of Right. "With my own hand," he said, in reference to the care with which that document was prepared, "I have written out all the records from the Tower, the Exchequer, and the King's Bench, and I

will engage my head Mr. Attorney shall not find in all these archives a single precedent omitted."[1] On the dissolution of that Parliament (March 1628-9) he had been arrested along with Eliot, Denzil Holles, and the other "vipers" of whom the king complained. After a little while the strictness of his confinement had been relaxed, so as to allow him to move about in town, and even to go into the country on a visit; and from May 1631, he was at full liberty, though under a kind of bail for his good behaviour. As matters then were, he consulted his ease in avoiding farther offence. He was even willing to be on moderately friendly terms with Laud and the court. All political activity being debarred him, he had fallen back upon his books. In 1623 he had added to his former works his "*Spicilegium in Eadmeri sex Libros Historiarum;*" in 1628 he had prepared, during the parliamentary recess, his "*Marmora Arundelliana*," or account of the Arundel marbles, then exciting the attention of artists and antiquaries; and in 1631 he published his Latin treatise on the laws of succession to property among the Hebrews. He had other treatises in contemplation; and it was understood that he had a manuscript by him quite complete, which he had written in James's reign, asserting the right of the English crown to the dominion of the seas, in reply to a famous work of Grotius. Much of his time was spent at Wrest, in Bedfordshire, the seat of the Earl of Kent, to whom he acted as solicitor and steward, and whose countess, Elizabeth,—the daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and the sister of the Dowager Countess of Pembroke and of the Countess Arundel,—was "a great encourager of learning." The countess, it may be interesting to add, had then in her employment, as private secretary or amanuensis, a youth named Samuel Butler, who was to be known long afterwards as the author of *Hudibras;* and Selden, when he was at Wrest, where the whole service of the household was at his disposal, "would often employ him to write letters beyond the sea, and translate for him."[2] When in town, Selden still lived in his chambers in the Temple—

[1] Forster's Life of Sir John Eliot: "British Statesmen" (1840), I. 62.

[2] Wood, Athenæ, III. 875; and Bell's Memoir of Butler, prefixed to his edition of Butler's Poetical Works (1855).

"Paper Buildings, uppermost story," says Aubrey, "where he had a little gallery to walk in;" and where, when any one came in to see him, he would throw "a slight stuff or silk kind of false carpet over his table," so as not to disarrange his papers. In his appearance there was nothing of the book-worm—"very tall," says Aubrey, "I guess about six foot high, sharp oval face, head not very big, long nose inclining to one side, full popping gray eye." His face in the portraits is one of the finest possible, of the clear, judicial type. Clarendon, who knew him intimately, testifies in the strongest terms to his courtesy and readiness to communicate his knowledge.

A memorable singularity about Selden is that, while perhaps the greatest scholar of his day in England, he was yet one of its freest and most conspicuously sceptical thinkers. With a memory full of all that had happened since the Flood, he reasoned on current questions as if, the pressure of his recollections on all sides being equal, the result, for his judgment, was absolute equilibrium. "His style in all his writings," says Clarendon, "seems harsh and sometimes obscure; but in his conversation he was the most clear discourser, and had the best faculty in making hard things easy and presenting them to the understanding, of any man that hath been known." It was early noted of him, also, that, whether in his writings or in his talk, his method was rather to accumulate the facts on both sides till the balance turned of itself, than to advance a distinct opinion. From the specimens of his table-talk that remain we can judge of these characteristics for ourselves. Here are one or two of his sayings:—

"Every man loves to know his commander. I wear these gloves; but perhaps if an alderman should command me, I should think much to do it. What has he to do with me? Or, if he has, peradventure I do not know it."

"A King is a thing men have made for their own sakes; just as in a family one man is appointed to buy the meat."

"Bishops are now unfit to govern, because of their learning. They are bred up in another Law: they run to the Text for something done among the Jews that concerns not England. 'Tis just as if a man would have a kettle, and he would not go to our braziers to have it made as they make kettles, but he would have it

made as Hiram made his brass-work, who wrought in Solomon's Temple."

"'Twill be a great discouragement to scholars that bishops should be put down; for now the father can say to his son, and the tutor to his pupil, 'Study hard and you shall have *vocem et sedem in Parliamento;*' then it must be, 'Study hard and you shall have a hundred a year if you please your parish.'"

"The Puritans, who will allow no free will at all, but God does all, yet will allow the subject his liberty to do or not to do, notwithstanding the King, the god upon earth. The Arminians, who hold we have free will, yet say, when we come to the King, there must be all obedience and no liberty to be looked for."

"Marriage is nothing but a civil contract. 'Tis true, 'tis an ordinance of God: so is every other contract. God commands me to keep it when I have made it."

"'Tis vain to talk of an heretic, for a man for his heart can think no otherwise than he does think. In the primitive times there were many opinions; nothing scarce but some or other held! One of these opinions being embraced by some prince and received into his kingdom, the rest were condemned as heresies; and his religion, which was but one of the several opinions, first is said to be orthodox, and so to have continued ever since the Apostles."

"No man is wiser for his learning. It may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon; but wit and wisdom are born with a man."

One can see, from such sayings as the above, that Selden was the incarnation of the anti-clerical spirit of his time. The only thing about which he seems to have had no doubt was the liberty to doubt; and, in as far as he was a partisan of so-called Puritanism, it was, perhaps, in that interest and in that alone that, in his own mind, he contended. Περὶ παντὸς τὴν ἐλευθερίαν ("Above everything, Liberty,") was the motto he had adopted; and, as it was a part of his practical interpretation of it that everything should be done to break down the distinction between the clergy and the laity, he had no objection in the mean time to go along with those who were doing it on a different account.

Among friends of Selden recently dead were Speed the historian, and the great antiquary and collector of MSS., Sir Robert Cotton. Speed had died in 1629; and Cotton in 1631. The more aged antiquary and Saxon scholar, Sir Henry Spelman, was still alive (1562—1641). Among younger adventurers in the department of History, or, at least, of

historical and miscellaneous compilation, was Laud's *protégé*, Heylin, whose bulky geographical manual, "*Microcosmus*," originally published in 1622, had already been reprinted and enlarged several times, and who had just published (1631) his "History of that famous saint and soldier of Christ Jesus, St. George of Cappadocia." The far more admirable Fuller had not yet found out that his true vocation was History. In his twenty-fifth year, a Fellow of Sidney College, and Prebendary of Salisbury, he had just made his first appearance as an author in a sacred poem, "David's Heinous Sin, Hearty Repentance, and Heavy Punishment" (1631), which his subsequent works were to throw into oblivion.

Ere yet Elizabeth had ceased to reign, Leicestershire had produced and Brazen-nose College in Oxford had educated two brothers, both now celebrated as scholars and writers. The elder of the two, William Burton, was, by profession, a barrister of the Inner Temple, but was better known as the author of a valuable History of Leicestershire, published in 1622. While *his* place was among the antiquarians and genealogists, that of his brother—Robert Burton, vicar of the parish of St. Thomas in Oxford, and rector of Segrave in Leicestershire—was much more peculiar. It was eleven years since he had published (1621), under the name of Democritus Junior, his "Anatomy of Melancholy." Of this famous book there had already been four editions, the fourth in 1632. Everybody was reading it; and, as Wood says, "gentlemen who had lost their time and were put to a push for invention," were using it to furnish themselves with "matter of discourse" and with Latin quotations to last them all their lives. The book was, in truth, no mere literary feat, but the genuine counterpart, in a strange literary form, of a mind as unusual. Burton's place is in that extraordinary class of humourists, of which, in modern times, Rabelais, Swift, and Jean Paul are, though with obvious mutual differences, the other best known examples. He led the life of a student in Christ Church, Oxford, devouring all the books in the Bodleian, and surrounded in his own chambers with a collection of "all the historical, political, and poetical tracts of his time,"

including a large assortment of "medical books, and of accounts of murders, monsters, and accidents." By those who knew him intimately he was esteemed "a person of great honesty, plain dealing, and charity;" and, in his talk, what was most noticed was his eternal facetiousness and his readiness in anecdote and quotation. It was known about Oxford, however, that he was the victim of an incurable hypochondria. He made no secret of the fact. Thus :—

> "Methinks I hear, methinks I see
> Ghosts, goblins, fiends; my phantasy
> Presents a thousand ugly shapes—
> Headless bears, black men, and apes.
> Doleful outcries and fearful sights
> My sad and dismal soul affrights.
> All my griefs to this are jolly;
> None so damned as melancholy."

Ostensibly to relieve himself from the disease, he had written his book. Offered under the guise of a medico-psychological dissertation on hypochondria in all its forms, the book is, in fact, an endless medley of learned quotations, floating, and only just floating, in a text of Rabelaisian humour. From numberless passages in the treatise itself, and still more from the prefixed "Satirical Epistle to the Reader," it is evident that the author had a real title to his assumed name of Democritus, and that, though living as a recluse parson in Oxford, with nothing more laughable at hand than the ribaldry of the Oxford bargemen, to which, it is said, he used to listen with never-ending delight, he had gone the old philosophic round in his private meditations, and come to the conclusion, with some slight abatement through his theology, that life, if ghastly in the particular, was a huge farce in the sum. Burton died, at the age of sixty-four, in January 1639-40.

The transition is natural, through Burton, from the heavy scholars of the age, to its lighter essay-writers. The example of Bacon and the popularity of Montaigne had begotten a taste for short compositions of a witty, or semi-philosophical nature. A form of such compositions much in repute was that which went by the name of "Characters,"—*i. e.* graphic

sketches or satirical representations of individual types of social life—the Merchant, the Farmer, the Sluggard, the Busybody, and the like. Bishop Hall had given good specimens, in his miscellanies, of this style of writing; there were good specimens also among the remains of the unfortunate Sir Thomas Overbury; and the style was to continue in use throughout the century. Among the practitioners of it in or about 1632, the most popular was John Earle, afterwards chaplain to Charles II. in his exile, and made a bishop at the Restoration, but now a young man, chaplain to Philip, Earl of Pembroke, and the rector of a parish in Wilts. Though his "Microcosmography, or a Piece of the World characterised in Essays and Characters," had only been published in 1628, and then under another name, it was already in the fifth edition.[1] Hardly less popular, though not of the same kind, were the "Resolves" of Owen Feltham, the first edition of which had appeared in 1628, and a second in 1631, and of which (greatly increased in bulk) there were to be five or six additional reprints in the course of the next fifty years. Both Earle and Feltham have still their admirers; but a man of far greater social mark, who may also be included among the essay-writers, was Sir Henry Wotton, the subject of one of Izaak Walton's "Lives."

Wotton was now in his sixty-fifth year, looking back upon a life of unusual activity, which extended into the reign of Elizabeth. Born in 1568, of the important family of the Wottons of Bocton Hall, Kent, he had been educated at Oxford, and, after some years spent in foreign travel, had become secretary to the famous Earl of Essex. He was at that time intimate with Donne, and with other men of eminence in politics or letters, including Bacon, who was his kinsman. On the fall of Essex, he escaped sharing his fate by a timely flight from England; and during the rest of Elizabeth's reign he lived in exile in Florence, excluded from all chance of employment in her service. A secret mission on which he was sent by the Grand Duke of Tuscany to James VI. of Scotland led to important consequences. When James

[1] Wood, Athenæ, III. 716.

came to the English throne, Wotton was recalled, knighted, and employed in diplomatic service. He was "thrice ambassador to the Republic of Venice, once to the States of the United Provinces, twice to Charles Emanuel, Duke of Savoy, once to the United Provinces of Upper Germany in the Convention of Heilbrunn, also to the Archduke Leopold, to the Duke of Wirtenberg, to the imperial cities of Strasburg and Ulm, as also to the Emperor Ferdinand II."[1] The embassies to Germany and the Low Countries were but incidental missions towards the end of his long diplomatic life; and for the better part of twenty years his station had been Venice. It was the time of the famous contest of the Venetians with the Papacy, in the issue of which European Protestantism was so much concerned; and, as representative of Great Britain, Wotton had been in all the secret counsels of the Venetian statesmen, and a party to all the most important negotiations of the Italian princes. No Englishman knew the Italians so well, or had been more popular or more useful in Italy. When he had done his work there, it was expected that he would be rewarded with some office at home proportionate to his services. About 1619 there had been a prospect of his being made Secretary of State. Disappointed of this or of any equivalent office, and willing, as it would seem, to retire in the evening of his days into any honourable place at home which would afford him leisure along with a sufficient maintenance, he had accepted, in 1624, the Provostship of Eton College—a place which Bacon had solicited a year or two before when degraded from the Chancellorship. "*Animas fieri sapientiores quiescendo*" ("Souls become wiser by repose") was one of his favourite apothegms; and he thanked God and the king that now, after a life of so much bustle, he was able, like Charles the Fifth, to enjoy the quiet of a cloister. Not that, as Provost of Eton, he was by any means idle. "He was a constant cherisher," says Walton, "of all those youths in that school in whom he found either a constant diligence or a genius that prompted them to learning;" he adorned the school with pictures and busts of the Greek and

[1] Wood, Athenæ, II. 644, and Walton's Lives.

Roman poets and historians; he encouraged the youths to cultivate rhetoric; and he would never leave the school or come up to a group of the boys without dropping some pleasant or weighty sentence which was manna to their young minds. Moreover, in the afternoons he had always a hospitable table, at which there was a perpetual succession of guests to keep up nice philosophic talk; and on these occasions two or three of the most hopeful pupils of the College were always present. His wit and his great store of reminiscences made his own conversation delightful. He had seen or known intimately not only Essex, Raleigh, and the other Elizabethan statesmen, but also most of the great foreigners of the age—Beza, Casaubon, Guarini, Sarpi, Arminius, Kepler, and princes and artists without number. Bacon had not disdained to pick up anecdotes from his cousin Wotton, and even to register his apothegms; and, among Wotton's most interesting letters, is one to Bacon, thanking him for a gift of three copies of his "Organum," and promising to send one of them to Kepler. When any one within the circle of his acquaintance was going abroad, nothing pleased him better than to furnish the necessary advices and letters of introduction. One of his amusements in summer was angling; and Walton speaks of his delight when the month of May came and he could go out with his rod. Of his pleasures within doors, besides books, conversation, and smoking—in which last, says Walton, he was "somewhat immoderate, as many thoughtful men are"—the chief was in the pictures, gems, engravings, and coloured botanical charts, which he had brought with him from Italy. He had a Titian, one or two Bassanos, portraits of several Doges, and the like: and in all matters of art he was an acknowledged authority. Amid so many desultory occupations and pleasures, he had not time to accomplish all that was expected of him in the way of original authorship. On accepting the Provostship of Eton, he had indulged in the hope of being able to write a Life of Luther, which he had long had in view, and in which he meant to involve a history of the German Reformation; but King Charles had persuaded him to abandon this design and think rather of a history of

England. All that he had done towards this work consisted of but a few fragments; and his literary reputation depended, therefore, on two controversial letters or pamphlets published by him when he was ambassador at Venice, on a little treatise entitled "The Elements of Architecture" which he had published in 1624, on a few short poems of a moral or meditative character which had got about separately and were known to be his, and on several brief Essays, also unpublished, but known to his friends. The Poems, the Essays, and a selection of his private letters were published after his death as the *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*. The Poems are in a graceful, thoughtful spirit, with a trace in them of the style of his friend Donne. The Essays are mostly on historical or political topics—a Panegyric on Charles I., a Character of William the Conqueror, a Parallel between the character of the Earl of Essex and that of the Duke of Buckingham, &c.; but one of them is a brief tract "On Education, or Moral Architecture," containing hints derived from his experience as Provost of Eton School. The Panegyric on Charles is in a strain of the most reverent loyalty, and he particularly applauds Charles's policy for the suppression of controversies in the Church. "*Disputandi pruritus est ecclesiarum scabies*" ("The itch of disputing is the leprosy of Churches") was one of his favourite aphorisms. He was himself a man of liberal views, keeping a middle way between Calvinism and Arminianism, though deferring to the policy of Laud as that of the established power of the State. All in all, he deserved his reputation as one of the most accomplished and benevolent old gentlemen of his time; and it is pleasant yet to look at his portrait, representing him seated in his furred and embroidered gown, as Provost of Eton, leaning against a table, his head resting on his left hand, and his wise kind face looking straight towards you, as if listening so courteously.

Passing from the scholars and essay-writers to those who, by reason of a certain speculative direction of their studies, may be spoken of more properly as the thinkers of the time, we come upon a very interesting group, whom we cannot describe better than by calling them the Latitudinarians. Selden, as we have seen, was so critical and two-edged in his

theological talk, that the name Latitudinarian might have been applied to him. If Selden was a latitudinarian or rationalist, however, he was one who went with the Puritans in his political sympathies; differing in this respect from those whom we are about to name, and whose peculiarity was that, being most of them young men, detached altogether from the Puritans and rather favourable to Laud than otherwise, they were working through Laudism to a new set of tenets. Of this group of persons mention is made by Clarendon in his Life, as being those with whom, in his own youth, he kept most frequent company; and it may be well, therefore, before naming them, to introduce Clarendon himself. As Clarendon was born in the same year as Milton (1608), and died in the same year (1674), it is well to keep the two men together in the memory.

Edward Hyde, afterwards Earl of Clarendon, the son of Henry Hyde, Esq. of Pirton, in Wilts, and the nephew of Sir Nicholas Hyde, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, was at this time a young barrister of the Middle Temple. Though but four-and-twenty years of age, he was now a husband for the second time. His first wife, whom he had married in 1628, had died within a few months of their marriage; and his second marriage was in 1632. During the period of his widowhood he had by no means allowed his profession to occupy all his thoughts, but, being in no want of money, had "stood at gaze and irresolute what course of life to take." At this time "his chief acquaintance were Ben Jonson, John Selden, Charles Cotton, John Vaughan, Sir Kenelm Digby, Thomas May, and Thomas Carew."[1] After his second marriage, however, he "laid aside all thoughts but of his profession;" and, though he did not discontinue his acquaintance with the persons above named, yet, with the single exception of Selden, whom he "looked upon with so much affection and reverence that he always thought himself best when he was with him," he spent less time in their society. Ben, he hints, resented this a little; for, after having had "an extraordinary kindness for Mr. Hyde," he abated it when he found

[1] Clarendon's Life (1759), p. 16.

he had betaken himself to business, "which he believed ought never to be preferred before his company." Besides Mr. Hyde's natural disinclination, as a married man and a rising young lawyer, to dangle any longer about such an exacting old Bacchus, there was another cause, he says, which about the same time tended to loosen that connexion. "He had then," he says, "another conjunction and communication that he took so much delight in, that he embraced it in the time of his greatest business and practice, and would suffer no other pretence or obligation to withdraw him from that familiarity and friendship." The new friends whose society was thus potent are enumerated by him individually. They were Sir Lucius Carey, eldest son of the Lord Viscount Falkland, Lord Deputy of Ireland; Sir Francis Wenman, of Oxfordshire; Sidney Godolphin, of Godolphin in Cornwall; Edmund Waller, of Beaconsfield; Dr. Gilbert Sheldon; Dr. George Morley; Dr. John Earle; Mr. John Hales, of Eton; and Mr. William Chillingworth.[1]

In the centre of the group is young Sir Lucius Carey. This young nobleman, whom his father's death in 1633 was to raise to the title of Lord Falkland, had already been several years out on the world on his own account. Carefully educated in Ireland, both under private masters and at the University of Dublin, he had returned to England at the age of eighteen (1628), and had almost immediately come into independent possession of large estates which had been settled on him by his maternal grandfather, Lord Chief Baron Tanfield. Ben Jonson, Selden, and Hyde were among the first to find out his merits; and through them all the world heard that if there was a bud of pre-eminent promise among the young English aristocracy, it was Sir Lucius Carey. Unfortunately, just as this opinion was beginning to be formed, he was lost for a time to his friends in London. He married, without his father's consent, a young lady "without any considerable portion;" and, as no submission could conciliate the Viscount, Sir Lucius took his displeasure so much to heart that, after trying in vain to find some military employment in Holland,

[1] Clarendon's Life, p. 19.

he retired with his wife to his estates in England, there to give himself up to Greek and other studies, and with the resolve not to see London again for many years, though it was "the place he loved of all the world." His father's death so much sooner than had been anticipated was to bring him back into society. From the year 1633, when, at the age of three-and-twenty, he succeeded to his peerage, onwards till the commencement of the civil wars, the mansion of young Lord Falkland at Tew in Oxfordshire, about twelve miles distant from the University, was to be more noted as a centre of intellectual resort and activity than any other nobleman's mansion in England. Being so near Oxford, it "looked like the University itself" by reason of the numbers of eminent doctors and scholars from the University that made it their rendezvous. These, as well as the visitors from London, "all found their lodgings there as ready as in the colleges; nor did the lord of the house know of their coming or going, nor who were in his house, till he came to dinner or supper, where all still met; otherwise, there was no troublesome ceremony or constraint to forbid men to come to his house or to make them weary of staying there—so that many came thither to study in a better air, finding all the books they could desire in his library, and all the persons together whose company they could wish and not find in any other society."[1] Besides Hyde himself, the eight persons named above appear to have been among the most constant and most welcome of Falkland's guests, and to have formed the nucleus of what might have been called the Falkland set. It is not till after 1633 that we are to fancy them gathered in so intimate a manner round the young Viscount's table at Tew; till then we are to fancy them scattered, some about London and some about Oxford, the friends of Sir Lucius Carey, the Viscount expectant.

Two of them—Waller and Earle—are already known to us. Four of the others—Wenman, Godolphin, Sheldon, and Morley—may be dismissed briefly. Wenman was a country gentleman, with property in Oxfordshire close to Falkland's,

[1] Clarendon's Life, p. 22.

highly esteemed at court, according to Clarendon, and of great weight in his part of the country, but affected, through ill health, with "a kind of laziness of mind," unfitting him for public employment. He was a fair scholar, but "his ratiocination was above his learning." He died just before the civil troubles. Sidney Godolphin, who lived to take a brief part in these troubles, was now a youth of Falkland's own age, recently from Oxford and from foreign travel, competently wealthy, and much loved by his friends for his "excellent disposition" and his "great understanding and large fancy" lodged in one of the smallest bodies ever seen. He was fond of being alone, inclined somewhat to melancholy, and of such fragile health that "a little rain or wind would disorder him" on the eve of a journey, and the wind in his face as he was riding would send him home again, "after a little pleasant murmuring," whoever was with him. Sturdier men than either Wenman or Godolphin, and with much longer lives before them, were the two clergymen, Sheldon and Morley. Sheldon, who was to die Archbishop of Canterbury in 1677, after many previous experiences and preferments, was at this time, in his thirty-fifth year, domestic chaplain to Lord Keeper Coventry. According to Burnet's character of him in later life, he was a subtle, plausible man of business, generous and charitable, but supposed "not to have a deep sense of religion," and "speaking of it most commonly as an engine of government." In this earlier time of his life he was, if anything, an Arminian or Laudian in his theology. He "was the first," it was afterwards said by Bishop Kennet, "who publicly denied the Pope to be Antichrist at Oxon. The doctor in the chair, Dr. Prideaux, wondering at it, said, '*Quid, mi fili, negas Papam esse Antichristum?*' (What, my son, do you deny the Pope to be Antichrist?) Dr. Sheldon answered, '*Etiam, nego.*' (Yes, I deny it.) Dr. Prideaux replied, '*Profecto, multum tibi debet Pontifex Romanus, et nullus dubito quin pileo cardinalitio te donabit.*" (Truly, the Roman Pontiff is much obliged to you, and I doubt not he will present you with a cardinal's hat.)"[1] If Sheldon was bold

[1] Quoted by Bliss; Wood's Athenæ, IV. 658. The Latin put into the mouth of Dr. Prideaux is very bad; but I give it as Bliss gives it.

on the one side, Morley, notwithstanding that he and Sheldon were so much together, was as bold on the other. Already, while but chaplain to Lord Caernarvon, he had, in consequence of his free talk at his college of Christ Church, Oxford, "fallen under the reproach," says Clarendon, "of holding some opinions which were not grateful to those churchmen who had the greatest power in ecclesiastical promotions." One jest of his had hit very hard. A grave country gentleman, who wished to be clear as to the nature of Arminianism, having asked him, "what the Arminians held,"—"They hold," said he, "all the best bishoprics and deaneries in the Church of England."[1] Morley's definition of Arminianism had reached Laud's ears, and had created a prejudice against him. He lived, however, to toil for the king as hard as Laud himself would have done, and to hold two bishoprics after the Restoration.

From this description of four out of the group mentioned by Clarendon, it will be seen that those whom we have described as the Falkland set consisted of men almost all under forty, and some of them little over twenty years of age, who had the character of being "clear reasoners" in religion. If the name Latitudinarians should be too strong for some of them, it was not too strong for their three chiefs—Hales, Chillingworth, and Falkland himself.

John Hales was the veteran of the party, being about forty-eight years of age. Born at Bath in 1584, he had been educated at Corpus Christi, Oxford, and had afterwards been fellow of Merton College there. "There was never any one in the then memory of man," as Wood heard afterwards, "that went beyond him at the University for subtle disputations in philosophy, for his eloquent declamations and orations, as also for his exact knowledge in the Greek tongue."[2] He held the Greek lectureship not only in his college, but also in the University; and he was one of those who assisted Sir Henry Savile, then warden of Merton, in his famous edition of St. Chrysostom (1613). In 1618 he went into Holland as chaplain to Sir Dudley Carleton, then ambassador in that quarter. He

[1] Clarendon's Life (1759), p. 26.

[2] Athenæ, III. 410.

was present at the Synod of Dort, and detailed accounts of the proceedings of that synod are given in a series of letters written by him at the time. After his return, "though he might have promised himself any preferment in the Church, he withdrew himself from all pursuits of that kind into a private fellowship in the College of Eton, where his friend Sir Harry Savile was provost, where he lived amongst his books."[1] Under Savile's successors in the provostship—Thomas Murray (1621-2—1623) and Sir Henry Wotton—Hales continued in the same modest retirement, from which nothing could draw him. He had fifty pounds a-year, he used to say, more than he could spend; "and yet," adds Clarendon, "besides being very charitable to all poor people, even to liberality, he had made a greater and better collection of books than were to be found in any other private library that I have seen." His great learning and "profound judgment" were combined with the most punctilious integrity and the utmost modesty of demeanour; so that there was no man of the day of whom more people spoke well. He was of very small stature—"a pretty little man," says Aubrey, "sanguine, and of cheerful countenance." Wotton used to call him his "walking library;" and one of the attractions of Wotton's table was that Hales was to be seen there. "When the court was at Windsor," says Aubrey, "the learned courtiers much delighted in his company." Occasionally he visited London, and he also made periodical visits to Oxford. "He had," says Clarendon, "whether from his natural temper and constitution, or from his long retirement from all crowds, or from his discerning spirit, contracted some opinions which were not received, nor by him published, except in private discourses; and then rather upon occasion of dispute than of positive opinion." As to the nature of these opinions Aubrey is more outspoken. "I have heard his nephew, Mr. Sloper, say that he much loved to read Stephanus, who was a Familist, I think, that first wrote of that sect of the Family of Love: he was mightily taken with it, and was wont to say that some time or other these fine notions would take in the world." Again, according to

[1] Clarendon's Life (1759), p. 27.

Aubrey, "he was one of the first Socinians in England—I think, the first." His cardinal tenet, however, was the duty and expediency of religious toleration. "Nothing troubled him more," says Clarendon, "than the brawls which were grown from religion; and he therefore exceedingly detested the tyranny of the Church of Rome—more for their imposing uncharitably upon the consciences of other men than for the errors in their own opinions; and would often say that he would renounce the religion of the Church of England to-morrow, if it obliged him to believe that any other Christians should be damned, and that nobody would conclude another man to be damned who did not wish him so." Something of this philosophical Latitudinarianism had appeared in writings of Hales prior to 1632,—more particularly in his "*Dissertatio de Pace et Concordiâ Ecclesiæ*," published in 1628, and in letters on metaphysical and other topics to his friends; and later writings were to express his views on Church polity more fully.[1]

Chillingworth was in his thirty-first year. He had just returned to England, and been welcomed back to Protestantism by his godfather Laud, after his brief aberration among the Jesuits, who were pursuing him with hootings for his inconstancy. His aberration, however, had been but a natural incident in the history of a mind made for arguing; nor would he ever allow that it was in the least to be blamed or regretted. Imbued with the Patristic theology of Laud, he had gone over to the Catholic Church, because logical consistency with Laudian premises seemed to lead him thither. He had scarcely been in that Church when his reason set to work to bring him back again; not, however, as a Protestant of the common school, but as one who had arrived at the conclusion that "exemption from error was neither inherent in nor necessary to any Church." He had scruples about some of the Thirty-nine Articles; and the report at Oxford was that he had become a Socinian. He had "such a habit of doubting," says Clarendon, "that by degrees he grew confident of nothing, and a sceptic at least in the greatest mysteries of Faith." It was

[1] Clarendon's Life (1759), pp. 27, 28; Aubrey's Lives; Wood's Athenæ, III. 409-416; and "The Works of the ever-memorable Mr. John Hales of Eton," now first collected: 3 vols. Glasgow, 1765.

not till some years later that, in reply to the attacks of the Jesuits, he was to write his famous Defence of Protestantism, "The Religion of Protestants a safe way to Salvation;" but he was broaching his arguments in private talk—hitting the Papists hard enough, and yet (as Hobbes said of him when his book came out) "like some lusty fighters that will give a damnable back-blow now and then to their own party." All in all he went along with Hales, Falkland, and the rest, as a member of that Protestant Latitudinarian party which was growing up under Laud's government, and was to survive it. "He and Lord Falkland," says Aubrey, "had such extraordinary clear reasons that they were wont to say at Oxon that, if the Great Turk were to be converted by natural reasons, these two were the persons to convert him." Like Hales and Godolphin, Chillingworth was a little man—"blackish hair," adds Aubrey, "and of a saturnine countenance."

It was an age in which small men were unusually prominent. Falkland himself was of the number. He used to say that one of the reasons of his friendship for Godolphin was that in Godolphin's presence he could feel himself "the properer man." But small stature was not his only disadvantage. "His person and presence," says Clarendon, "were in "no degree attractive or promising; his motion not graceful, "and his aspect so far from inviting that it had something in it "of simplicity; and his voice the worst of the three, and so "untuned that, instead of reconciling, it offended the ear, so "that nobody would have expected music from that tongue. "Sure no man was less beholden to nature for its recommenda-"tion into the world. But then," adds Clarendon, in a panegyric the most glowing and affectionate that has come from his pen, "no man sooner or more disappointed this general and cus-"tomary prejudice. That little person and small stature was "quickly found to contain a great heart, a courage so keen "and a nature so fearless that no composition of the strongest "limbs and most harmonious and proportioned presence and "strength ever more disposed any man to the greatest "enterprises, it being his greatest weakness to be too solicitous "for such adventures; and that untuned tongue and voice

"easily discovered itself to be supplied and governed by a "mind and understanding so excellent that the wit and weight "of all he said carried another kind of lustre and admiration "in it, and even another kind of acceptation from the persons "present, than any ornament of delivery could reasonably "promise itself or is usually attended with; and his disposi- "tion and nature was so gentle and obliging, and so much "delighted in courtesy, kindness, and generosity, that all man- "kind could not but admire and love him."[1] This is a character from the recollection of his whole life; but already in 1632 it was beginning to be deserved. His generosity was such that "he seemed to have his estate in trust for all worthy persons who stood in want of supplies and encouragement, as Ben Jonson and many others of that time, whose fortunes required and whose spirits made them superior to ordinary obligations, which yet they were content to receive from him." In reading, as Clarendon thought, he at length came up to Hales. Besides the classics, he had betaken himself to the Greek and Latin Fathers, and to all the best ecclesiastical writers; on the principle that a man could not inquire too diligently or curiously into the real opinions of those who were cited so confidently by men who differed the farthest among themselves. He had thus been led to some conclusions "on which he was in his own judgment most clear," though he would "never think the worse or in any degree decline the familiarity of those who were of another mind." Aubrey is not sure whether he or Hales was the first Socinian in England, but knows that he was one of the first to import the books of Socinus.[2]

There were Englishmen alive whose speculations were going beyond those of the Latitudinarians, and, indeed, penetrating into tracks lying wholly out of the region of current clerical controversy. Bacon, it is true, had had no proper successor; and, to an extent which seems surprising after the appearance of such a man, the national mind had again retracted itself into the defined channels of theological debate. But Bacon's

[1] Clarendon's Life (1759), p. 20.

[2] The *Prælectiones Theologicæ* of Socinus were published in 1609 after his death; the treatise of Volkelius, son-in-law of Socinus, *De Verâ Religione*, in 1633; and the Socinian academy of Racow, in Poland, was broken up in 1638 (Hallam).

notions were permeating educated society, here tending to develop quietly a new interest in physical science, and in other quarters provoking even theologians themselves into exercises of secular speculation. There were also other minds disporting themselves, each in its own way, in regions of the *scibile* not included in recognised English theology. Whether, among those who were doing so with any discernible effect upon their contemporaries, we ought to reckon the Paracelsian and Rosicrucian theosophist Robert Fludd (1574-1637), may admit of question. Fludd was then well known as a physician in Fenchurch-street, London; but, with the exception of Selden, who is said to have held him in high esteem, and perhaps of one or two other omnivorous readers, Englishmen seem to have let his works alone, as not knowing what to make of them. Much better known in the world than Fludd, and a thinker of a less uncouth school, was the vain and eccentric Lord Herbert of Cherbury (1581-1648), the eldest brother of the poet Herbert. In 1624 he had published at Paris, where he was then English ambassador, his celebrated treatise "*De Veritate, prout distinguitur a Revelatione, a Verisimili, a Possibili et a Falso*"—a book, as he says himself, "so different from anything which had been written before," that he had not dared to publish it, till, in answer to his prayers, he had received a supernatural sign from heaven.[1] He had circulated copies of the book among the continental thinkers, "without suffering it to be divulged to others;" but, satisfied with the result, he was now preparing a second edition to be published in London. When this edition appeared (1633), it bore the *imprimatur* of Laud's domestic chaplain, stating that nothing had been found in it "contrary to good morals or the truth of the Faith." It is the custom now, however, to regard the book as the first English Deistical treatise, and the author as the first English Deist. It may be doubted whether this judgment is, in any respect, correct; nay, whether, if the conspicuous heads of that day were carefully counted, there might not be found among them one or two whose speculations passed the bounds

[1] See the story in the Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, by himself.

of any form of Theism whatever. Had Thomas Hobbes, for example, attempted about this time to publish works such as were afterwards to make him famous, the probability is that *they* would have been stopped. But, though Hobbes was now in his forty-fifth year (having been born near Malmesbury in Wilts in 1588), he seemed to be conscious that he was to live to the age of ninety-one, and was in no hurry to trouble people with his speculations. On leaving Oxford in or about 1610, he had gone into the service of William Cavendish, Earl of Devonshire; he had travelled in France and Italy as companion to the Earl's son; on his return, still continuing in the Earl's service as secretary, he had begun a new course of study on his own account, furbishing up his forgotten Greek and Latin, betaking himself again to logic and philosophy, visiting stationers' shops to "lie gaping on maps," and cultivating an acquaintance with such men as Bacon, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and Selden. After the Earl's death in 1628, he had gone abroad again as tutor in another family; but he had returned in 1631, to become tutor to the eldest son of the new Earl, his former pupil. In 1629, he had published his first work, a folio volume entitled "Eight Books of the Peloponnesian Warre, written by Thucydides, the sonne of Olorus; interpreted with faith and diligence immediately out of the Greeke, by Thomas Hobbes, Secretary to the late Earl of Devonshire." Just about the time when it appeared, he had betaken himself with extraordinary avidity to geometry; and, had one predicted the tenor of his future life, one would have anticipated nothing more formidable from him than some additional translations from the Greek historians, and some treatises in mathematics. Those who knew him intimately, however, were aware that there was dangerous matter in him.[1]

Of what we should now call "newspaper and pamphlet literature," there was no *very* extensive show in Britain about the year 1632. There had been occasional gazettes in England at an earlier period; but Nathaniel Butter, a London

[1] Aubrey's Life of Hobbes, and Wood's Athenæ, III. 1206.

bookseller, was the first (1622) to establish a weekly news-sheet. The demand for his "corantos," as they were called, had greatly increased in consequence of the desire for continental news in England during the progress of the Thirty Years' War. Butter's corantos, however, were innocent enough productions—comment or discussion being avoided, and the news being for the most part foreign. The more dangerous part of a journalist's work fell to be performed, so far as it was performed at all, by writers of tracts and pamphlets. Of the number of these was poor Dr. Leighton, in prison since 1630. Leighton's "Plea against Prelacy" had been printed in Holland, whence also, and more particularly from Amsterdam, came most of the other very vehement tracts against prelacy, the constitution of the Church of England, and the policy of Charles. But, ever since the time of the Marprelate tracts (1589), "the press in the hollow tree" had been one of the domestic institutions of England; and not only was there much clandestine printing in Charles's reign, but there were booksellers, who, for principle or gain, made the sale of pamphlets and treatises that might have been considered libellous against individuals or the state, a special part of their business. Marked men as writers of Puritan tracts were Henry Burton and John Bastwick. Burton was rector of Little St. Matthew's, in Friday-street, London, and in some esteem among the Puritans as the author of "A Censure of Simony," published in 1624; an anti-popish tract entitled "The Baiting of the Pope's Bull," published in 1627; and a subsequent volume of a devotional kind. Bastwick, a younger man than Burton, was of the medical profession, and settled at Colchester. In 1624 he had published at Leyden a small treatise entitled "*Elenchus Religionis Papisticæ, in quo probatur neque Apostolicam, neque Catholicam, immo neque Romanam esse;*" and he had other tracts in preparation, in which Laud was to detect punishable anti-prelacy.

But the most terrible phenomenon as a Puritan pamphleteer was the lawyer, William Prynne. Born near Bath in 1600, and educated at Oriel College, Oxford, afterwards admitted of

[2] Wood, Athenæ, III. 308.

Lincoln's Inn, and there noted as a disciple and admirer of Dr. Preston, Prynne, though still a young man, was a veteran pamphleteer. Here are the titles of three out of eight pamphlets of his which preceded his *Histriomastix*:—

"Health's Sickness: or a compendious and brief discourse, proving the Drinking and Pledging of Healths to be sinful and utterly unlawful unto Christians," &c. 1628. [This "brief" discourse consists of 86 quarto pages, and is dedicated in a respectful style to King Charles, as the person most interested, seeing that his health was oftenest drunk.]

"The Unloveliness of Love-locks; or a summary discourse proving the wearing and nourishing of a Lock or Love-lock to be altogether unseemly and unlawful unto Christians: In which there are likewise some passages collected out of the Fathers, Councils, and sundry Authors and Historians against Face-painting, the Wearing of supposititious, powdered, frizzled, or extraordinary long hair, the inordinate affectation of corporal beauty, and Women's mannish, unnatural, impudent, and unchristian cutting of their hair—the epidemical vanities and vices of our age." 1628. (Pp. 63.)

"The Church of England's Old Antithesis to New Arminianism, wherein the 7 Anti-Arminian orthodox tenets are evidently proved, their 7 opposite Arminian (once Popish and Pelagian) errors are manifestly disproved, to be the ancient, established, and undoubted doctrine of the Church of England," &c. 1629. [This work consists of 280 quarto pages, and was dedicated to the Parliament.]

Aubrey's portrait of Prynne refers probably to a somewhat later period, but will not be amiss here. "He was always temperate," says Aubrey, "and a very hard student, and he had a prodigious memory. His manner of study was this:—He wore a long quilt cap, which came two or three inches at least over his eyes, which served him as an umbrella to defend his eyes from the light. About every three hours his man was to bring him a roll and a pot of ale, to refocillate his wasted spirits: so he studied and drank and munched some bread; and this maintained him till night, and then he made a good supper. He was of a strange saturnine complexion: Sir C. W. [Sir Christopher Wren?] said once that he had the countenance of a witch." Of Prynne, as well as of Burton and Bastwick, we shall hear again.

It may help to throw light on some points which our survey of British literature about the year 1632 may have

still left obscure, if we append a few remarks on the forms and statistics of the British book-trade at that time.

From the time of the establishment of printing in England, but more especially after the Reformation, there had been interferences of the Government in the book-trade. The first proper attempt to consolidate the trade, however, had been the incorporation of the Stationers' Company of London, in the reign of Philip and Mary (1557). By this Act, conferring the exclusive privilege of printing and publishing books, in the English dominions, on ninety-seven London stationers, and on their successors by regular apprenticeship, literature had been centralized in one spot where it could be under the immediate inspection of Government. No one could legally print books, unless by special licence, who was not a member of the Stationers' Company; and the Company might lawfully search for and seize any books printed against their privilege.[1] Illegal printing was to be punishable by fine and imprisonment. These restrictions had been continued under Elizabeth; but, that the determination of what should be published might not be left wholly to the discretion of the Company incorporated by her Popish sister, it had been decreed by the fifty-first of the Injunctions concerning Religion promulgated in 1559, that no book in any language (school-books and established classics excepted) should thenceforward be printed without previous licence from the Queen, or by six of her Privy Council, or by the Chancellors of the two Universities, or by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, or by the Bishop of London, or by the Bishop being Ordinary and the Archdeacon of the place of publication. This regulation, ratified by a decree in Star-chamber in 1566, had continued in force till 1586, when it was somewhat modified. The privilege which the two Universities had always naturally claimed as seats of learning, and the occasional exercise of which had caused disputes between them and the London printers, was then confirmed or recognised; and it was settled by a new decree in Star-

[1] Charter of the Stationers' Company: reprinted 1825.

chamber that, in addition to the printing-presses under the control of the London Company, there might be one press at Oxford and another at Cambridge—the owners of these presses, however, to have only one apprentice at a time, and to employ London journeymen when they required extra service.[1] At the same time the right of licensing books to be printed was transferred to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, both or either; except in the case of documents officially entrusted to the Queen's printer, and also in the case of law-books—the right of licensing which was to belong to the Chief Justices and the Chief Baron. This arrangement, modified and relaxed a little to suit convenience, had served through the rest of the reign of Elizabeth and the whole of the reign of James. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London were still the censors-general of literature for all England; and it was part of the duty of their chaplains to examine works intended for the press, so that they might be legally entered at Stationers' Hall as allowed by authority, and might then appear with the words "*cum privilegio*," or some equivalent legend prefixed to them.

To no part of his supposed duty was Laud more attentive than to the regulation of the censorship. It would appear, indeed, that from 1627 onwards, he had all but relieved Archbishop Abbot of this, as of so many others of his functions. By 1632, however, though still acting as censor-in-chief, he had consented to a division of labour. We find, at all events, that the Vice-Chancellors of the two Universities then exercised the right of licensing books to be printed at the University-presses; and that, even as regarded the London book-trade itself, Laud's chaplains were not the only licensers. Sermons, theological and philosophical treatises, and perhaps the majority of all works whatever, were licensed by them, with the occasional admission of an *imprimatur*, by way of variety, from one of Abbot's more puritanical chaplains. But, in some departments, licences seem to have come also from the Judges and from the Secretary of State's office; and, in the department of plays and poetry, there is documentary

[1] Cooper's Annals of Cambridge, II. 424.

proof that Sir Henry Herbert exercised the privilege. As Master of the Revels, and licenser of plays to be acted, Sir Henry was, indeed, the fittest official person to license all analogous publications.

By whomsoever the licence was given, the formality attending legal publication was the same. The manuscript, bearing the licenser's certificate and thus made vendible, was committed to the press by the author or by the bookseller who had acquired it from him ; and, some time before the publication, the bookseller had it registered as his copy, for a fee of sixpence, in the books of the Stationers' Company. Simple registration in this manner was all that the law required ;[1] but books continued to appear with the legend "*cum privilegio*" prefixed to them, and sometimes with an exact copy of the licenser's certificate, according to a form then recently invented or adopted from abroad. Thus, in the first English edition of Lord Herbert of Cherbury's treatise :—

"Perlegi hunc Tractatum, cui titulo est '*De Veritate, prout distinguitur a Revelatione, a Verisimili, a Possibili et a Falso,*' qui quidem liber continet paginas jam impressas 227, manuscriptas autem circa 17 ; in quibus nihil reperio bonis moribus aut veritati Fidei contrarium, quominus cum utilitate publicâ imprimatur :— Gulielmus Haywood, Episc. Londin. capell. domest : Dec. 31, 1632."

If it be true that Usher's *Goteschalci et Predestinarianæ controversiæ ab eo motæ Historia*, printed in 1631, was the first Latin work printed in Ireland, the entire contribution of the Irish press to the current literature of the three kingdoms in 1632 may be assumed to have been very small.[2] The contribution from Scotland had been much larger. As early as 1551, it had been "devisit, statute, and ordanit" by an Act of the Scottish Parliament "that na prentir presume, attempt, or tak upone hand to prent ony bukis, ballatis,

[1] The regulations of the Stationers' Company were not always attended to. There were certainly publications of the day printed and sold in London, of which no trace is to be found in the Registers of the Hall. In not a few tracts of the time—Prynne's "Unloveliness of Love-Locks," and others of his earlier pieces included,—the title-page bears no printer's or publisher's name, but only the words "Printed at London," or the like.

[2] Most of Usher's publications, prior to 1632, were printed in London. His "Veterum Epistolarum Sylloge," however, published in that year, was issued at Dublin, "Ex officinâ typographicâ Societatis Bibliopolorum."

sangis, blasphematiounis, rymes or tragedies, outher in Latine or Inglis tongue" until the same had been "sene, vewit, and examit be sum wyse and discreit persounis depute thairto be the ordinaris quhatsumever, and thairafter ane license had and obtenit," under pain of "confiscatioun of all the prentair's gudes and banissing him of the realme for ever."[1] From such an act one would infer, even were there not independent proof of the fact, that there was some literary activity in Scotland before James succeeded to the throne. To what extent it had been kept up in the interval we have already had the means of judging. In and about 1632 books were occasionally published in Edinburgh and at Aberdeen; though even then we find one or two Scottish parsons, as if unwilling to be hid under a bushel, negotiating with London printers, and pushing their sermons into the London market. For such works as were printed in Scotland, the licensers were the academic or ecclesiastical authorities. Arthur Johnstone's "*Parerga*" and other Latin poems of his, printed at Aberdeen in 1632, have the mere prefix "*cum privilegio;*" but the "*Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum,*" edited by him in 1637, exhibit, though printed in Holland, a regular license for publication in Scotland from the Archbishop of St. Andrew's.

In 1632, just as now, people complained of a plethora of books. "Good God!" says Wither in his *Scholar's Purgatory*, "how many dungboats full of fruitless volumes do they yearly foist upon his Majesty's subjects; how many hundred reams of foolish, profane, and senseless ballads do they quarterly disperse abroad!" To the same effect Robert Burton in his preface to the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. "In this scribbling age," he says, "the number of books is without number. What a company of poets hath this year brought out! as Pliny complains to Sosius Senecio. What a catalogue of new books all this year, all this age, I say, have our Frankfort marts, our domestic marts, brought out! *Quis tam avidus librorum helluo?* Who can read them? We are oppressed with them; our eyes ache with reading, our fingers

[1] Acts of the Parliament of Scotland, II. 488-9.

with turning." Of divinity especially there was a glut. "There be so many books in that kind," says Burton, "so many commentaries, treatises, pamphlets, expositions, sermons, that whole teams of oxen cannot draw them; and, had I been as forward and ambitious as some others, I might have haply printed a sermon at Paul's Cross, a sermon in St. Mary's, Oxon, a sermon in Christ Church, or a sermon before the Right Honourable, Right Reverend, a sermon before the Right Worshipful, a sermon in Latin, in English, a sermon with a name, a sermon without, a sermon, a sermon, a sermon." With such complaints in our ears, it is somewhat amusing to compare the actual statistics of the British book-trade of 1632 with the statistics of the same trade now.

The entire number of books and pamphlets of all kinds, including new editions and reprints, now annually published in the united kingdom, exceeds 5,000. This is at the rate of nearly fourteen publications every day. The registers of Stationers' Hall for 1632 and the adjacent years tell a very different story. The entire number of entries of new copies and of transfers of old copies there registered as having taken place in the London book-trade during the year 1630 (*i. e.* from January 1629-30 to December 1630 inclusive) is 150, or not quite three a-week. The corresponding number for the year 1631, is 138; for 1632, only 109; in 1633 it rises to 154; and in 1634 it again declines to 126. With all allowance for publications out of London, and for publications in London not registered, it seems from these statistics as if, taking big and little together, it *was* possible for a diligent reader to become acquainted in some measure with every book that was published. As it may be interesting to have the most exact and authentic information possible respecting the nature and the quantity of literary matter thus supplied to the English reading public by the legitimate book-trade of London during a given consecutive period, I here present, from the registers of the Stationers' Company, a list of all the entries of new copies and of transfers of copy during the complete half-year from July to December 1632 inclusive:—

July 5. "*Quaternio, seu via quadrupla ad vitam rectam*, by Tho. Nash."

„ „ "Cures without care, by M. S."

„ 16. Hall dues paid on Butter's corantos for the preceding half-year.

„ „ Three Ballads entitled 1. "Man's Felicity and Misery;" 2. "Knavery in all Trades;" 3. "Monday's Work."

„ „ "Ornithologia, or the History of Birds and Fowles."

„ 19. "The Swedish Intelligencer, the Second Part; being a continuation of the former story, from the victory of Leipsick unto the Conquest of Bavaria." This is a publication of Butter's.

„ 25. "A Treatise of Types and Figures of Christ, by Tho. Taylor, D.D."

„ 27. Three of Butter's corantos registered.

„ „ A Ballad entitled "When the Fox begins to preach, beware your Geese."

Aug. 3. "A Historie of the warres of Ireland, with mappes; written by Sir George Carey, Earl of Totnes, sometime President there."

„ „ A Ballad called "News from the King of Sweden."

„ „ "An Exposition of the 12th Chapter of the Revelation of St. John, by Tho. Taylor, D.D."

„ 14. "*Quadrivium Sionis:* or the Four Waies to Sion: by John Moules, B.D."

„ 21. "A Commentary or Exposition upon the 2d Epistle of St. Peter, by Tho. Adams."

„ 26. Transferred unto Mr. Joyce Norton and Mr. Whittaker the copyright or part-copyright of 98 books, the property of a deceased bookseller. The list includes, besides many books now forgotten, Gerard's Herbal, Keckermann's Logic, the Basilicon Doron, Willett's Hexapla in Genesin, Camden's Britannia, Beza's Latin Testament, Selden's Titles of Honor, Bacon's Wisdom of the Ancients, Calvin's Institutes, and Fairfax's Tasso.

Sept. 3. A Ballad entitled "Love's Solace, or Sweet is the lass that loves me."

„ 4. Transfer of copyright in two Sermons, entitled "Repentance" and "Of the Lord's Supper," both by Mr. John Bradford, and in "a Catechism containing the sum of the Gospels, by Edm. Littleton."

„ 9. "The Church's Rest, with the use made of it, in 9 sermons," with 8 other "select sermons," by Dr. Jo. Burgess.

„ 13. "A Book of Verses and Poems, by Dr. Donne," entered as the copy of John Marriott, with the exception of "The five Satires, and the 1st, 2d, 10th, 11th, and 13th Elegies;" these to be Marriott's "when he brings lawful authority."

Sept. 21. "Analysis or Resolution of Merchants' Accompts, by Ralph Sanderson, Accomptant."

„ „ "A Treatise of Justification, setting down the true doctrine of Justification, by Bishop Downham" (Bishop of Derry).

„ „ "An Exposition upon the Lord's Prayer, delivered at Leith in Scotland in 22 Sermons, by Mr. William Wishart, parson of Restolrigg (Restalrig)."

„ 22. "The Serpentine Lines of Proportion, with the Instruments belonging thereunto, by Tho. Browne, a lover of the mathematical practice." (Can this be an early publication of Browne of Norwich?)

„ 27. Rowley's Tragedy of "All's Lost by Lust."

Oct. 10. "The Returning Backslider, or Ephraim's Repentance, by R. Sibbs, D.D.;" being sermons delivered in Gray's Inn.

„ „ Sibbes's "*Cantica Canticorum*, or a Discourse of the Union and Communion betwixt Christ and the Church, delivered in divers sermons in Gray's Inn."

„ 20. "Ovid's *Tristia* in English verse, translated by Wye Saltonstall."

„ 23. "*Viginti Propositiones Catholicæ*, by the Right Rev. Father in God, Joseph, Bishop of Exon"—*i. e.* Bishop Hall.

„ 24. "A Book called 'Poeticall Blossomes,' and containing the Tragicall Stories of Constantia and Philetus, and Pyramus and Thisbe in verse, by Abra. Cowley."

„ „ "Certain Paradoxes and Problems in prose, written by J. Donne."

„ 27. "A Table called 'A yearly Continuation of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London.'"

„ 31. John Marriott enters "the five Satires written by Dr. J. Dun (Donne) excepted in his last entrance."

Nov. 2. A Comedy called "The Costly Whore."

„ 8. "*Gerardi Mercatoris Atlas*," in Latin and in English.

Dec. 19. "A Visitation Sermon preached before the Archbishop of Canterbury, by Fra. Rogers, D.D."

„ „ "A Funeral Sermon," by the same.

„ 22. "The Schoolmaster, or Theatre of Table Philosophie, and Ptolemie's Astronomie."

„ „ "Nine Sermons," by the late Dr. Preston.

„ 24. "A comfortable Treatise concerning Temptations, by Mr. Capell." [1]

[1] The list is from the Books of the Stationers' Company, as inspected by myself; but I have given the entries in a somewhat abridged form. In the original, the name of the bookseller or firm entering the copy is always given, and there is also given in most of the entries the name of the licenser of the book, together with a note stating by what official authority of the Company the entry is allowed —whether that of both the wardens of the year, or of only one, or of a court-meeting. The first of the above-quoted entries, for example, stands as follows: —"5th July: Mr. John Dawson [the bookseller] entered for his copy, under the hands of Mr. Buckner [the licenser] and both the wardens, a book called *Quaternio, seu via quadrupla ad vitam rectam: 6d.* [the registration-fee]." The

Such were the transactions of the London book-trade during the first six months of Milton's leisure after leaving Cambridge; and such as has been described in this chapter was the state of British Literature generally at the time when Milton resolved to connect himself with it. We are able, by this time, to surmise for ourselves what were likely to be his relations to this motley element. We are able to say, in the first place, that, *whatever* he might do, it would be of no ordinary kind, but something new and impressive. We are able farther to say that he would carry into literature a moral magnanimity not always found in association with the literary tendency, and in that age as little as in any. We are able to say that, as there were parts of his nature in pre-established harmony with the national revolution then approaching, so in him alone, in the midst of the Davenants, the Herricks, the Shirleys, the Wallers, and the rest, was there a notion of the literary calling itself, corresponding by a deep affinity with Puritanism in its essence, and pointing, therefore, to a literary development which should be no mere continuation of the dregs of Elizabethan wit, but an outburst as original intellectually as the movement it accompanied was to be socially. We are able to say also, that in virtue of this peculiarity, Milton, though a very respectful subject of Ben, was by no means likely to make his entry into the world of letters as one of Ben's tribe. Finally, we are able to say (and of this we shall have farther proof) that, though, as a reader, he may have ranged widely among the writings of his contemporaries, his own sympathies as a poet were more particularly with the Spenserians.

other entries are after the same formula. The names of the booksellers collectively who made the entries are—Dawson, Jones, Butter and Browne, Grove, Coates and Legatt and Coates, Daulman, Milbourne, Blackmore, Matthews, Bloome, Norton and Whittaker, Henry and Moses Bell, Marriott, Harper, Edwards, Serle, Green, Sheares, Sparkes, Adderton, Gosson, and Badger. The names of the licensers are—Mr. Buckner, Mr. Topsall, Mr. Wecherlyn, Mr. Austen, Sir Henry Herbert, and Mr. Haywood. Sir Henry Herbert licenses almost all the poetry—Donne's Poems, &c. Cowley's Poetical Blossoms, Rowley's Tragedy, and the translation of Ovid. The other licensers were, I think, (with the exception of Wecherlyn,) Abbot's or Laud's chaplains.

CHAPTER VII.

HORTON, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

1632—1638.

On leaving Cambridge, Milton, as he himself informs us, went to live again under his father's roof—not now, however, in the old house in Bread-street, but in a house which his father had taken at some distance from London. "At my "father's country-residence," he says, "whither he had retired "to pass his old age, I, with every advantage of leisure, spent "a complete holiday in turning over the Greek and Latin "writers; not but that sometimes I exchanged the country "for the town, either for the purpose of buying books, or for "that of learning something new in Mathematics or in Music, "in which sciences I then delighted. Having passed five "years in this manner, after my mother's death, I, being "desirous of seeing foreign lands, and especially Italy, went "abroad with one servant, having by entreaty obtained my "father's consent."[1] It is the purpose of the present chapter to fill up the five years, or, more exactly, the five years and nine months, of Milton's life (July 1632 to April 1638) thus sketched by himself in outline.

The "paternal country-residence" (*paternum rus*) mentioned by Milton was at Horton, near Colnbrook, in that part of Buckinghamshire which borders on Middlesex, Berkshire, and Surrey, and which forms, for well-known Parliamentary purposes, the so-called Chiltern Hundreds.

Colnbrook is about seventeen miles due west from London, and may be reached now from London either by the Great Western Railway (Langley Station) or by the London, Rich-

[1] *Defensio Secunda*: Works, VI. 287.

mond, and Windsor line (Wraysbury Station). Lying as it does midway between the two lines, and about two miles off either, the town is one of those which have declined in importance since the rise of our railway system. Till then, though never of more than a thousand inhabitants, and consisting but of one narrow street of houses and a few offshoots, Colnbrook, as being a stage on one of the great highways between London and the West of England, was a place of considerable bustle. In the best of the old coaching days, as many as a hundred coaches are said to have passed through it daily; and, in still older times, carriers and travellers on horseback, setting out from London by Hyde Park Corner, and passing through Kensington, Hammersmith, Turnham Green, Brentford, and Hounslow, would stop to bait at Colnbrook on their way to Maidenhead, Reading, or places still farther west, or, coming from these places Londonwards, would rest at Colnbrook before attacking the residue of road between them and the metropolis. As a consequence, Colnbrook was noted for its inns.

Part of the town of Colnbrook is in the parish of Horton, which extends in the opposite direction to the vicinity of Windsor. The village of Horton, which gives its name to the parish, is about a mile from Colnbrook, intermediate between it and the Wraysbury station on the London and South Western line. Sauntering, any sunny afternoon, from Colnbrook, either towards Wraysbury, or towards Datchet, which is the next station Windsorwards on the same line, the chance pedestrian, with no purpose in view except a leisurely walk to the train, might come to a point near the meeting of some quiet cross-roads, where, by lingering a little, he would discover symptoms of a village. There is no appearance of a continuous street; but a great tree in the centre of the space where three of the roads meet, suggests that there may be more habitations about the spot than are at first visible; and, on looking down one of the roads, the suggestion is confirmed by the sight of a church-tower, a few paces to the left, all but hidden by intervening foliage. On making towards this church, one finds it a small but very ancient edifice—as

ancient probably as the twelfth or thirteenth century—standing back from the road in a cemetery, in the front of which, and close to the road, are two extremely old yew trees. The tower, which is square, is picturesquely covered with ivy; the walls are strong and chequered with flints and brickwork; and the entrance from the cemetery is by a low porch. Should the door be open, the neat and venerable aspect of the church externally might induce the stranger to stroll up the cemetery-walk to have a glimpse of the interior. He would see no old inscriptions or tombstones in the cemetery—nothing old in it but the yew trees; but within the church he would find both stone and wood-work of sufficient antiquity. There is an old Norman arch within the main porch; there is a nave with two aisles and a chancel; between the nave and the aisles are short circular columns supporting arches; the pulpit and the pews look as if they had served already for a century or two of rural English Sundays; and there is a stone baptismal font, evidently coeval with the church. All this the visitor might mark with the ordinary interest with which whatever is ecclesiastical and old is noted in a country walk; and only on inquiring might he learn that the church was Horton Church, and that in one of the pews before him, or the spot occupied by one of them, Milton had worshipped regularly, with others of his family, while resident in the adjoining village, from the twenty-fourth to the thirtieth year of his age. This information by chance obtained, and confirmed by a certain evidence which the eyes may behold, the fabric would be examined with new interest. There would be another glance round among the pews within; outside, there would be another look at the tower and at the yew trees in the cemetery; nor would a few minutes more be judged ill-spent in scanning the village come upon so unexpectedly. A few minutes would suffice; and, after extricating himself from the little group of houses scattered irregularly round the church in separate grounds and gardens so as hardly to be all visible except on search, the pedestrian would continue his walk to Wraysbury or to Datchet. In and about the neighbourhood through which he

has passed so cursorily, it will be for us to linger for a longer while, throwing it back, as far as fancy will permit, to that time when its celebrity was being made, and when, though Wraysbury and Datchet also existed close by as now, no trains whistled through them, and Colnbrook commanded the circumjacent traffic.

With the exception of the church, Horton, as it was known to Milton, is to be found rather in the roads, the paths, and the general aspect of the fields and vegetation, than in the actual houses now remaining. Around the village, and indeed over the whole parish and the adjacent parts of this angle of Bucks, the land is of the kind so characteristic of England—the rich, teeming, verdurous flat, charming by its appearance of plenty, and by the goodly show of wood along the fields and pastures, in the nooks where the houses nestle, and everywhere in all directions to the sky-bound verge of the landscape. The beech, which is nowhere finer than in some parts of the Chiltern Hundreds, is not so common in this part; one sees a good many ugly pollards along the streams; but there are elms, alders, poplars, and cedars; there is no lack of shrubbery and hedging; and in spring the orchards are all abloom with white and pink for miles round. What strikes one most in walking about the neighbourhood is the canal-like abundance and distribution of water. There are rivulets brimming through the meadows among rushes and water-plants; and by the very sides of the ways, in lieu of ditches, there are slow runnels, in which one can see the minnows swimming. Most of these streamlets and runnels are connected with the Colne; which river, having separated itself into several channels in a higher part of its course near Uxbridge, continues for a good many miles to divide Bucks from Middlesex by one or other of these channels on their way to the Thames. The chief branch of the river, after flowing through Colnbrook, to which it gives its name, passes close by Horton. It is a darkish stream, frequently, like its sister-branches, flooding the lands along its course; which are accordingly kept in pasture. Close to Horton the Colne drives several mills. There are excellent wheatfields and beanfields in the neighbourhood; but the

greater proportion of the land is in grass; and in Milton's time the proportion of meadow to land under plough must have been much greater. On the whole, without taking into account the vicinity of other scenes of beauty and interest—including nothing less than royal Windsor itself, the towers and battlements of which govern the whole landscape—Horton was, and might still be, a most pleasant place of rural retirement either after London or after Cambridge. One could lie under elm-trees on a lawn, or saunter in meadows by the side of a stream, or watch a mill-wheel going from a rustic bridge, or walk along quiet roads well hedged, or deviate into paths leading by farm-yards and orchards, and through pastures for horses, cows and sheep. The occupations of the place were wholly agricultural; nor, indeed, was there anything of the nature of manufacture at that time in the whole county of Buckingham.

At present there are but seven families in Horton and its neighbourhood in a grade of life superior to that of tradesmen and husbandmen; and of the seven houses which these families inhabit only five have special names—Horton Manor House, The Rectory, Berkin Manor House, Horton Cottage, and Horton Cedars.[1] The probability is that, two hundred and thirty years ago, the economy of the place was much the same—that, out of a total population of some three or four hundred in the parish, only four or five families were considered as of the rank of gentry, and that these had their residences grouped in or close by the village, on spots corresponding to those similarly occupied now, and with corresponding names. The sites of several of these houses and the names of their occupants can still be identified.

Then, as now, the most important house in the neighbourhood was the *Manor House*, situated on an open tract of ground behind the church. The occupants of this house and the lords of the manor of Horton were the well-known Buckinghamshire family of the Bulstrodes—of the ancient Bulstrodes of Bulstrode in Hedgerly parish, about nine miles distant, and of Upton, about four miles distant, in the same

[1] Kelly's Post-office Directory for Bucks, 1854.

hundred of Bucks as that to which Horton belongs. Known from of old as the Bulstrodes of Hedgerly-Bulstrode and of Upton, the family had had connexions with Horton since the reign of Henry VI.;[1] and from 1571, at which date the registers of Horton commence, I find the births, marriages, and deaths of Bulstrodes almost incessant in the parish.[2] It seems, however, to have been after the death of Edward Bulstrode of Hedgerly-Bulstrode and Upton, in 1595, that Horton became the favourite residence of the *main* line of the Bulstrodes. This Edward, dying at the age of forty-eight, left a young family of sons and daughters by his wife Cecil or Cicely, daughter of Sir John Croke, of Chilton, Bucks. One of the daughters, Elizabeth Bulstrode, having married, in 1602, James, afterwards Sir James, Whitlocke, judge of the King's Bench, became the mother of the celebrated Bulstrode Whitlocke (born 1605); a younger son, Edward, born in 1586, entered the Inner Temple, and rose to distinction as a lawyer, under the patronage of Judge Whitlocke; but the bulk of the family property came to the eldest son, Henry Bulstrode, born at Upton in 1578. This Henry, though still styled of Hedgerly-Bulstrode and of Upton, as his ancestors had been, seems to have resided commonly, if not habitually, at Horton—at all events after his marriage, in or about 1602, with Mary, daughter of Thomas Read, of Barton, Berks. Of seven children borne to him by that wife before her death in 1614—Thomas, Henry, Edward, Elizabeth, Mary, Cicely, and Dorothy—I find the baptisms of four, and the burials of two who died young (Henry and Dorothy), recorded in the Horton register. The births of the others, including Thomas, the eldest son and heir, took place probably at Upton; where also, in the family vault of the Bulstrodes, was buried the mother (Dec. 1614), though her death occurred at Horton. A few months after her death (July 1615) Henry Bulstrode married a second wife—Bridget, widow of John Allen, citizen of London; and with her he continued to reside at Horton as

[1] *Liber Famelicus* of Sir James Whitlocke, edited by John Bruce, Esq. (1858), p. 28.

[2] The earliest entries of the name are the baptism-entries of "Edward Bowlstrode, the sonne of John Bowlstrode," in 1576, and "Margaret," daughter of the same John, in 1578.

before, increasing his property in the neighbourhood by new purchases. As he had no family by this second wife, it is his children by the first that furnish thenceforward the family incidents to the parish registers. They furnish a fair proportion. The marriage, indeed, of the eldest son, Thomas Bulstrode, with Coluberry, daughter of Simon Mayne, of Dinton (1625), took place elsewhere; but the young couple had not been long married when they came to reside at Horton, where their eldest son, Samuel, was baptized, Nov. 5, 1629, and their second, Simon, April 7, 1631, and where all their subsequent children were born. Moreover, at Horton took place the marriages of three others of the children of Henry Bulstrode—that of Mary to Thomas Knight, of Reading, Aug. 1630; that of Cicely to Philip Smith, Feb. 14, 1632–3; and that of Edward, the only other surviving son, to Mildred, daughter of George Brown, of Ashford, Kent, Sept. 24, 1633. This last couple, as well as Thomas and his wife, settle at Horton and contribute baptisms to the register; connected with which parish, accordingly, during the first year or eighteen months of Milton's stay there, there were three Bulstrodes, heads of families—the elderly squire and grandfather, Henry Bulstrode, Esq. now a widower by his second wife's death, in Oct. 1631 (buried at Upton); his eldest son, Thomas, the heir-apparent; and the younger son, Edward. What with such a resident colony of Bulstrodes, and what with the occasional visits of uncle Edward Bulstrode, the lawyer (advanced to be Lent-Reader of his Inn, in Nov. 1632), and of cousin Bulstrode Whitlocke, the younger but more distinguished lawyer of the Middle Temple, now in his twenty-eighth year, and by his father's recent death (June 22, 1632), proprietor of Fawley, in the same county of Bucks, but on the Oxfordshire border—Horton Manor House, as I fancy, must have been a somewhat bustling mansion when Milton first knew it. You could not take a walk through the village without tumbling over a little Bulstrode with a hoop, or meeting a little Bulstrode in long clothes. The elderly squire survived at the head of the colony till 1643, a man of note in the county, and with service on

the Parliamentary side in the civil wars reserved for his last years.[1]

Such of the Horton Bulstrodes as the Manor House could not contain were probably accommodated in another house, called *Place House*, which stood on the manorial grounds, but close to the church on the tower side, and with but a wall separating its garden from the churchyard. Of this mansion, which had been built in the reign of Elizabeth, a view still exists, from which we can judge it to have been a comfortable residence in the taste of that day.

A third house of some consequence in or near the village was *The Rectory*, inhabited, when Milton took up his abode in Horton, by the Rev. Edward Goodal, rector of the parish. He had been presented in 1631 by Henry Bulstrode, Esq., on the vacation of the living by the previous rector, Francis Boswell.[2] He had formerly been assistant to the celebrated Puritan minister, Thomas Gataker, of Rotherhithe—in which situation, it may be remembered, it is also believed that Milton's tutor, Young, officiated for a time. "Among the persons of note that had been his (Gataker's) assistants," says Simeon Ashe in his memoir of Gataker appended to his funeral sermon in 1655, was "Mr. Goodal, minister at Horton

[1] The foregoing particulars relative to the Bulstrode family have been digested from pedigrees in the Heralds' Visitations for Bucks in 1634 (Harl. MSS. 1102 and 1391), from Wood's Athenæ, III. 471-2, from Lipscombe's Buckinghamshire (IV. pp. 503, 572-5, &c. where, however, there are several errors), and from my own examination of the Horton parish registers. Some particulars have been supplied at the last moment by Sir James Whitlocke's *Liber Famelicus*, recently edited by Mr. Bruce (1858). Since writing the account in the text, I have also seen, in the State Paper Office, a correspondence, dated 1634, between Henry Bulstrode and the two officials of the College of Arms (J. Philpot, Somerset Herald, and W. Ryley, Bluemantle), who were engaged in that year in the Heralds' Visitation of Bucks. The correspondence consists of—(1) A letter from Henry Bulstrode, dated "Horton, 14th July, 1634," addressed to the two officials, excusing himself for not meeting them at Iver next day, according to summons, but stating that he has sent by his servant "such arms and matter of information for his descents as upon so short a time he could find;" (2) An angry reply of the officials, dated "— July, 1634," to the effect that the "scocheon" he had sent by his servant, having "more coats quartered than in the former visitation," and having been returned to him in consequence, with a demand for "further proof," and also for the Herald's fees, and he having not only neglected the demand, but made a talk of the affair among the gentry of the county, and "dissuaded others to inconformity," he is in consequence summoned to appear, on the 11th of October next, before the Earl of Arundel, as Earl Marshal, to answer for his contempt, under a penalty of £10, and "the farther peril and trouble that may ensue."

[2] Lipscombe's Buckinghamshire, under "Horton." The name of Goodal's predecessor is there given as William Boswell; but in the parish-registers I find it written "Francis."

by Colnbrook." There is no trace, however, of any such "notability" attained by Mr. Goodal as by Young. All we know of him is, that he did the duties of his parish from 1631 to 1652 for an income of about £100 a-year; lived with his wife Sarah in the Rectory; and wrote with his own hand, among the other entries of these twenty years in the parish books, the records of the baptisms and the deaths of some of his own little ones.

All these houses have disappeared,[1] nor does that fourth and still more interesting house in Horton remain in which Milton lived with his father. Todd, on making inquiry of the rector of Horton in 1808, was informed by letter from him that the house had been pulled down about ten years before that date —*i. e.* about 1798. This information was accompanied by no indication as to the site or appearance of the house which had been so pulled down; and though the rev. gentleman, who must have seen the house himself, lived till 1850, he does not seem to have been farther questioned on the subject. While he was still alive, however, there was a tradition at Horton, which has found its way into books, that Milton's house was one which stood on the site of a new mansion, called Berkin

[1] It may not be uninteresting here to trace, as far as possible, the subsequent history of the three houses named in the text:—

1. *The Manor House.*—The house, with the manor, came into possession of a new family, the Scawens, about 1658, who were lords of the manor till 1782, when one of them sold it. After a Mr. Cook, of Beaconsfield, and a Mrs. Hickford, as intermediate proprietors, Thomas Williams, Esq., M.P. purchased the manor in 1794; and it is now in the possession of his descendant, Thomas Peer Williams, Esq. The old manor-house in which, according to Lysons, in his MS. Collections for Buckinghamshire (Add. MS. Brit. Mus. 9439), "many arms of Bulstrode" were still to be seen when he wrote, was pulled down, except a small part, a few years before the publication of his printed account of Bucks in 1813.

2. *Place House.*—See Gent. Mag. for Aug. 1791, where an account is given of the history of the house. Early in last century it was occupied, under the Scawens, by the family of the Brerewoods. When they left it, it was rented for a long time by one Mayhew, a gardener; being much out of repair, it was demolished in or about 1775—a view of it having been taken two years before by F. Brerewood; and, for some time thereafter, the grounds attached to the house were let to a Mr. Cox for £22 10*s.* a year.—A fragment of an old brick-wall and arch still marks the site of *Place House* in the ground by the church.

3. *The Rectory.*—The present rectory does not seem to be the old one, being a comparatively modern-looking house, but with parts of it oldish, on the turn of the road from the village towards Colnbrook, and with a fine view of Windsor Castle and the intermediate country. I have especially to thank its occupant—the Rev. R. G. Foot, B.A. Rector of Horton—for his great kindness in answering my queries respecting Horton, and in permitting me to examine the parish registers at full leisure, and to make extracts from them.

Manor House, near the church, but on the opposite side of the road, with streams of water running through and along the grounds; and in the garden of this house there was shown, till the other day, the remnant of an apple-tree, under which, according to the innocent style of local legend about such things, Milton "used to compose his poetry." I have not been able either to authenticate this legend as to the site of Milton's house, or to disprove it.

In some house near the old church of Horton, at all events, and with the tower of the church close in view, had Milton's father chosen to spend his declining years, "retired from the cares and fatigues of the world."[1] His age at the time must have been about sixty-nine or seventy; that of his wife may have been many years less. Besides themselves and their servants, the only other constant inmate of the house was their son John. Their daughter, Mrs. Philips, now the mother of two surviving children, both of them sons, was living with her husband in London; and Christopher, as the following extract

[1] Three questions occur here, to which I cannot give satisfactory answers, but to which answers may yet turn up. 1. At what time did Milton's father retire to Horton? Milton, in the first of his Latin elegies, written to Diodati, during the supposed period of his rustication from Cambridge, in 1626, speaks of a delicious residence somewhere out of town—"*suburbani nobilis umbra loci*"—as then one of his pleasures alternately with the theatricals and other gaieties of London. Can the "*locus suburbanus*" mentioned thus early be the house at Horton? The term "*suburbanus*" would seem inappropriate to a place distant eighteen miles from London; but in a subsequent letter of Dec. 14, 1634, Milton uses the same term, when it is most natural to suppose that he was writing from Horton. He dates the letter "*E suburbano nostro.*" Again, in the seventh of the Academic Prolusions (delivered, probably, in Milton's last college session of 1631-2), he speaks of the "groves, and rivers, and beloved village elms," amid which, in the preceding summer, he had spent a delightful vacation, and the recollection of which was still with him; and this *may* refer to Horton. On the whole, my impression is that, though the house at Horton may have been taken by the elder Milton some little time before 1632, it cannot have been long before; and I am inclined to think that the "*locus suburbanus*" of 1626 was some other place which the old gentleman may have had nearer London. The manner in which Milton speaks of his retiring to Horton, on leaving Cambridge, seems to indicate that the place was rather new to him. If we suppose that the vacation of 1631 was the first he had spent there, the enthusiasm of his allusions in the Prolusio would be accounted for. 2. Had the elder Milton *purchased* a house and land at Horton; or did he only hold a house and grounds by rent on lease? The second supposition is the more probable; as there is no mention of Miltons among the landed gentry of Bucks in the Visitation of 1634, and no mention of any subsequent possession or sale of lands there by the family. 3. If the house and grounds were held by tenancy, from whom were they held? Warton, in a note on Milton's *Epitaphium Damonis* (quoted by Todd, VII. 381), says, "His father's house and lands at Horton, near Colnbrook, were held under the Earl of Bridgewater." No authority is given for this statement, nor have I been able to find any. The Bulstrodes were the chief proprietors of land about Horton.

will prove, can also have been but an occasional visitor at this time at the house in Horton :—

"Christopher Milton, second son of John Milton of London, gentleman, admitted of the Inner Temple, 22d September, 1632."[1]

It thus appears that Christopher Milton was removed from Christ's College, Cambridge, at the same time as his brother John (July 1632), having been there only two years, and consequently having taken no degree ; and that, at the age of sixteen years and nine months, he began the professional study of the law in London. The Inn at which he was entered was that to which Edward Bulstrode, and also Selden, belonged.

When the materials relating to Milton's life at Horton are examined, it is found that they are considerably more rich for the first two years and five months of the entire period, than for what remains ; and that, in fact, these first two years and five months at Horton, during which the poet advanced from the middle of his twenty-fourth to the end of his twenty-sixth year (July 1632 to December 1634), form a little sub-section of his total life, having a certain unity within itself, as of a picture related to others but separately framed. It will be best, therefore, to view the occupations of these two years and five months in a collective manner, while dating, as far as possible, their individual incidents.

In the first place, as this was the period in Milton's life for taking in those "images of rural nature," in as far as such were still wanting, which poets are supposed pre-eminently to require, so, we have reason to believe, his senses did not cater idly amid the scenery and circumstances of his new home for the supply of his imagination. Look back, reader, and see him as I do ! Now, under the elms on his father's lawn, he listens to the rural hum, and marks the branches as they wave, and the birds as they fly ; now, in the garden, he notes the annual series of the plants and the daily blooming of the roses. In his walks in the neighbourhood, also, he observes not only the wayside vegetation, but the whole wide face of the landscape,

[1] Note from the books of the Inner Temple, obtained for me by F. Lawrence, Esq. Barrister-at-Law.

rich in wood and meadow, to the royal towers of Windsor and the bounding line of the low Surrey hills. Over this landscape, changing its livery from day to day, fall the varying seasons. Light green spring comes with its showers and its days of keener blue, when nature is warm at the root, and all things gain in liveliness; spring changes into summer, when all is one wealth of leafage, and the gorgeous bloom of the orchards passes into the forming fruit; summer deepens into autumn, gathering the tanned haycocks and tumbling the golden grain; and, at last, when the brown and yellow leaves have fallen, and the winds have blown them and the rains rotted them, comes winter with his biting breath, and the fields are either all white so that the most familiar eye hardly knows them, or they lie in mire, and, in the dull brumous air, the stripped stems and netted twig-work of the trees are like a painting in China ink. And these seasons have each their occupations. Now the plough is afield; now the sower casts the seed; now the sheep are shorn; now the mower whets his scythe. There is, moreover, the quicker continual alternation of night and day, dipping the landscape in darkness or in lunar tints, and bringing it back again, as Aurora rises, in all the colours of the morn. In summer the twilight steals slowly over the lawn, and, seated at the open window, the poet, who has heard the lark's carol abroad by day, will listen, in the stillness, for the first song of the nightingale; and, when the night is farther advanced, may there not be a walk on the lawn, to observe the trembling tops of the poplars, and to drink, ere the soul is done with that day more, the solemnising glory of the tranquil stars? Look on, thou glorious youth, at stars and trees, at the beauties of day and the beauties of night, at the changing aspects of the seasons, and at all that the seasons bring! No future years of thy life, perchance, will be so happy and calm as these; and a time comes, at all events, when what thine eye shall have already gathered of nature's facts and appearances must suffice thee for ever, and when, judging thy chambers of imagery sufficiently furnished, God will shut thee in!

Not the scenery alone about Horton, but the little society

of the village itself, becomes gradually known to the scrivener's thoughtful son. As he saunters along the road, handsome and fair-haired, the field-labourers and servants touch their hats to him, and think him a little haughty. He comes to know the Hawkinses, the Spensers, the Bowdens, the Michells, and the other denizens of the place, of sufficient standing to take their turn as churchwardens. He visits the Bulstrodes at the Manor House or at Place House, and Mr. Goodal at the rectory, or he meets these and others sometimes under his father's roof. Every Sunday, in any case, he is one of the little congregation in Horton Church, when all Horton is gathered under his eye; and, as he sits in the pew with his father and mother, and listens to Mr. Goodal's sermon, mayhap the presence of the young scholar and critic from Cambridge moves Mr. Goodal to a more ingenious strain than need be, and secures for the parish their rector's very best.

Walks in the environs of Horton there must, of course, have been. The most frequent would be to Colnbrook; along the narrow street of which, to the bridge over the Colne, Milton must have often strayed, passing those old gabled houses, some of which still stand, and loitering by the gateways of the quaint old inns. Not seldom, however, the walk would be along the banks of the Colne, the other way from Horton, towards Wraysbury and the Thames, and on to within view of Magna Charta island, and of the famous field of Runnymede. Nor would walks be unfrequent in still another direction—from Horton to its neighbouring village Datchet, with Windsor Castle fixing the eye all along the road; and thence either to Windsor itself, past Datchet mead, where fat Sir John was tumbled into the Thames out of the buck-basket, and through the park where he was pinched and scorched by the fairies, or aside to academic Eton, where Sir Henry Wotton ruled the College as provost, and one of the fellows was the learned Hales. All this, without mentioning possible excursions to a still greater distance over the Chiltern Hundreds and the adjoining counties.

By far the most frequent journeys, however, as Milton himself informs us, were to London, the distance to which

was but two hours of good riding, or five of steady walking, with Brentford to break the journey in the middle; and where there were Christopher's rooms or Mrs. Philips's house to receive him, if the old house in Bread-street was let to strangers. Whatever new acquaintances Milton made in these occasional visits to London,—sometimes, perhaps, for a week together,—he kept up closely his acquaintance with the Gills. It was not young Gill's fault if either he or his father were long out of the public mouth; and in 1632 he got into another of his scrapes. There was, it may be remembered, a standing feud between Ben Jonson and the Gill family—Ben having attacked old Mr. Gill as early as 1623 for his patronage of Wither's satires.[1] This had rankled in young Gill's mind, and in the winter of 1632 he had an opportunity for revenge. "Ben Jonson, who I thought dead," writes Mr. Pory to Sir Thomas Puckering, September 20, 1632, "has written a play against next term, called *The Magnetic Lady*."[2] This, the last but one of all Ben's regular plays, was, it seems, a greater failure on the stage than even its predecessor, *The New Inn*. It was expected that, as usual, Ben would print it to show the public that they were fools; and, in anticipation of this, Gill wrote and circulated the following squib:—

"Upon Ben Jonson's Magnetick Lady.

'*Parturiunt montes, nascetur*,' &c.

"Is this your loadstone, Ben, that must attract
Applause and laughter at each scene and act?
Is this the child of your bed-ridden wit,
And none but the Blackfriars foster it? * *
O, how thy friend Nat Butter 'gan to melt
When as the poorness of thy plot he smelt,
And Inigo with laughter there grew fat
That there was nothing worth the laughing at!
And yet thou crazy art and confident,
Belching out full-mouthed oaths with foul intent,
Calling us fools and rogues, unlettered men,
Poor narrow souls that cannot judge of Ben!
Yet, (which is worse,) after three shameful foils,
The printers must be put to farther toils;

[1] See antè, p. 439.
[2] Harl. MS. quoted by Gifford. See also Collier's Annals of the Stage, II. 43, 44.

Whereas, indeed, to vindicate thy fame,
Thou hadst better given thy pamphlet to the flame.
O what a strange prodigious year 'twill be
If this thy play come forth in Thirty-three!
Let doomsday rather come on New Year's Eve!

* * * *

But, to advise thee, Ben: in this strict age
A brick-bill's fitter for thee than a stage;
Thou better knows a groundsel how to lay
Than lay the plot or groundwork of a play;
And better canst direct to cap a chimney
Than to converse with Clio and Polyhymny.
Fall then to work in thy old age again;
Take up your trug and trowel, gentle Ben!"[1]

This attack naturally provoked Ben's admirers; and one of them, Zouch Townley, replied to it. But Ben liked to settle his own quarrels; and the following is a fragment of an answer he wrote:—

"Shall the prosperity of a pardon still
Secure thy railing rhymes, infamous Gill,
At libelling? Shall no Star-chamber peers,
Pillory, nor whip, nor want of ears,
All which thou hast incurred deservedly,
Nor degradation from the ministry
To be the Denis of thy father's school,
Keep in thy bawling wit, thou bawling fool?
Thinking to stir me, then hast thou lost thy end.
I'll laugh at thee, poor wretched tyke. Go send
Thy blatant muse abroad, and teach it rather
A tune to drown the ballads of thy father;
For thou hast nought in thee to cure his fame
But tune and noise, the echo of his shame—
A rogue by statute, censured to be whipt,
Cropt, branded, slit, neck-stockt. Go, you are stript!"

Interested, doubtless, in such matters relating to his friends, Milton visited London, he tells us, for certain special objects —to buy books to carry back with him to Horton, and to take lessons in mathematics and in music. Among the mathematical teachers of that day in London, it would be difficult to name any that were so well known as John

[1] Quoted (more fully) from the MS. in the Ashmolean, by Bliss in his edition of Wood's Athenæ, II. 598-9. It is there quoted under the impression that the author was Gill the elder; but Bliss corrects the mistake in a note to the subsequent article on the younger Gill, in vol. III. p. 42.

Greaves, professor of geometry, and Henry Gellibrand, professor of astronomy, in Gresham College; nor does there seem to have been any high mathematical teaching in London, except in connexion with that institution. In music, besides some survivors of the older English school, there were now younger celebrities. Among these were the two brothers, William and Henry Lawes.

Sons of Thomas Lawes, a vicar-choral of Salisbury Cathedral, the brothers had been trained from their childhood for the profession of music. They had both been taken into the service of Charles I. as gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, servants of "the private Musick," and what not. William was considerably the elder; Henry had been born in 1600. The reputation of both as composers was already well established; their airs, fantasias, catches, &c. were in circulation in manuscript; and their services were beginning to be much in request for the music to new masques. From the manner in which they are always spoken of, they seem both to have been men of upright and amiable character; and the face of Henry, in an extant portrait of him by Faithorne, has a certain fine seriousness which is highly pleasing. He was destined to a wider and longer celebrity than his brother. About the year 1632, with something of that fame still to make, he was much employed as a teacher of music in noble and wealthy families. He had a special appointment of this kind in the family of the Earl of Bridgewater, the young members of which, and particularly the young ladies, were among his most hopeful pupils. Through this connexion and his connexion with the court, he had a wide circle of acquaintances, including Carew, Herrick, Davenant, Waller, and other wits and poets. Bulstrode Whitlocke, who had no small name among his lawyer friends as an amateur in music, knew Lawes well; and I have found the shade of a possibility that he had given lessons to some of the Bulstrodes of Horton. That Milton, a passionate lover of music, and now cultivating that art by regular study, should come to know Lawes, was a matter of course. He probably took lessons from him.

After all, Milton's visits to London, whether for mathematics

or for music, were but occasional; and his time was spent chiefly at Horton in quiet study. "There," he says, "I spent a complete holiday in turning over the Greek and Latin writers (*evolvendis Græcis Latinisque scriptoribus*);" and the words imply a good collection of books, and a steady course of reading in them. From various circumstances we should judge that about this time he read more assiduously in the Greek writers than he had formerly done. The existence of a copy of Aratus, which he had bought in 1631, and which is annotated here and there by his hand, has been already mentioned. There are also extant copies of two other Greek authors, bearing his name on their fly-leaves and annotations in his hand on the margin throughout—the one a copy of Paul Stephens's edition of Euripides, in two volumes quarto, published in 1602; the other a copy of Lycophron. Both were purchased by him in 1634—the Euripides for 12*s.* 6*d.* and the Lycophron for 3*s.*[1] It was probably about this time, too, that Milton's "ceaseless round of study and reading" led him from "the laureate fraternity of poets," and from those "orators and historians" who had been chiefly associated with the poets in the classic studies of the University, on "to the shady spaces of philosophy," as hidden more especially in the volumes of Xenophon and Plato. Of Milton's early reverence for Plato we have already had occasional indications; but no reader of his works can doubt that there must have been some period of his life in particular when he drank deeply of the Platonic philosophy.

If Milton's readings in the classics and (as there is also reason to believe) in the Italian writers were assiduous during

[1] The *Euripides* was in the possession of Francis Hare, Bishop of Chichester, on whose death, in 1740, it became the property of John Whiston, a bookseller. From him it was bought by Dr. Birch, in 1754; after whose death it became the property of Joseph Cradock, Esq. of Gumly, in Leicestershire. When Dr. Johnson wrote his Life of Milton, in 1779, the book, by Mr. "Cradock's kindness" was in his hands. "The margin," he says, "is sometimes noted, but I have found nothing remarkable." Barnes, however, had previously used it for his edition of Euripides; and Richard Paul Jodrell, in his "Illustrations of Euripides," in 1781, adopts one or two of the MS. readings, and accuses Barnes of having availed himself of the book without acknowledgment. By Mr. Cradock the book was bequeathed to the late Sir Henry Halford; and beyond this point I have not traced it. The copy of *Lycophron*, according to Todd, was, in 1809, in the possession of Lord Charlemont, and had been used by Mr. Meen, with a view to a new edition of the poet.

the first two years and a half of his residence at Horton, it is not to be supposed that he neglected during that time the literature of his own country. Not to mention the older English classics, there were the contemporary issues of the English press from which he might cull books that suited him. Of the books registered for publication in London during the first half-year of the period under notice a list has already been given. The registers for the year 1633 exhibit a list of 154 new publications or transfers of copyright—including new plays by Shirley, Ford, Shakerley Marmion, Heywood, Gervase Markham, and Decker; also poems and translations by May; and sermons and theological tracts by Bishop Hall and by Sibbes. For the year 1634, we find 126 publications or transfers registered—including a tragedy by Ford, Wither's Emblems, a Treatise on Decimals by W. Barton, Habington's Castara, Quarles's Emblems, a play by Massinger, a play by Shirley, and various theological works.

Meanwhile Milton's own muse was not idle. The first two years and a half of his residence at Horton were the period of the composition of at least five new English poems—his *Sonnet to the Nightingale*, his *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, his *Arcades* and his *Comus*. The date of the composition of *Comus*, the most important of the five, is certainly known to have been the year 1634; and that the other four preceded it is matter of most probable inference.[1] It is for us here to examine these celebrated poems not so much critically as biographically. It is a fact not to be forgotten in the history of Buckinghamshire that they were written at Horton.

I. Sonnet to the Nightingale. Only once before—in his sonnet "On being arrived to the Age of Twenty-three"—had Milton tried his hand in that "Petrarchian stanza," which his readings in the Italian poets had made familiar to his ear. He now ventures on this "stanza" a second time:—

> "O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
> Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,

[1] The inference is partly from the nature of the poems themselves, and partly from the order in which they stand in the first edition of Milton's Poems, in 1645, and in the reprint, in 1673.

Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love! O, if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I."

Here we have, shall we say, Milton's salutation at Horton to the spring or early summer of the year 1633? It is the quickening season of Nature, when the fancies of youth turn lightly to thoughts of love. He who in that season hears the nightingale before the cuckoo will wed or woo fortunately before the year is over; he who hears the cuckoo first need expect no such good hap! Recollecting this, the poet listens in a still evening for the omen of his fate. Will the nightingale first begin her song from that bloomy spray; or, ere her song can be heard, will the wandering voice of the cuckoo be heard somewhere amid the neighbouring groves? Surely in past years the cuckoo has been heard first, for now is the poet in the prime of youth, and yet he is neither wedded nor a wooer! Whether the song bode success in poesy or success in love, O may it be the nightingale this year!

II. and III. L'Allegro and Il Penseroso. It is possible that the notion of such a pair of short compositions, collecting and weaving together the circumstances in nature and life, suggestive to the recluse of cheerfulness on the one hand and of melancholy on the other, may have occurred to Milton in the course of his readings; and his commentators have referred, with considerable plausibility, to certain passages in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," and to a song in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "Nice Valour," as having helped him not only to the notion, but also to some of his

fancies and phrases in carrying it out.[1] Be this as it may, he certainly did what no English poet had done before, when he resolved to provide our language with two companion poems dedicated to the two conditions of mind. The exquisite feeling with which circumstances were chosen or invented in true poetic relation to the two moods, and the imaginative subtlety and musical art in expression with which they were woven together, made the success of the attempt complete; and, while our language lasts, these two beautiful compositions will have a place by themselves, safe from the possibility of being ever superseded.

In the *Allegro*, the poet bids Melancholy begone, and invokes Mirth or Euphrosyne, the daughter of Bacchus and Venus, or rather of Zephyr and Aurora. Let her come attended by Jest and Jollity, Sport and Laughter; let her come dancing and leading forth with her the mountain nymph Liberty. The time is early morning, for the pleasures in joining her train are, first of all, these:—

"To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night

[1] In the elaborate notes of Warton and Todd on Milton's poetry, it is the custom of these critics to accumulate from the writings of poets and others previous to Milton's time, the passages which they think may possibly have suggested to him his topics and thoughts, or have helped him to his images. The result often is, that there is not a single line, or, at least, a single sentence, in the poem that chances to be under notice, which is not represented as composed of ideas and phrases recollected by Milton, as he wrote, out of classical, Italian, or English poets. Applying this to the *Allegro* and the *Penseroso*, Warton and Todd first find suggestions of the subjects and of the train of thought in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," in a song in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Nice Valour," in some lines in Marlowe's "Passionate Shepherd," and in some lines in Marston's "Scourge of Villany;" and then, taking each sentence in the two poems individually, they produce parallel passages, which they suppose Milton may have had in his mind, from a round of earlier poets and prose writers. The *Allegro*, which consists of but 152 lines, is illustrated by at least that number of parallel passages, industriously collected from Shakespeare, Spenser, Sylvester, Ben Jonson, Drayton, Browne, John Fletcher, Phineas Fletcher, Marston, Sidney, Chaucer, Drummond, Sandys, Burton, Brathwayte, Lilly, Peacham, Buchanan, Ovid, Statius, Tasso, Sannazaro, and a translation of Boccaccio. The *Penseroso*, which consists of 176 lines, is morselled out among the same writers, and a few others, with equal minuteness. Neither Warton nor Todd intended, in all this, to be in any degree disrespectful to Milton, or to imply the least derogation from his poetic originality. It is impossible to glance, however, at a single page of their annotations on any of Milton's poems without seeing that they pushed their system of annotation to the verge of the ridiculous. As illustrations of a certain natural similarity of thought and expression, always to be found among poets, or even of the existence among the poets of a particular age of a traditional vocabulary and common forms of rhetoric, their collections of parallel passages are often interesting; but, as elucidating Milton's mode of composition and the origin of his phrases and fancies, they are seldom relevant.

From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow
Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine,
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack or the barn-door
Stoutly struts his dames before,—
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill
Through the high wood echoing shrill;
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land;
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landskip round it measures—
Russet lawns and fallows grey
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide:
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes."

Then, as day advances, according to the season, it will be the reapers at their work or at their dinner among the

sheaves, or the haymakers in the meadow, that will be the objects of sight; or, it may be, should it chance to be holiday-time and the waning day be fine, the dance of the youths and maidens from the hamlets round under some chequered shade to the sound of the rebeck, while the merry bells are ringing and the older folks look on. When the daylight fails, then to other amusements—the nut-brown ale on the cottage-bench, and the stories to accompany it of fairies and goblins and the nightly pranks of Robin Goodfellow! After a round of such stories, the rustics go to their early rest; and then it is that the poet, still in the cheerful mood, would change the scene:—

> "Towered cities please us then,
> And the busy hum of men:"

the meaning of which is not necessarily that then the poet conceives himself personally taken from the country to the city, but that, still in the country, he may, after the rustics have retired to rest, farther protract *his* more educated day by imaginations of the city over delightful books. Over the lighter old romances or over modern masques, he would be present at splendid city-pageants of knights and ladies. There might be literary pleasure still more real in the pages of the dramatic poets, taking one anon to the well-trod stage; where

> "If Jonson's learned sock be on,
> Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
> Warble his native wood-notes wild,"

what truer gaiety can heart desire? But even, after Jonson or Shakespeare in their finest comedies, let the closing rapture still be in music—soft Lydian airs married to immortal verse, piercing the soul in notes of linked sweetness, such as Orpheus would raise his head to listen to from his bed of heaped-up flowers in Elysium, or as, had Pluto himself heard them, would have moved him to set free his half-regained Eurydice!

The *Penseroso* is constructed on the principle of contrast to the *Allegro*, part for part. Bidding Mirth begone, the poet

invokes the divine maid Melancholy, the daughter of Saturn and Vesta. Let her come robed in pensive black, with rapt heaven-directed eyes, attended by Peace, spare Fast, retired Leisure, and, above all, the cherub Contemplation! And the time of *her* coming will, of course, be the evening, when, if there is aught to break the silence, it will be the song of the nightingale :—

> "Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
> Most musical, most melancholy!
> Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among,
> I woo, to hear thy even-song;
> And, missing thee, I walk unseen
> On the dry smooth-shaven green,
> To behold the wandering moon
> Riding near her highest noon,
> Like one that hath been led astray
> Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
> And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
> Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
> Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
> I hear the far-off curfew sound
> Over some wide-watered shore,
> Swingeing slow with sullen roar."

These, the nocturnal sights and sounds, it is that befit the mood of melancholy. Or, should the air without not permit, then let the place be some room where the glowing embers but make the gloom more solemn, and where nothing is heard but the cricket on the hearth or the drowsy voice of the passing bellman! Later, towards midnight, the lamp will be lit in some high tower-chamber, within which, as the solitary light is seen from afar, the pale student will outwatch the Bear in communing with mystical Hermes, or unsphere the soul of Plato from his writings, to learn the deeper secrets of his philosophy, and how the mind of man is but a messenger from prior regions of the universal, and all the stars and the elements are filled with parts of one harmonious being. Or, should the books not be those of philosophy but of poesy, then the poesy will be that of fate and tragedy, such

as the severe Greek muse gave to the ancient world, or whatever in a similar strain the efforts of modern genius may more rarely have bodied forth. O, that the song of Musæus or of Orpheus could be revived! Or what more fit than parts of old Chaucer—

> "Him that left half told
> The story of Cambuscan bold,
> Of Camball and of Algarsife,
> And who had Canace to wife,
> That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
> And of the wondrous horse of brass
> On which the Tartar King did ride"?

Or of Spenser and other great bards who

> "In sage and solemn tunes have sung
> Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
> Of forests and enchantments drear,
> When more is meant than meets the ear"?

In such studies and weirdly phantasies let the night pass; and let the morning slowly break on the watcher, not clear and gay, but sombre and cloudy, the winds rocking the trees, and the big rain-drops that the night has gathered falling audibly one by one. Then, when the sun is abroad and his beams have dried up the showers, let the watcher, his pillow yet untouched, sally forth only to lose himself in the depths of some forest of monumental oaks or pines, and, recumbent in some close covert by a brook, be hushed to sleep by the hum of bees and the gush of a waterfall. Let mysterious dreams come in his sleep, and, when he awakes, let it be as if surrounded by spiritual music. His heart full of such music, whither can his returning footsteps take him, ere the new day has fully begun, but to the studious cloisters of the cathedral near? There let his due feet never fail. Let him love

> "The high-embowed roof
> With antique pillars massy proof,
> And storied windows richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light.

There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below
In service high and anthems clear."

And so, thoughtfully, day after day, let his time pass, till old age shall find him a holy hermit, whose wisdom in the past may have something in it of a prophetic strain !

"These pleasures, Melancholy, give ;
And I with thee will choose to live."

In the *Allegro* and *Penseroso* we have poetry in its most quiet intellectual essence, neither elevated into song by the lyric passion, nor recommended to non-poetic tastes by the occasional interfusion of pungent particles of doctrine. They belong, on the whole, to the idyllic or sensuous-ideal class of compositions, in which we see the poet relaxing himself for his own pleasure in the calmest possible exercise of his peculiar intellectual habit. In few poems in our language could the nature of the purely poetic or imaginative mode of cogitation be better studied ; and, in the fact that these two poems of such pure and unperturbed phantasy were written by Milton at this particular period of his life, we seem to have an indication that, in his retirement at Horton, he felt himself induced by his new circumstances to lay to sleep for the time certain dogmatic elements in his constitution, which had necessarily appeared in his conduct and in his writings amid the bustle of the University, and to cultivate, in his own compositions, though not exclusively in his readings, the one dear gift which he preferred of all his endowments.

It is but the same remark in another form to say that these two poems afford fresh evidence of the fact, otherwise demonstrable, that, while Milton's readings in preceding and contemporary English poetry were very extensive, his chief favourites among immediately preceding poets were those whom we have called the Spenserians. To this succession of the Spenserians, if to any literary succession at all, did Milton himself belong. "Milton," says Dryden, "was the poetical son of Spenser, for we [poets] have our lineal descents and clans as well as other

families." Nor was this only Dryden's opinion; for he adds, "Milton has acknowledged to me that Spenser was his original."[1] It is in such preceding poetry, accordingly, as that of Browne in his pastorals, of Giles and Phineas Fletcher, of Drummond of Hawthornden, of Ben Jonson in his masques, and of Fletcher and other dramatists in the corresponding parts of their works, that we see the nearest resemblances, both in matter and in form, to the *Ode on the Death of a Fair Infant*, the *Hymn on the Nativity*, and the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*.

But if, in virtue of the matter and form of these poems, Milton, at this period of his life, might be linked with the Spenserian succession, he was already, on the same evidence, a Spenserian with important differences. If imagination is the faculty of the poet, it is so only in the sense that the imagination of every particular poet is the whole mind of that poet thrown into the act of imagining; and hence, in subordination to the general similarity which all poetry will have as the produce of imaginative effort, there are the differences arising from the total mental diversities of those who are really poets. Accordingly, as in all that Milton had yet written, a critic the most capable of tracing his relations to the Spenserian school could have had little difficulty in recognising a certain assemblage of qualities peculiarly Miltonic, so he would have identified these in the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*. Most remarkable perhaps was a certain solemnity of tone mingling with the sensuous beauty even where it was lightest and most graceful. There were, besides, the evidences of a mind furnished even to repletion with classical learning, and trained and disciplined to logical accuracy in the use of speech. Word follows word, and clause fits into clause in Milton's verse, with a precision and a neatness not usual even among the most careful of the Spenserians, and proving the severity of his understanding in respect of what he himself wrote. Adding to this that subtler and more inventive and musical feeling for beauty which belonged to him as a poet, we see him distinguished most obviously

[1] Preface to "Fables."

perhaps from all the Spenserians after Spenser himself by consummate artistic taste. All in all, a critic might have predicted that if any one, belonging to the Spenserian succession in virtue of the general cast of his genius, was likely to break that succession, and become himself a nearer point of reference in the history of English non-dramatic poetry, in virtue of distinct personal peculiarities, it was the young poet of Horton.

So far as the scenery in the *Allegro* and *Penseroso* is taken from any one place, the credit may be given to Horton and its neighbourhood. In the morning scene in the *Allegro*, nearly all the details of the landscape are such as Horton would furnish to this day; and, though other localities in southern England would furnish most of them quite as well, one or two might be claimed by Horton as not so common. The "towers and battlements"

"Bosomed high in tufted trees"

are almost evidently Windsor Castle; and a characteristic morning sound at Horton to this day, we are told, is that of "the hounds and horn" from Windsor Park, when the royal huntsmen are out. That Milton, however, did not adhere, and did not mean to adhere to local truth of detail,—in other words, that the poem was intended not as the description of any actual scene, but as the generalized visual illustration of a mood, and so as something higher in kind than any mere description,—is seen from his

"Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest"—

a feature for which the scenery of Horton furnishes no original. So, in the *Penseroso*, the sound of the distant roar of the sea is, as regards any part of Buckinghamshire, equally ideal. The Gothic cathedral, in whose cloisters the pensive man walks in the morning, is also, of course, an addition to Horton from recollections of other places. With these exceptions, the landscape of the *Penseroso* may be that of the *Allegro* made melancholy by moonlight.

IV. AND V. ARCADES AND COMUS. In these two compositions of Milton, both written in his twenty-sixth year, we have

exhibitions of his poetic genius on a more extensive scale, and with interesting variations, appertaining to the form of literature of which they are examples. That form, now obsolete, was well known in the seventeenth century under the name of the Masque.

In the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth, and throughout the reign of James I. the masque was the favourite form of private theatricals. If the sovereign visited a subject, —nay, if one distinguished subject visited another ceremoniously,—it was essential that part of the ceremonial should consist of an acted pageant, with speeches, &c. by persons allegorically dressed, stationed at the park-gate, and accompanying the visitor to the great hall of the mansion, there to conclude the allegory in more elaborate scenic effects and more pertinent compliments and gratulations. The preparation of such pageants, on commission from those who required them, had at last become a regular part of the dramatic profession; and in the hands of such men as Chapman, Fletcher, and, above all, Ben Jonson, the literary capabilities of the masque were extended and perfected. In the matters of music, machinery, and decoration, there was a corresponding improvement under the superintendence of such artists as Inigo Jones. On the part of the poet, the business was to seize the meaning of the occasion in celebration of which the masque was held—the birthday or marriage, the royal visit to the city, the reception of an ambassador, or the like; then to invent some allegory, or adapt some scrap of Grecian mythology or mediæval and chivalrous legend, in the action of which the meaning could somehow be symbolised, while at the same time room was left for dances, comicalities, and the expected songs and duets. The machinist, on his part, receiving the allegory from the poet, or concocting it with him, had to devise the visual effects and surprises required for its proper presentation—the desert, or piece of wooded scenery, or the bit of sea-shore with which the story opened; the rocks, grottoes, castles, &c. into which the scenes changed; the white clouds descending from the sky, out of which came the resplendent maiden or the goddess of the

spot; the rain, the thunder, and the bursts of beautiful colour; the appropriate dress for nymphs and nereids, satyrs and sea-gods, negroes or pigmies, or whatever fantastic beings glided or gambolled, spoke or sang. Finally, much depended on the skill of the masquers in their parts, and their willingness to spend money beforehand in rich costumes.

As the pastoral or idyl, from the entire ideality of its nature, was a form of poetry to which Spenser and other poets betook themselves by instinct, so, and for the same reason, the masque might be regarded as an outstanding species of dramatic poetry reserved by the dramatic poets in order to exercise therein, without going quite beyond the bounds of the drama, that passion for pure sensuous invention, with which, as poets, they could not quite dispense, and for which ordinary tragedy, ordinary comedy, and ordinary history did not afford sufficient scope. We find, indeed, that the pastoral was occasionally, in practice, blended with the masque, so as to give rise to a peculiar kind of drama called the dramatic pastoral. Shakespeare, though he has given us no masques, has given us in his "Midsummer Night's Dream" and his "Tempest," wonderful specimens of some such kind of dramatic phantasies; and there are instances still more exact of compositions intermediate between the Spenserian pastoral and the regular drama, in Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess," and Ben Jonson's "Sad Shepherd."

About the year 1633, as has been mentioned in the preceding chapter, a factitious impulse for the time was given to dramatic entertainments generally in London by the indignant reaction against Prynne's *Histriomastix*. While punishment on account of the book was being prepared for the author by Laud, all the loyal were on the alert to show how they resented the insult to majesty conveyed in a terrible phrase in the index, supposed (though erroneously) to have reference to the queen's having recently acted in a pastoral at Somerset House. Above all, as Prynne was a barrister and had dedicated his book to the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn, this feeling rose to enthusiasm among the lawyers. "About Allhallowtide [Nov. 1633],"

says Bulstrode Whitlocke, "several of the principal members "of the Society of the four Inns of Court, amongst whom "some were servants to the king, had a design that the Inns "of Court should present their service to the king and queen "and testify their affections to them by the outward and "splendid visible testimony of a royal masque of all the four "societies joining together, to be by them brought to the Court "as an expression of their love and duty to their majesties. "This was hinted at in the Court, and by them intimated to "the chief of these societies that it would be well taken from "them."[1] In short, it was settled that there should be such a masque at the expense of the four Inns as had never before been presented in England; and a committee was appointed to make all the arrangements.

The committee consisted of two members from each society —from the Middle Temple, Mr. Hyde and Whitlocke himself; from the Inner Temple, Selden and Sir Edward Herbert; from Lincoln's Inn, Mr. Attorney-General Noy and Mr. Gerling; and from Gray's Inn, Mr. John Finch and another. This committee appointed several sub-committees for the different parts of the business. "To me in particular," says Whitlocke, "was committed the whole care and charge of all the music for this great masque;" and he informs us that he selected Mr. Simon Ivy and Mr. Henry Lawes to compose all the airs, lessons, songs, &c. and to be masters of all the music under him, besides securing the services of four Frenchmen, musicians of the Queen's Chapel, and all Italians and Germans, as well as natives, noted for their musical talent in London. Meanwhile Shirley had been appointed to write the poetry; Inigo Jones had undertaken the machinery; Selden's antiquarian knowledge was in request for costumes, &c.; Noy, Hyde, and the others were doing their parts; and a selection had been made of four of the handsomest young barristers from each Inn, or sixteen splendid fellows in all, to be the chief masquers and do the dancing. The Banquetting House at Whitehall was suitably prepared, a stage erected, &c.; and, at last, on Candlemas Night (Feb 3, 1633-4), after many rehearsals, infinite

[1] Whitlocke's Memorials, *sub anno* 1633.

pains, and some disputes about precedency, the great affair came off.

On that day, in the afternoon, all the masquers, musicians, actors, &c. met at Ely House, Holborn; and, in the evening, everything being ready, the procession set out, moving down Chancery-lane towards Whitehall. First went twenty footmen in scarlet liveries and silver lace, as marshal-men to clear the way; then Mr. Darrel of Lincoln's Inn, "an extraordinary handsome proper gentleman," as marshal-in-chief, gorgeously mounted, and with lackeys carrying torches before him; then one hundred gentlemen of the Inns (twenty-five from each) selected for their handsomeness, each mounted on a fine horse and splendidly apparelled, with lackeys carrying torches and pages carrying cloaks. "The richness of their apparel and "furniture," says Whitlocke, "glittering by the light of the "multitude of torches attending on them, with the motion and "stirring of their mettled horses and the many and various "gay liveries of their servants, but especially the personal "beauty and gallantry of the handsome young gentlemen, "made the most glorious and splendid show that ever was "beheld in England." So much for the first part of the procession, which was attended by its own proper music. Next came a still more popular part—the antimasquers or comic and satirical part. Of these first came an antimasque of cripples and beggars mounted on pitiful horses, "the poorest, leanest jades that could be anywhere gotten," with a music of keys and tongs, and with habits and properties on the grotesqueness of which Noy and Selden had lavished all their ingenuity. Then, preceded by "men on horseback playing upon pipes, whistles, and instruments sounding notes like those of birds of all sorts and in excellent concert," came an antimasque of birds—to wit, "an owl in an ivy-bush, with many several sorts of other birds in a cluster round about the owl, gazing as it were upon her;" these birds being nothing else than little boys popped into covers of the shapes of birds, and very ingeniously fitted, all sitting on small horses, with footmen going by them with torches. Next, preceded by musicians on horseback, with bagpipes, hornpipes, and all

kinds of squeaking northern instruments, came an antimasque of greedy Scotchmen and other northerners ; which antimasque was intended as a satire on the monopolies then so much complained of. Conspicuous in this antimasque were two figures—the one "a big fellow, on a little horse with a great bit in his mouth, begging a patent that none in the kingdom might ride their horses but with bits bought of him;" the other "a fellow with a bunch of carrots on his head and a capon upon his fist," describing a projector begging a privilege for fourteen years for his discovery of the art of feeding capons on carrots. When there had been enough of such ribaldry, there followed the finest part of the procession—first, all the musicians of the masque, in chariots purposely devised for the occasion, playing most beautiful music ; and then the sixteen grand masquers in their superb habits, drawn, four and four, in four chariots like Roman triumphal cars. First was the chariot of the four Gray's Inn masquers, the colours of which were silver and crimson, with footmen walking by the side with flambeaux. Separated from it by a band of musicians, came the chariot of the four masquers of the Middle Temple, the colours of which were silver and blue. Musicians again followed ; and then, in order, the chariot of the Inner Temple masquers, and that of the Lincoln's Inn masquers, differently coloured. "The torches and flaming huge flambeaux," says Whitlocke, "borne by the side of each chariot, made it seem "lightsome as at noonday, but more glittering, and gave a full "and clear light to all the streets and windows as they "passed by." The whole procession moved slowly ; and all London was crowded along the line of march. Holborn, Chancery-lane, and the Strand had never seen such a sight.

Meantime the Banquetting House at Whitehall was crowded with ladies, and lords and gentlemen of quality, jewelled and apparelled in their best, waiting for the arrival of the masquers. The king and queen could hardly get in, so great was the assembly. Their majesties watched the procession as it approached, from a window looking straight into the street, (that Banquetting Hall ; perhaps that same window, O Charles, sixteen years hence !) and were so pleased that they sent to

desire it to fetch a turn round the tilt-yard that they might see it all again. Then, the masquers having entered, and all being seated, the masque began. Whitlocke, whose heart was with the music, explodes at this point in a general rapture at the wonderful success of everything; and we have to turn to Shirley's own pages for a more particular account of the masque itself.[1]

The masque was entitled *The Triumph of Peace.* A beautiful and appropriate proscenium had been prepared; and, "a curtain being suddenly drawn up, the scene was discovered, "representing a large street, with sumptuous palaces, lodges, "porticos, and other noble pieces of architecture, with pleasant "trees and grounds. This, going far from the eye, opens into "a spacious place, adorned with public and private buildings "seen afar off, representing the forum or piazza of Peace. "Over all was a clear sky, with transparent clouds which "enlightened all the scene." When the spectators had sufficiently entertained themselves with this scene, two allegorical personages, Opinion and Confidence, enter and talk. They are joined by Novelty, Admiration, Fancy, Jollity, and Laughter; and the seven together have a chat about the coming entertainment. Then the same personages figure dancing in their respective natures as the first antimasque; after which they continue their talk, the scene changing, while they talk, into "a tavern, with a flaming red lattice, several "drinking-rooms, and a back-door, but especially a conceited "sign and an eminent bush." Five of the colloquists then depart, leaving Opinion and Fancy as commentators on what is to follow. This consists of a comic allegory of the social results of peace in three parts—first an antimasque of the master of the tavern, wenches, servants, gamesters, and the beggars and cripples of the procession, all dancing and expressing their natures; then an antimasque of six projectors, including the inventor of the new bit and the discoverer of the nutritiousness of carrots, dancing first singly and then together; and then (the tavern scene having changed to a woody landscape) the antimasque of the owl and the other birds, with fantastic variations of a merchant

[1] Shirley's Works, by Dyce, vol. VI. pp. 257-261.

among thieves, nymphs chased by satyrs, huntsmen, a knight and his squire attacking windmills, men playing at bowls, &c. Opinion and Fancy, whose interspersed comments can but faintly have indicated the allegoric meaning of these sights, are then rejoined by their five companions; and, after a brief dialogue, they all go off, scared by the sound of aërial music heralding some new sight. These being gone, "there "appears in the highest and foremost part of the heaven, by "little and little, to break forth a whitish cloud, bearing a "chariot, feigned of goldsmith's work; and in it sat Irene "or Peace, in a flowery vesture like the Spring, a garland of "olives on her head, a branch of palm in her hand, buskins "of green taffeta, great puffs about her neck and shoulders." Descending from her chariot, Peace sings two short songs, each ending in a chorus; after which "out of the highest "part of the opposite side came softly descending another "cloud, of an orient colour, bearing a silver chariot curiously "wrought, and differing in all things from the first, in which "sat Eunomia or Law, in a purple satin robe, adorned with "golden stars, a mantle of carnation laced and fringed with "gold, a coronet of light upon her head, buskins of purple "drawn out with yellow." She also sings a song, ending in a chorus. Then "a third cloud, of various colour from the "other two, begins to descend towards the middle of the "scene with somewhat a more swifter motion; and in it sat "a person, representing Dikè or Justice, in the midst, in a "white robe and mantle of satin, fair long hair circled with "a coronet of silver pikes, white wings and buskins, a crown "imperial in her hand." She also sings, Irene and Eunomia joining with her as a chorus; and then the whole train of musicians, advancing to the king and queen, sing an ode felicitating them, and praying that their reign may exhibit the joint influence of Irene, Eunomia, and Dikè. Thereupon the scene was again changed, and the sixteen grand masquers appeared sitting on a kind of hill, pyramidally on terraces, under an arbour beautifully contrived, so that the sky beyond could be seen through the branches. The masquers, representing the sons of Peace, Law, and Justice, wore habits

between the ancient and the modern, "their bodies carnation, "the shoulders trimmed with knots of pure silver and scallops of "white and carnation," and "about their hats wreaths of olive "and plumes of white feathers; underneath whom sat Genius, "an angelical person with wings of several-coloured feathers, "a carnation robe tucked up, yellow long hair bound with "a silver coronet, a small white rod in his hand, and white "buskins." Genius descends to the stage and speaks a speech; after which the masquers dance and retire. A song is then sung by the Hours and Chori, complimentary to the king and queen; the musicians re-enter; and the masquers dance their main dance and retire. Then to a confused noise of "*Come in*," "*Knock 'em down*," and the like, in the midst of which the machinery seems to crack and give way, there bursts in a rabble of carpenters, painters, tailors, and their wives, determined, in spite of guards and halberds, to see the show. They gratify their curiosity, have a dance, and bundle out again. There is then another song encouraging the masquers to their revels with the ladies; and the masquers choose partners among the ladies and dance. By this time the night is far gone, or is supposed to be; and so, after the revels, the scene changes into "a plain champaign country, "and above a darkish sky with dusky clouds, through which "appears the new moon, but with a faint light by the "approach of morning." Gradually a vapour rises, and out of this comes a cloud of strange shape and colour, in which sits a young maid, with a dim torch in her hand, her face, arms, and breast of an olive colour, a string of great pearls about her neck, "her garment transparent, the ground dark blue and sprinkled with silver spangles, her buskins white trimmed with gold." This is Amphiluke or Dawn. She sings a song and begins to ascend; and, as she ascends, the masquers are called from their revels by a final song of other voices. By the time it is done, Amphiluke is hidden in the heavens; the masquers desist; and the scene closes.

"Thus," says Whitlocke, "was this earthly pomp and glory, if not vanity, soon past over and gone, as if it had never been." But the success had been complete; every part of the

masque having been simply as good as it could be, save (if we may here add so slight a criticism) the single matter of the poetry, which is very wretched stuff, even from Shirley. The cost of the masque to the Four Inns and to the masquers in private expenses, amounted in all to £21,000; of which, says Whitlocke, about £1,000 were spent on the music. Ivy and Lawes had £100 apiece; and, as it was thought well to be particularly courteous to the four French musical gentlemen in the queen's service, Whitlocke invited them to a collation in the great room of the Apollo in the Devil Tavern, and caused to be served up to each of them for the first dish a covered plate containing forty pieces of gold in French coin.

The *éclat* attending the great masque of the Inns of Court occasioned for a time a furor in courtly circles for this species of entertainment. Only a fortnight after that performance—on Shrove-Tuesday night, Feb. 18, 1633-4—there was presented in the same place the scarcely less famous masque of *Cœlum Britannicum*, the literary part by Carew, the music by Henry Lawes, and the scenery and appurtenances by Inigo Jones. As the entertainment was a royal one, and the masquers were the king himself and fourteen of the chief nobles, with ten "young lords and noblemen's sons" for the juvenile parts, there were in this masque special features of attraction. In structure it was an absurd allegoric medley of speeches in prose and verse by Mercury, Momus, &c. with songs celebrating the advance of the British islands from Druidic times to the starry reign of Charles; but in literary execution it was much superior to that of Shirley. Sir Henry Herbert enters it in his books as "the noblest mask of my time to this day."[1] In general celebrity, however, Shirley's carried the hour; and he and the gentlemen of the Inns of Court had the satisfaction of assisting at a second performance of it, arranged within a week after the first, to gratify the queen's expressed wish. This second performance took place in the Merchant's Hall in the City at the expense of the Lord Mayor. Besides the three entertainments

[1] Collier's Annals of the Stage, II. 62.

thus occurring so close together, there were others of minor note about the same period. Altogether the closing months of 1633 and the early months of 1634 were a busy time in the theatrical world ; and Prynne must have groaned in spirit.[1]

Whether Milton at Horton took much interest in all these masquings can be but matter of conjecture. His brother Christopher, as a young student of the Inner Temple, probably felt a professional interest in the progress of Shirley's masque ; and Milton could hardly in any case have disdained to hear of that with which men like Selden and Hyde were occupying their thoughts. Moreover, he was then more than usually taken up with music ; he was in the habit of going to London expressly to hear good music ; and the masque of the Four Inns, according to all accounts, was such a musical opportunity as did not often occur. Again—without supposing any less direct appeal to the musical sympathies of the elder Milton and of the family generally through the relationship of Bulstrode Whitlocke with the Bulstrodes of Horton—was not Milton's friendship with Lawes likely to bring him into some contact with the proceedings, if only at the preliminary rehearsals ? Certain it is that, whether Milton saw Shirley's masque or not, and whatever he may have thought of it and of Carew's, he did himself, in that very year, come forward in real, if not public rivalry, to Shirley, to Carew, and to all the contemporary masque-writers, as the author of two masques, conceived after a fashion of his own, and actually performed, with the accompaniment of Lawes's music and under Lawes's direction, by the members of one aristocratic family.

Among the "young lords and noblemen's sons" who acted the juvenile parts in Carew's masque of *Cœlum Britannicum*, while his majesty and some lords of full age acted the senior parts, were Viscount Brackley and his brother Mr. Thomas Egerton, the two sons of the Earl of Bridgewater. They may have been selected as being pupils of Henry Lawes. All that we know of the family, however, tends to show that

[1] Mr. Collier enumerates thirteen regular plays, acted before the king and queen, between Nov. 16, 1633, and Jan. 30, 1633-4,—in addition to the three masques, and several new plays, in the succeeding month. Among the plays was Fletcher's pastoral of *The Faithful Shepherdess*.

there was an unusual aptitude among its members generally for amusements of this kind.

John Egerton, Earl of Bridgewater, Privy Councillor, &c. was born about 1579, and was consequently now about fifty-four years of age. He was the son of the famous Lord Chancellor Ellesmere by his first marriage, and the only surviving male heir of that statesman's name. His elevation to the earldom of Bridgewater in May 1617 had been meant as a mark of respect for his father's memory,—the Chancellor himself, for whom the honour had been intended, having just then died (March 15, 1616-17) in the inferior dignity of Viscount Brackley, to which he had been raised by James only five months before (Nov. 7, 1616), after having been known for thirteen years as Baron Ellesmere. While both father and son had been alive, they had been additionally connected by a double marriage,—the Chancellor having in 1600 (while not yet Baron Ellesmere, but only Sir Thomas Egerton, Keeper of the Great Seal) married for his third wife Alice, the daughter of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, Northamptonshire, and then Countess-Dowager of Derby by the death, six years previously, of her first husband, Ferdinando Stanley, fifth Earl of Derby; and his son (then Mr. Egerton) having about the same time married that lady's second daughter by her former marriage. After the Chancellor's decease, his widow, who had all along retained her title by her first marriage as Countess-Dowager of Derby, and who may have been about her fifty-sixth year at the beginning of her second widowhood, continued to reside chiefly on the estate of Harefield in Middlesex, about four miles from Uxbridge and on the borders of Bucks; which estate she had purchased, jointly with the Chancellor, in 1601, and which had been his and her favourite country residence during his life.[1] The chief seat of her step-son and her daughter, the Earl and Countess of Bridgewater, was at Ashbridge, in the parish of Little Gaddesden, Hertfordshire, about sixteen miles distant from Harefield, and also on the borders of Bucks.[2] Here or in

[1] Lysons's Middlesex, under *Harefield.*

[2] Clutterbuck's History of the County of Herts, vol. I.; under *Little Gaddesden.*

London had been born most of the members of a numerous family. There had been in all four sons and eleven daughters, of whom, however, there had died two sons and three daughters, leaving alive, in 1634, ten children, in order of age as follows:—the Lady Frances Egerton; the Lady Arabella; the Lady Elizabeth; the Lady Mary; the Lady Penelope; the Lady Catharine; the Lady Magdalen; the Lady Alice; John, Viscount Brackley, heir-apparent; and Mr. Thomas Egerton. Of these the two youngest were the juvenile performers in Carew's masque. They were then mere boys—Lord Brackley in his twelfth or thirteenth year; and Mr. Thomas Egerton about a year younger. The Lady Alice, the sister next above them in age, was in her fourteenth or fifteenth year. Of the elder sisters several were already married—the eldest, Frances, (who was about thirty years of age,) to Sir John Hobart of Blickling, Norfolk; the next, Arabella, to Oliver, Lord St. John of Bletso, son and heir of the Earl of Bolingbroke.

Altogether the family of the Egertons seems to have been at this time one of the most accomplished among the English aristocracy. Of the father, the Earl, we have the testimony of his tombstone (to be reduced as may seem proper), that he was "endowed with incomparable parts, both natural and acquired," that he "seldom spake, but he did either instruct or delight those that heard him," and that he was "a profound scholar, an able statesman, and a good Christian."[1] This character is confirmed, in part, by what is known of his previous history; and there is evidence in his own handwriting on books, and in dedications of books to him, that he had some reputation as a patron of literature.[2] His countess, according to *her* epitaph, was "unparalleled in the gifts of nature and grace, being strong of constitution, admirable for beauty, generous in carriage, of a sweet and noble disposition, wise in her affairs, cheerful in discourse, liberal to the poor,

[1] Inscription in Little Gaddesden Church, Herts, from Clutterbuck's *Hertfordshire*. The Earl died Dec. 1649, aged 70.

[2] See *Egerton Papers* of Camden Society; records of his attendances at Privy Council meetings, his appointments to commissions, &c. in Rymer and Rushworth; also references to him in the *Catalogue of the Bridgewater Library*, published by Mr. Collier, in 1837. In the last is a fac-simile of his autograph, from a volume of religious poetry, presented to him by John Vicars, in 1625.

pious towards God, good to all."[1] The children were worthy of their parentage. Lord Brackley and his brother were two pleasing black-haired boys, and there are portraits of the Lady Alice and of some of her elder sisters which represent them as very handsome. To the musical accomplishments of the Lady Alice and the Lady Mary at this precise time, we have Lawes's distinct testimony many years afterwards (1653), when, in dedicating his *Ayres and Dialogues* to them in their then married condition, he says, "No sooner I thought of making them public than of inscribing them to your ladyships, most of them being composed when I was employed by your ever-honoured parents to attend your ladyships' education in music; who (as in other accomplishments fit for persons of your quality) excelled most ladies especially in vocal music, wherein you were so absolute that you gave life and honour to all I set and taught you, and that with more understanding than a new generation, pretending to skill, are capable of."

Notwithstanding some family differences while the old chancellor had been alive, there seem to have been very cordial communications now between the family of Ashridge and their venerable relative, the Countess-Dowager of Derby, at Harefield. As standing to her in the double relation of grandchildren and step-grandchildren, the eight young ladies and their two brothers had naturally their full share in her affection. They and their parents, however, were not her only near relatives. Two other daughters, whom she had had by her first husband, the Earl of Derby, had also married and had also had children. The youngest, Lady Elizabeth Stanley, had married at a very early age (June 1603) Henry, Lord Hastings, who, in December 1605, succeeded his grandfather in the earldom of Huntingdon, with its estates of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in Leicestershire, &c. After a married life of thirty years, she died in London, a month before Carew's masque was performed (Jan. 20, 1633-4), and was buried at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, leaving four grown-up sons and daughters—

[1] Inscription in Little Gaddesden Church. She died but two years beyond the present date—to wit, in March 1635-6, aged 52.

Ferdinando, Lord Hastings, born 1608, heir-apparent to the earldom; his brother Henry, afterwards Lord Loughborough; Alice, born 1606, and now married to Sir Gervase Clifton; and another daughter named Elizabeth.[1] The fate of Lady Anne Stanley, the eldest daughter of the Countess of Derby, had been more varied and unhappy. By her first marriage with the munificent Grey Bridges, fifth Lord Chandos, who had died in early manhood in 1621, she had four surviving children—George Bridges, now Lord Chandos, about fifteen years of age; William, somewhat younger; and two daughters. She had contracted a second marriage, however, in 1624, with Mervin, Lord Audley, Earl of Castlehaven, then a widower with six children—a union of unexampled wretchedness, which had been dissolved by the execution of the Earl in 1631; since which time she had lived in retirement under her former name of Lady Chandos.[2] Her son, Lord Chandos, had acted as page in Carew's masque, along with his cousins, Viscount Brackley and Mr. Thomas Egerton.

Thus, in 1634, the Countess-Dowager of Derby had at least twenty relatives alive in direct descent from her—two surviving daughters, the widowed Lady Chandos, and the Countess of Bridgewater; and eighteen grandchildren, of whom four were sons and daughters of Lady Chandos by her first husband, ten were sons and daughters of the Earl and Countess of Bridgewater, and four were sons and daughters of the deceased Countess of Huntingdon. As some of the young Egertons and Hastingses were married, the descent was already sprouting into the fourth generation; and the venerable Countess may have had great-grandchildren. All this without taking into account numerous collateral relations, whether of the line of the male Spencers of Althorpe, or descended from her sisters, of whom one had married George Carey, second Lord Hunsdon, and another successively William Stanley, Lord Monteagle, Henry Compton, first Lord Compton, and Robert Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

[1] Collins's Peerage and Nichols's *Leicestershire*. There is a funeral sermon on the Countess of Huntingdon, published in 1635, with a sonnet to her memory by Lord Falkland. Donne also has poems to her.

[2] Memoirs of the Peers of James I. by Sir Egerton Bridges, 1802, pp. 392-393.

After the death of the Countess-Dowager, the mansion and estate of Harefield were to descend to her eldest daughter, Lady Chandos, who, with her two young sons and one of her young daughters, was already domiciled at Harefield. Expectations of inheritance apart, however, there was every reason why all the relatives of the aged lady should be punctiliously respectful to her while she lived. She was the relic of times already romantic in the haze of the past; and there was, perhaps, no aged gentlewoman then living that carried in her memory, or could suggest by her mere presence to others, a nobler series of poetic recollections.

In her maidenhood, in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth, she and her sisters at Althorpe had been the occasional companions of their relative, the poet Spenser, then young as themselves and unknown to the world. Later, when he *was* known, it had been his pleasure to speak of himself as their humble and admiring kinsman, and to associate their names with his poetry. His earliest known publication, *Muiopotmos* (1590), was dedicated to one of the sisters, Elizabeth, then Lady Carey, afterwards Lady Hunsdon; and his *Mother Hubbard's Tale* was dedicated in 1591 to her sister Anne, Lady Compton and Monteagle. To *our* countess, Alice, the youngest of the sisters, he dedicated in the same year (1591) his *Teares of the Muses*—a poem of much interest now, as describing the state of English poetry at that time, and as containing Spenser's supposed reference to Shakespeare as "our pleasant Willy." The countess was then known as Lady Strange—her husband, Ferdinando, Lord Strange, not attaining the earldom of Derby till the death of his father, Henry, the fourth earl, Sept. 25, 1593. If the lady, on her own account, was deemed worthy of regard, the reputation of the nobleman to whom she was married, was such as to invest her with additional claims to honour. No nobleman was of greater note in the contemporary world of letters. He was himself a poet; among the dramatic companies of the time, was one retained by him, and called "Lord Strange's Players;" and Nash, Greene, and the other dramatists whom we remember as Shakespeare's senior rivals, were his clients

and panegyrists. Nash, in particular, is glowing in his praises of "thrice noble Amyntas," as he calls Lord Strange, "the matchless image of honour and magnificent rewarder of virtue." Moreover, he was of a family distinguished from the rest of the English aristocracy as being related, by no remote connexion, to the blood-royal.[1] All this is recognised by Spenser in the dedication in question. Here it is :—

"Most brave and noble Lady : The things that make ye so much honoured of the world as ye be are such as (without my simple lines' testimony) are thoroughly knowen to all men ; namely, your excellent beauty, your virtuous behaviour, and your noble match with that most honourable lord, the very pattern of right nobility ; but the causes for which ye have thus deserved of me to be honoured (if honour it be at all), are both your particular bounties, and also some private bands of affinity which it hath pleased your ladyship to acknowledge. Of which whenas I found myself in no part worthy, I devised this last slender means, both to intimate my humble affection to your ladyship, and also to make the same universally knowen to the world ; that by honouring you they might know me, and by knowing me they might honour you. Vouchsafe, noble lady, to accept this simple remembrance—though not worthy of yourself, yet such as perhaps, by good acceptance thereof, ye may hereafter cull out a more meet and memorable evidence of your own excellent deserts. So, recommending the same to your ladyship's good liking, I humbly take leave. Your La : humbly ever. Ed. Sp."

This dedication was but the first of a long series of poetic honours which had been paid to the Countess of Derby. As the critics interpret the allusions in Spenser's pastoral of *Colin Clout's come home again* (1595), she is the "Amaryllis" of that poem ; and "Amyntas," the noble poet whose decease is there lamented, is her husband, the Earl of Derby, then just dead, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, and the first of his new title (April 16, 1594) :—

> "Amyntas quite has gone and lies full low,
> Having his Amaryllis left to mone.* *

[1] For an account of Ferdinando, Lord Strange, fifth Earl of Derby, see Walpole's "Royal and Noble Authors," enlarged by Park (1806), II. 45-51 ; where is quoted a pastoral ballad by the earl, the only known specimen of his muse. See also a characteristic letter of his to the Earl of Essex, of date Jan. 17, 1593-4, in Lodge's Illustrations ; and many interesting particulars relating to his connexions with Elizabethan literature in the *Stanley Papers* of the Chetham Society (1853)—especially vol. I. of these papers, entitled "The Earls of Derby and the Verse-writers and Poets of the 16th and 17th centuries, by Thomas Heywood, F.S.A." (pp. 30-37).

He, whilest he livèd, was the noblest swaine
That ever pipèd on an oaten quill;
Both did he other which did pipe maintaine,
And eke could pipe himself with passing skill."[1]

Again, farther on in the same poem, where, passing from the shepherds, the poet enumerates the nymphs of the British isle, he introduces, after others, Amaryllis again and her two sisters:—

"Ne less praiseworthie are the sisters three,
The honour of the noble familie
Of which I meanest boast myselfe to be,
And most that unto them I am so nie—
Phyllis, Carillis, and sweet Amaryllis.
Phyllis the fair is eldest of the three;
The next to her is beautiful Carillis;
But th' youngest is the highest in degree."

Each of the three is then celebrated separately, the lines respecting Amaryllis containing another allusion to her widowhood:—

"But Amaryllis whether fortunate
Or else unfortunate may I aread,
That frëed is from Cupid's yoke by fate,
Since which she doth new bands' adventure dread?
Shepherd, whatever thou hast heard to be
In this or that praysd diversely apart,
In her thou maist them all assembled see,
And sealed up in the threasure of her heart."

Five years after these lines were written, and when the poet who had written them was in his grave (1600), Amaryllis *had* braved "new bands' adventure" in marrying the Lord Keeper Egerton.[2] This marriage was not a remove out of the world of poetry and poets, but rather into the very midst

[1] For an account of the peculiar circumstances of the Earl of Derby's death, see Walpole's "Royal and Noble Authors," *ut supra*, and "Lodge's Illustrations." The story was that the Jesuits had tampered with him, to make him "assume the title of king in right of his grandmother;" and that, for revealing their treason, he was secretly poisoned. His clients among the poets lamented his premature death as the greatest loss to English letters since the death of Sidney; and Spenser, who had been blamed by Nash for not honouring him sufficiently in verse during his life, takes the opportunity to write the obituary tribute in the text.

[2] Egerton had been connected with the Derby family as their legal adviser, and also as "Master of the Game in Bidston Park, Cheshire," as early as 1589; and must thus have been well acquainted with the noble "Amaryllis," while as yet there was no hope that ever she would be his. (See *Stanley Papers*, vol. II.)

of it. If the Lord Keeper did not "pipe himself with passing skill," as Amyntas had done, he was officially in the very centre of those who could do nothing else than pipe. His duties, first as Lord Keeper to Elizabeth, and then as Lord Chancellor to James till the year 1616, brought him into continual relations, more especially, with the dramatic poets of that dramatic age. His name, consequently, is studded all over the poetry of the period in epistles, dedications, &c. The Countess of Derby, both as his wife and on her own account, shared in these poetic laudations. The following associations with her name are worthy of notice.

1602. Queen Elizabeth paid a visit of four days (July 31—Aug. 3) to the Lord Keeper and the Countess of Derby at their house at Harefield, and was entertained with extraordinary pomp and pageantry. On her first arrival at the Harefield estate she was received at a place called Dew's Farm, with a kind of masque of speeches delivered to her by allegorical personages (a farmer, a dairymaid, &c.). As it chanced to rain at the time, she heard these speeches, on horseback, under a great tree; and was then attended by the allegorical persons to "a long avenue of elms leading to the house," and which ever afterwards, in honour of her having passed through it, was called the Queen's Walk. The four days of her stay at Harefield were spent in a round of feasts and other amusements, including the first recorded performance of Shakespeare's *Othello* by "Burbidge's players" (Shakespeare himself almost certainly among them), specially brought to Harefield for the occasion. At the queen's departure, there was again a kind of masque along the avenue, and speeches of farewell.[1]

1603. A set of verses on the death of Elizabeth, entitled "the Death of Delia, with Teares of her Funeral," was inscribed to the Countess of Derby.[2]

1605. A "Countess of Derby" is one of the noble ladies who assist Queen Anne in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Blackness*, "personated at the court at Whitehall on Twelfth Night." It is not certain whether this was our "Countess-Dowager" or her younger contemporary, the wife of her late husband's successor, William, sixth Earl of Derby.

1607. A masque, prepared by the poet Marston, was presented before the Countess, in the month of August this year, in honour of a visit which she paid to her son-in-law and daughter, the Earl and Countess of Huntingdon, at their seat at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. The

[1] For detailed accounts of this visit, see the "Egerton Papers" of the Camden Society, pp. 340-347; also Lysons's *Middlesex*, Nichols's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. III. and an account contributed by Mr. Peter Cunningham to the *Shakespeare Society's Papers*, vol. II. 65-75.

[2] Nichols's Progresses, vol. III.

MS. of the masque, which is still preserved, is entitled "The Lorde and Lady of Huntingdon's Entertainement of their right noble Mother, Alice, Countess-Dowager of Derby, the firste nighte of her Honour's arrivall at the House of Ashby." The earl had come to his title about eighteen months before—Dec. 31, 1605; and this, the first visit of "their right noble mother" to the hereditary seat of the earldom, was thought worthy of poetic commemoration. Accordingly, "when her ladyship approached the park corner," she was received with a burst of trumpets, &c.; then, on entering the park, she found herself before "an antique gate," near which was stationed "an old enchantress attired in crimson velvet, with pale face and dark hair," who saluted her with a speech of a forbidding nature. Saturn, hearing the speech, and perceiving who the visitor is, exclaims

"Peace, stay; it is, it is, it is even she!"

and corrects the preceding speech by one of ardent welcome. The enchantress is awed, and the countess, with the whole attending troop, passes on to the house. Then there is more allegory and speechmaking on "the stairs leading to the great chamber;" after which, in the great chamber itself, comes the regular masque, "presented by four knights and four gentlemen," with Cynthia descending in a cloud "in a habit of blue satin finely embroidered with stars and clouds," Ariadne rising to meet her, &c., and speeches and songs in compliment to the countess. From a separate sheet in the MS. it appears that there were introduced into the masque thirteen stanzas of compliment, each prepared by the poet to be spoken by a separate lady of the company then at Ashby, and an additional stanza of thanks to be spoken by the countess herself. The names of the thirteen ladies are given. Among them are Lady Huntingdon, Lady Hunsdon (the Countess of Derby's sister, and Spenser's *Phyllis*), Lady Berkeley (Lady Hunsdon's daughter), Lady Compton (the Countess's other sister, and Spenser's *Carillis*), and Mrs. Egerton. The poetry of the masque throughout is poor stuff. The MS. bears a dedication to the Countess of Derby in Marston's own hand, as follows:—

"If my slight muse may suit yor noble merit,
My hopes are crownd, and I shall cheere my sperit;
But if my weake quill droopes or seems unfitt,
'Tis not yor want of worth, but mine of witt.
The servant of yor honor'd Virtues,
JOHN MARSTON."[1]

1608. A Countess of Derby (this or the other) assisted in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Beauty*, performed by the queen and her ladies.

[1] An abstract of this masque was first given from the MS. by Todd in the notes to the *Arcades*, in his edition of Milton; but the masque is now included in Mr. Halliwell's edition of Marston's works, 1856.

1609-10, Feb. 2. She assisted in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Queens* performed by the queen and her ladies—another of the performers being her daughter, the Countess of Huntingdon.

1611. Davies of Hereford, in his *Scourge of Folly*, has a copy of verses to the countess, as his "good lady and mistress." He had previously (1609) dedicated another of his writings, "*Holy Roode, or Christ's Crosse*" to the countess and her three daughters, in the following terms:—"To the Right Honourable well-accomplished Lady Alice, Countess of Derby, my good lady and mistress, and to her three right noble daughters by birth, nature, and education, the Lady Elizabeth Countess of Huntingdon, the Lady Frances Egerton, and the Lady Ann, wife to the truly noble Lord Gray Chandois that now is, be all comfort whensoever *crost*." Davies was celebrated for his caligraphy, and his dedications in the original manuscript derive significance from the picturesque ingenuities of the penmanship."[1]

1616. The *Historie of Trebizonde* (a set of tales) by Thomas Gainsforde, is dedicated to the countess in a strain of "the most exalted panegyrick."[2]

These few notes of incidents in the life of the countess on to the date of her second widowhood (1616-17) give some significance to Warton's phrase, "The peerage-book of this countess is the poetry of her times." But her greatest poetic honour was to come. Eighteen years had elapsed since the last incident noted in the list, and seven-and-twenty since she was the heroine of Marston's masque at Ashby-de-la-Zouch; and she had been spending the declining years of her second widowhood in her retirement at Harefield, endowing almshouses there for poor widows and doing other deeds of charity—not unvisited all the while by the joys of new happy incidents in the three families most nearly related to her, nor, alas! by the bitterest and most unnameable sorrows from one of them;[3] and now, ere her silver hairs descended into the

[1] Warton's notes to *Arcades;* also *Stanley Papers*, I. pp. 37-47, where Mr. Heywood has given a very careful account of most of these poetic tributes to Lady Derby.

[2] Warton's notes to *Arcades.*

[3] In the parish register of Harefield is this entry:—"Married the Earl of Castlehaven and Anne, Lady Chandos, July 22, 1624." Seven years after this ceremony at Harefield, took place the execution of the Earl on Tower Hill (April 25, 1631). I have seen in the State Paper Office several letters of the aged countess, written in 1631, to Viscount Dorchester, as Secretary of State, in reference to the disposal of her daughter, Lady Chandos or Castlehaven, and her young grandchild, Lady Audley, then in the depths of ruin, in consequence of the exposures made at the earl's trial. The letters are full of a stately and venerable grief, and at the same time of wise benevolence. The writer speaks of herself (May 21, 1631) as one "whose heart is almost wounded to death already with thinking of so foul a business," and implores

grave, she was to cull that one "more meet and memorable evidence of her excellent deserts" which Spenser, in words more prophetic than he himself knew, had predicted for her when he presented her in her blooming youth with his "Teares of the Muses."

"*Arcades: Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess-Dowager of Derby at Harefield, by some noble persons of her Family, who appear on the scene in pastoral habit, moving towards the seat of state, with this Song*"—these are the words with which Milton, in the first editions of his poems, introduces the poem to which they refer. He has not annexed the date; but there are independent reasons for fixing it in 1634.[1]

The "noble persons of her family"—including, we may suppose, young Lord Chandos, and his brother residing at Harefield, as well as young Lord Brackley, Mr. Thomas Egerton, Lady Alice Egerton, Lady Mary, and the rest of the musical sisters of the Ashridge household—resolve to present the aged countess with a masque. They fix the day—the countess's birthday, let us say; or some other day when a gathering of the relatives at Harefield might be equally fitting.[2] Lawes is taken into their counsels, undertakes the musical

Dorchester's good offices with the king, that the best arrangements may be made for the two survivors most wretchedly implicated. She signifies, in that and in a subsequent letter, (Aug. 6, 1631) that her daughter, Lady Chandos, and her grandchild Audley, are left destitute — "destitute of all other means to maintain either of them, but that myself, out of my poor estate, am willing both to relieve them and all the children of my daughter besides;" that already she has three of these other children (young Lord Chandos, his brother, and one of the sisters) residing under her roof at Harefield; and that she is willing to receive their mother under the same roof, and also the other young sister, should the king so command—though as regards the latter, she would rather decline the responsibility that would ensue, "her old age and other infirmities that accompany it not giving her leave to govern youth as formerly she had done." An arrangement, such as the countess desired, was made with his Majesty's consent; and accordingly, as we have assumed in the text, the establishment at Harefield included, in 1634, not only the aged countess, but her twice-widowed daughter, Lady Chandos, and at least three of Lady Chandos's children.

[1] The reasons are various—the position of the poem in the early editions; its connexion with *Comus*, the date of which is known; &c. It is but right to state, however, that there is a *possibility* of the date of "Arcades" being in any of the four years from 1633 to 1636 inclusive. It cannot be later than 1636, as that was the last year of the countess's life. Next to 1634, the most probable year is 1633.

[2] "On the 10th of April, 1634, Mr. Hugh Calverley, afterwards Sir Hugh, was married at Harefield to the Lady Elizabeth Hastings, one of the daughters of the Earl and Countess of Huntingdon, and grand-daughter of the Countess of Derby."—*Extract from Harefield parish register, in Lysons.*

part of the entertainment, and plans the rest. The entertainment is to consist of various portions duly connected; but one portion is to be a little open-air pastoral of songs and speeches. By some means or other Milton is requested to furnish the poetry.[1] He does so, and places in Lawes's hands a little MS. entitled "*Arcades*," or "The Arcadians." Lawes composes the songs; there are one or two rehearsals; and on the appointed day the entertainment comes off.

The time is apparently evening. Harefield House is lit up; and, not far from it, on a throne of state so arranged as to glitter in the light, the aged countess is seated, surrounded by the seniors of the assembled party.[2] Suddenly torches are seen flickering amid the trees of the park; and up the long avenue of elms, as we fancy,—the identical avenue which had borne the name of "the Queen's Walk" ever since Elizabeth

[1] A subject of some controversy has been the possibility of an acquaintance between Milton and the Egerton family, independently of Lawes. There is no *fact* to prove any such acquaintance. There was no necessary connexion from proximity of residence, for Ashridge is about five-and-twenty miles distant from Horton, and Harefield itself, though on the banks of the Colne, is about ten miles higher up the river than Horton. Warton's statement that "the house and lands of Milton's father at Horton were held under the Earl of Bridgewater," is, as I have already stated, unauthorized. Todd, accepting the statement from Warton, and not consulting the map, fortifies the assumed connexion in his own mind by the mistake of making Horton "in the neighbourhood of Ashridge." Then, out of all this have grown still more extended suppositions—as that the Countess of Derby, hearing of the young poet of Horton, and taking an interest in poetry and poets, appreciated his genius and had him often at Harefield. Mr. Keightley, naturally resenting so ready a substitution of fancy for fact, has a note on *Milton and the Egerton family* (pp. 119-122), the object of which is to show "the utter instability of the structure of adulation and sycophancy" towards the descendants of the Egertons, which Warton and Todd had raised. He adopts what is really at present the most natural supposition, that it was Milton's connexion with Lawes that led to his writing *Arcades* and *Comus*. He is unnecessarily vehement, however, against the other supposition—on such grounds as that Milton was then "unknown;" that he was of "too noble and independent a spirit," &c.; and that the intercourse between the nobility and persons of inferior rank was then too distant and stately, to make his supposed acquaintance with the Egerton family possible. On this last point, Mr. Keightley is historically wrong. Such an acquaintance between Milton and the Egerton family as is supposed was *possible* enough; we only lack evidence of it. Could Warton's statement respecting the Horton property be verified, that would be something. On the whole, I should not wonder if it were yet discovered that Milton's connexion with the Bridgewater family, if it had any origin apart from Lawes, was through some relative (Haughton, Bradshaw, or the like) attached in some capacity to the Derby service, or that of the Egertons. We are apt to forget that every life has many minute ramifications in addition to the few which biography can trace.

[2] The site of the house is still identified by two low mounds, an old garden, and a large old cedar of Lebanon on a fine grassy slope crowned with trees, close behind Harefield Church, on the side of the road going from Uxbridge to Rickmansworth. The scenery is charming, the Colne flowing here through ground more hilly than about Horton, and as richly wooded.

had passed through it two-and-thirty years before, — there advance the torch-bearers, and with them a band of nymphs and shepherds, clad as Arcadians. When they have approached near enough, they pause ; and one voice breaks out from the rest in this song :—

"Look, Nymphs and Shepherds, look,
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence descry,
Too divine to be mistook :
This, this is she
To whom our vows and wishes bend ;
Here our solemn search hath end.

Fame, that, her high worth to raise,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise :
Less than half we find exprest ;
Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreads,
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threads :
This, this is she alone,
Sitting like a goddess bright
In the centre of her light.

Might she the wise Latona be,
Or the towered Cybele,
Mother of a hundred gods ?
Juno dares not give her odds !
Who had thought this clime had held
A deity so unparallel'd ?"

The song ends ; and "as they (the nymphs and shepherds) come forward, the Genius of the Wood appears, and, turning towards them, speaks." He begins thus :—

"Stay, gentle swains ; for, though in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes ;
Of famous Arcady ye are," &c.

That is, addressing the male masquers, he first tells them that he recognises their rank under their pastoral disguise, and knows them to be noble Arcadians. And so to the nymphs :—

> "And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
> Fair silver-buskin'd nymphs, as great and good!"

And then to both :—

> "I know this quest of yours and free intent
> Was all in honour and devotion meant
> To the great mistress of yon princely shrine."

The Sylvan Genius (perhaps Lawes[1]) then goes on to say that he also adores the same goddess, and will do his best to further the ceremony in progress. In his character as the genius of Harefield wood and parks, he describes his daily occupations. He nurses the saplings, curls the grove, saves the plants and boughs from the harms of winds, nightly blasts, worm, and mildew; and, each morn, ere the horn of the huntsman shakes the thicket, he is abroad to visit his care and number their woody ranks. Amid these occupations he has had opportunities of beholding, nearer than most, the goddess of the place, and has often sat alone amid the shades to wonder at and gaze upon her. But, though his occupations are sylvan, he is not the less a lover of music :[2]—

> "But else, in deep of night, when drowsiness
> Hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I
> To the celestial syrens' harmony,
> That sit upon the nine unfolded spheres,
> And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
> And turn the adamantine spindle round
> On which the fate of gods and men is wound."

[1] Lawes acts a similar part in *Comus;* and the speech itself indicates that the person is not one of the noble persons of the family, but one of inferior rank connected with them (see lines 77-79 and 82, 83). He is also a musician (lines 61-63 and 77-80), and perhaps the manager of the entertainment (lines 38, 39).

[2] But for the superior probability in favour of Lawes (in which case the elaborate description of the sylvan occupations, prior to the announcement of his musical pretensions, is to be supposed as but a poetical assumption for the time of the functions of the sylvan genius), one might really suppose that the part was performed by some steward of the estate or the like to the countess, who was actually "the power of this fair wood," and did tend it in the manner described, but was withal musical.

After a few lines more of this thoroughly Miltonic eulogy on the powers of music, the Genius, protesting that the highest skill in song would alone be fit for the occasion, offers whatever his inferior art with hands and voice can do as he leads them to the lady's presence. There such of them as are "of noble stem" may kiss the hem of her sacred vesture, and he, not so privileged, will have done his duty! And so, with lute or other instrument in hand, he advances before them, singing

"O'er the smooth enamelled green,
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me as I sing,
And touch the warbled string,
Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof!
Follow me!
I will bring you where she sits,
Clad in splendour as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen!"

The nymphs and shepherds follow the Genius and do their homage to the lady; after which there is another song, ending with the same couplet as the last. This part of the entertainment was then over. Had Milton gone over from Horton to see its success? If so, the aged eyes that had rested on Spenser may have rested, not unbenignantly, on the youth who had come in his place.[1]

[1] The countess died Jan. 26, 1636-7, and was buried at Harefield on the 28th. In the chancel of Harefield Church is her monument of marble richly sculptured, exhibiting her effigy, in a crimson robe and with a gilt coronet, recumbent under a canopy of pale green and stars, and the effigies of her three daughters, in relief on the side, and also painted. The monument exhibits the arms of Stanley with its quarterings impaling the arms and quarterings of Spencer of Althorpe, without any heraldic recognition of the countess's second marriage; also the arms of her three daughters—Hastings impaling Stanley, Egerton impaling Stanley, and Brydges impaling Stanley. The countess is represented in the effigy as in youth, very beautiful, with long fair hair; and there is the same cast of features in the representations of her three daughters, and the same long fair hair.

On the countess's death the mansion and estate of Harefield came to Lady Chandos, then her only surviving daughter; after whose death, in 1647, it descended to her son, Lord Chandos. On his death in 1655, he bequeathed it to his wife, Jane Lady Chandos, who married as her second husband Sir William Sedley, Bart., and again, after his death, George Pitt, Esq. of Strathfieldsaye in Hampshire. About the year 1660 the mansion was burnt down —by the carelessness, it is said, of the

The *Arcades*, however, is but a slight composition compared with another which Milton furnished to the same family in the course of the year 1634. On the 26th of June, 1631, the Earl of Bridgewater had been nominated by the king to the high office of Lord President of the Council in the Principality of Wales and the Marches of the same. This office, involving jurisdiction and military command not only over the properly Welsh counties of Monmouth, Glamorgan, Caermarthen, Pembroke, Cardigan, Flint, Caernarvon, Anglesea, Merioneth, Radnor, Brecknock, Montgomery, and Denbigh, but also over the four English counties of Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, and Shropshire, had been originally instituted in the reign of Edward IV. for the government of Wales, and for the preservation of orderly relations between the Welsh and the English. There had been eminent men in the office. From 1559 to 1586 it had been held most efficiently by Sir Henry Sidney, father of Sir Philip Sidney; he had been succeeded by Henry, second Earl of Pembroke, who held it till 1601; after whom it had been held in succession by Lord Zouch, Lord Eure, Lord Gerard, and William, Lord Compton, Earl of Northampton. Since the discontinuance of Parliaments, the importance of having right men for the office, and for the corresponding viceroyalties of the North and Ireland, had naturally increased; and, the viceroyalty of the North having been deemed a post worthy of the energies of a Wentworth,

witty Sir Charles Sedley, who was on a visit there at the time, and was amusing himself with reading in bed. By a deed dated 1673, Lady Chandos vested all her estates in Mr. Pitt and his heirs; and in 1675, she being still alive, Mr. Pitt sold Harefield to Sir Richard Newdegate, Bart. of Arbury, Warwickshire. By this sale, the estate was only conveyed back to the family who had been its original proprietors; for, when Lord Keeper Egerton and Lady Derby acquired the estate in 1601, it was by purchase from Sir Edmund Anderson, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, who had acquired it in 1585 from John Newdegate, Esq.; and, prior to 1585, it had been in the possession of the Newdegate family, or of their anteceding kin, the Swanlands and Bacheworths, from time immemorial. Recovered by the Newdegates in 1675, the estate has continued in the possession of that family since; and the chief monuments in Harefield Church, besides that of the Countess of Derby, are of the Newdegates. Attached to the church is a private chapel, containing tombs of another old family claiming to be of the race of Breakspear, the only Englishman who ever became Pope; and near Harefield is a property still called Breakspears. Altogether, what with old Newdegate and other monuments and relics which Milton may have seen more than once with interest, what with the tomb of the countess whom he helped to make famous, and who was then living in the mansion which occupied the vacant space close by, Harefield Church is worth a visit from any reader of the *Arcades* who chances to be in the neighbourhood.

there was some compliment to the Earl of Bridgewater in selecting him for the inferior viceroyalty of the West.

The official seat of the Lords President of Wales was Ludlow in Shropshire. This town, which is about seven and twenty miles south from Shrewsbury and about four and twenty north from Hereford, is beautifully situated in one of those tracts of rich green scenery, lovely in hill and valley, which admonish one that there England is beginning to pass into Wales. The town itself is mainly on the top and slopes of an eminence near the junction of two streams, the Teme and the Corve, whose united waters meet the Severn in Worcestershire. All round is a wide circle of hills, distanced in some directions by intervening plains, but on one side coming close to the town, so as to form a steep valley between it and some immediately opposite heights. Through this valley flows the river, not without the noise of one or two artificial falls in its course. Occupying the highest ground in the town, and conspicuous from afar over the neighbouring country, is Ludlow Church, an edifice of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, almost disproportionately large for the town, but considered the finest ecclesiastical building in the county of Salop. Historically more important than the church was Ludlow Castle, now a romantic ruin, but once the residence of the Lords President. It formed, and still, in its ruined state, forms the termination of the town at that angle where the height overhangs the river most steeply. The whole town was walled; but the castle, where not defended by the natural rock on which it was built, was walled in separately from the town, and was approached by a gateway from a considerable open space left at the top of the main street. Entering, by this gateway, the outer court or exercising ground, and crossing it, one came to a moat, spanned at one point by a drawbridge which admitted to the castle itself, with its keep, its inner court, and its various masses of building.

A castle in massive ruins, situated on a rocky height, and commanding, especially to the north, a beautiful and extensive prospect, and, adjoining this castle, though separated from it

by a wall, a town of clean and somewhat quaint streets, descending the gentler slopes of the hill or winding at its base, and crowned by a large and lofty parish-church—such is Ludlow now; and such was Ludlow two hundred and thirty years ago, save that then the castle was not in ruins, that there were barracks for soldiers in the court-yard, and that the town exhibited the bustle attendant on the presence in it of the Lord President and his retinue.

The town and castle had their historical associations. The castle, or rather the keep and the older parts attached, had been built, it was believed, by the Conqueror's kinsman, Roger de Montgomery, lord of nearly all Shropshire, who died in 1094; and the rudiments of the town—originally called Denham or Dinan, but afterwards Ludlow, from the Saxon name of the hill—had grown up under the wing of the castle. From the Montgomery family, the castle passed (1121) into the possession of a famous knight, Joce or Gotso, thence called Joce de Dinan, who made great additions, and built in the inner court a beautiful round chapel with Norman arch and windows. There were romantic legends of the history of the castle during its long possession, in the reigns of Henry I., Stephen, and Henry II., by this Joce de Dinan—how he had taken prisoner his enemy Hugh de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore, and confined him in a tower of the castle, thence called "Mortimer's Tower;" how he had similarly captured and confined another enemy, De Lacy; how De Lacy had escaped, and there had been wild warfare between them, in which the Welsh were involved, and which ended in the possession of Ludlow for a time by the Lacies. From the Lacies, it had passed indirectly to the Mortimers, and so, through various feuds and vicissitudes, it came, in the reign of Henry VI. to be the chief stronghold of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York; in whom were vested all the claims to the crown hostile to those of the reigning house. In the wars of Lancaster and York, Ludlow and its neighbourhood were consequently frequent head-quarters of the Yorkists, whence they rallied the Welsh to their assistance, and marched east-

ward at their pleasure; and in 1459 the town was taken and plundered in revenge by the Lancastrians. The decisive battle by which young Edward, Earl of March, the son of the Duke, avenged his father's death, retrieved the fortunes of the Yorkists, and become himself king of England by the title of Edward IV., was fought (1461) at Mortimer's Cross, not far from Ludlow. While on the throne, he specially favoured his hereditary town. In 1472, when he created his infant son, Edward, Prince of Wales, he sent him and his younger brother to reside, under guardians, in Ludlow Castle. This was done, that, by the presence of the Prince of Wales there, and of a council acting in his name, the Welsh might be the better kept in order. The two princes remained at Ludlow during their father's life; and when, after his death in 1483, they left it, it was on the fatal journey which ended in the Tower. The elder prince, it was said, had been proclaimed as Edward V. before leaving the castle. When, after the brief reign of Richard III., Henry VII. succeeded to the throne, he followed the example of Edward IV. and sent his infant son Arthur, Prince of Wales, to reside, with a court and under guardianship, in the Castle of Ludlow; and, till the death of the Prince in 1502, Henry frequently visited Ludlow himself. On the Prince's death, the government of Wales and the marches was settled in a Presidency and Council, as it afterwards continued. Under the successive Presidents appointed by Henry VII. and Henry VIII. Ludlow grew in importance; and final additions had been made to the castle by Sir Henry Sidney during his term of office. By the time of our history, Wales had been so efficiently annexed to England that the office had lost its warlike character. There were no longer fears of Welsh insurrections; the numerous castles with which Shropshire was studded were useless for their original purpose of defending the marches; and Ludlow Castle, the chief of them, was kept in repair merely as a palatial residence, in which the Lords President might conveniently hold court, and various portions of which were already regarded with antiquarian interest under such names as the keep, the tilt-yard, Mortimer's

tower, the Princes' apartments, Prince Arthur's room, and the like.[1]

Although the Earl of Bridgewater had been nominated to the Presidency in June 1631, he did not proceed to Ludlow to install himself in office till more than two years after. Of the state of Ludlow at this exact time, when the business of the Presidency was managed by the local councillors and justices acting for the earl, we have a glimpse in an unexpected quarter,—the autobiography of Richard Baxter. A native of Shropshire, Baxter, when a young lad of sixteen or thereby (1631), and ready to leave Wroxeter school, had been recommended, he says, not to go immediately to college, but to become private attendant for a while to Mr. Thomas Wickstead, chaplain to the Council of Wales, under whom, he was told, he would have every advantage. The circumstances of his parents making the offer eligible, he had accepted it, and for a year and a half he lived in Ludlow Castle. The situation was not to his taste. Mr. Wickstead had nothing to teach him, unless it were to sneer at Puritans; and there was much tippling and other profanity in the castle and the town, crowded as they were with officials and their servants. All Shropshire was then, he had found, in a grievous condition spiritually; and, had he remained in Ludlow, the bad influences of the place might have obliterated the serious impressions he had received from his good father's teaching and the perusal of Sibbes's *Bruised Reed!* One youth, who was his intimate friend, and most zealously pious when he first knew him, did fall a victim, and became a confirmed drunkard and a scoffer![2] Had Baxter remained a little longer, he might have been present at the curiosity of a stage-play in the castle in rebuke of riot.

In the course of 1633 it was resolved that the earl should go to his post. On the 12th of May in that year a royal Letter of Instructions was issued, defining his powers afresh, and regulating the arrangements of the Council, both as a judicial and as an executive body.[3] It was to consist of

[1] The History of Ludlow, by the Hon. R. H. Clive: 1841; and Handbook to Ludlow, by Mr. Wright.

[2] *Reliquiæ Baxterianæ:* 1696. See also Hunter's Notes on Milton.

[3] The letter, extending over 16 folio pages, is given in Rymer, vol. XIX. pp. 449—465.

above eighty persons named—many of them bishops and great state officers of England, and others, knights and gentlemen of Shropshire and other parts of the Welsh border; but, of these eighty or more, four were nominated as salaried officers, bound to residence and the regular duties of circuit judges—to wit, Sir John Bridgeman, Chief Justice of Chester, Sir Marmaduke Lloyd, Second Justice of the same, Sir Nicholas Overbury, and Edward Waties, Esq. In all proceedings of the Council, three were to be a quorum; of which three, however, the President, the Vice-President, or the Chief Justice of Chester must always be one! These instructions the earl forwarded to Ludlow, in October 1633, to be read and registered against his arrival; and he appears to have speedily followed them himself. Some members of his family, including the two boys and their elder sister, the Lady Alice, appear to have been left behind for a time at Ashridge or at Harefield (and it may have been in this interval that *Arcades* was acted); but, in the autumn of 1634, there was a gathering of the whole family at Ludlow.

The new Lord President, to make up, perhaps, for his two years or more of absence, entered upon his official residence at Ludlow Castle with unusual solemnity. "He was attended," says Oldys, "by a large concourse of the neighbouring nobility and gentry."[1] At whatever time the hospitalities of his inauguration commenced, they were continued over the greater part of the year 1634. To the younger members of the family it seemed that the hospitalities would not be complete unless they included some poetical and musical entertainments, calculated to give Ludlow and its neighbourhood an idea of true taste in such matters. Accordingly, it was arranged that there should be a masque in Ludlow Castle,—not a slight thing of a speech and a song or two, like the *Arcades;* but a real masque of full dramatic dimensions. The earl, who had had experience in masques himself, had no objection to the expense; Lawes, as a matter of course, undertook the music and the general management; Milton, on being applied to, promised to furnish the poetry; and the

[1] MS. quoted by Warton.

entertainment was fixed for Michaelmas-night. There is a legend, for which Oldys is the earliest known authority, that, as Lord Brackley, Mr. Thomas Egerton, and their sister Lady Alice, were on their way to Ludlow from the house of some relatives in Herefordshire, where they rested on their journey, they were benighted in Haywood Forest, and that on this incident (reported by Lawes, or by some one else, as appropriate for the purpose) Milton founded his plot. Be this as it may, the manuscript of the poem which we now call *Comus*, but to which Milton himself affixed no such title,[1] was ready by the time appointed; and, the speeches and songs having been sufficiently rehearsed, and all other preparations made, the performance took place.

The place of performance was the great hall or council-chamber of Ludlow Castle—a noble apartment, sixty feet long, thirty wide, and proportionately lofty, in which, as tradition bore, the elder of the two murdered princes had been proclaimed as King Edward V. before his fatal journey to London; and the form of which, now roofless and floorless, is still traceable among the ruins.[2] The time is Michaelmas-night, the 29th of September, 1634. The company are assembled—the earl, the chief resident councillors, and as many of the rank and fashion of Ludlow and the vicinity as the hall will hold; one end of the hall is fitted up as a stage with curtains and other furniture; all is brilliant within the hall; and, without, not only the rest of the castle, but all Ludlow is in bustle. Here is the programme of the masque:—

THE PERSONS.

The *Attendant Spirit*, afterwards in the habit of *Thyrsis*.
Comus, with his crew.
The Lady.
1*st Brother*.
2*d Brother*.
Sabrina, the nymph.

[1] In Lawes's edition of 1637, in the first edition of Milton's Poems in 1645, and in the second in 1673, the poem is simply entitled "A Masque presented at Ludlow Castle," &c. the word *Comus* forming no part of the title.

[2] They call it now "Comus Hall" at Ludlow. As late as 1768 the flooring was pretty entire, and an inscription on the wall from 1 Samuel xii. 13, testifying to the usual purposes of the hall as a Court of Justice, was still legible. See Todd's notes to Comus.

To fill these six speaking or singing parts there are six separate persons, in addition to those who do not speak or sing, but only act as the crew to Comus. Who acted the parts of Comus and the nymph Sabrina we are not informed; but the part of the Attendant Spirit, who transmutes himself into the shepherd Thyrsis, was acted by Lawes; the part of The Lady was performed by Lady Alice Egerton; and the parts of the two Brothers were performed by Lord Brackley and Mr. Thomas Egerton respectively. Lady Alice, it is to be remembered, was not over fifteen years of age; and her two brothers were but boys.

The masque begins. "*The first scene discovers a wild wood,*" and "*The Attendant Spirit descends or enters*"—*i.e.* according as the machinery will allow.[1] It is Lawes appropriately dressed; and the stage has been darkened, to signify that it is night. He announces himself and his nature, as follows:[2]—

[1] It is proper to mention here that there are *three* extant versions of Comus—that of the usual printed copies, which followed the editions by Lawes in 1637, and by Milton himself in 1645 and 1673 (these editions agreeing in all except a very few various readings in those by Milton as compared with that by Lawes); and two versions in manuscript. One of the manuscript versions is that of the original MS. in Milton's own hand, preserved among the Milton MSS. in Trinity College, Cambridge; the other is that of a manuscript copy preserved in the Bridgewater Library, with the words "*Author Jo. Milton,*" written on the title-page in the hand of the second Earl of Bridgewater, who, as Lord Brackley, performed the part of the 1st Brother. This latter copy appears to be in Lawes's handwriting, and may have been the presentation-copy to the Bridgewater family, if not the stage-copy from which the actors learned their parts. The two MS. copies exhibit variations from each other; and both differ from our present printed version in numerous small particulars. Our printed version is, in fact, the Comus of 1634, as revised and corrected by Milton for publication in 1637 and 1645; and there is consequently some interest in comparing it with the two MS. versions—with that of the Cambridge MS., as the author's original copy, and with that of the Bridgewater MS., as the stage-copy. Todd printed the Bridgewater copy entire at the end of his separate edition of Comus in 1798; and he has given exact lists of the various readings from both the MS. copies in his notes appended to Comus in his collective edition of Milton's Poetical Works. In my analysis of *Comus* in the text, I have followed the printed copy—not deeming it necessary to alter back words here and there into those which may actually have been spoken. In describing the action of the masque, however, I have attended to the stage-directions of the Bridgewater copy, as well as to those of the printed copies—the former, as is natural in a stage-copy, being slightly more full.

[2] In the Cambridge MS. as in the printed copies, the Spirit begins with the speech "Before the starry threshold," &c.; but, in the Bridgewater MS., he begins with a *song* before the speech—the song consisting of twenty lines taken from the epilogue of the masque as it stands in the printed copies, and altered for use here.

"*From* the heavens now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad field of the sky," &c.

This (which is the greatest difference between the Bridgewater copy and the others) was probably an alteration by Lawes, for stage-purposes—*i.e.* in order to have a song near the beginning of the masque. Poetically the alteration was bad.

"Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aërial spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call Earth, and, with low-thoughted care,
Confined and pestered in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants
Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats."

Even on earth, however, there are some that aspire to lay their just hands on the golden key; and, to aid such, even a heavenly spirit may descend, and soil his ambrosial weeds in the vapours of the sin-worn world. Of this kind is *his* errand now.

"Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt flood and each ebbing stream,
Took in, by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove,
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles
That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep;
Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
And wield their little tridents. But this Isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-haired deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun
A noble peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with tempered awe to guide
An old and haughty nation, proud in arms:
Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,
Are coming to attend their father's state
And new-entrusted sceptre. But their way
Lies through the perplexed paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger;
And here their tender age might suffer peril,

But that, by quick command from sovran Jove,
I was despatched for their defence and guard:
And listen why!"

The reason is that the wood is inhabited by Comus and his crew—Comus, the god of riot and intemperance, the son of Bacchus and Circe, who, having erst betaken himself to these gloomy haunts, fills them now with his nightly revels, and waylays travellers, to induce them to drink an enchanted liquor from his crystal glass, and so change their countenances into the faces of beasts. It is to save the young travellers of that night from the danger that he has been sent down.

"First I must put off
These my sky-robes spun out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who, with his soft pipe and smooth-dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild woods when they roar,
And hush the waving woods; nor of less faith;
And, in this office of his mountain-watch,
Likeliest and nearest to the present aid
Of this occasion."[1]

The Attendant Spirit, hearing approaching footsteps, makes himself invisible, and "*Comus enters, with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him, a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistering. They come in, making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*" Comus then recites his ode, calling upon his companions to perform, while the night lasts, their usual revels,

"Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
The nice Morn, on the Indian steep,
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,
And to the tell-tale sun descry
Our concealed solemnity."

Obedient to Comus, the crew knit hands and dance. While they are so engaged, Comus, hearing a light footstep, bids

[1] Note here Milton's compliment to Lawes personally—not only in respect of his musical talent, but also of his integrity.

them break off and conceal themselves among the trees. By his art he knows that the approaching step is that of some benighted virgin ; and, hurling his magic dust into the air, in order to cheat her vision ("dazzling spells" is the phrase, implying perhaps a blaze of blue light as the actor made the gesture of throwing), he remains alone to meet her. He does not present himself at once, however, but steps aside.

"*The Lady enters*" (the Lady Alice, a little timid, doubtless, but wonderfully welcomed by the audience) ; and she speaks a speech explaining how she has come thither. She had been walking through the wood with her two brothers ; and, as she had grown weary with the long way, they had resolved to rest for the night under some pine-trees. Her brothers had stept into the neighbouring thicket to bring her berries or such cooling fruit.

> "They left me then, when the grey-hooded Even,
> Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
> Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain."

It is now midnight, and they have not returned. Wandering in search of them, she has been attracted to this particular spot in the wood by the sounds of wassail and merriment. She supposes it to be a company of "loose unlettered hinds" dancing to Pan in honour of harvest, and so "thanking the gods amiss ;" and, though loath to meet such revellers, has no choice left. And now, having come to the spot whence she heard the revelry, it is all dark and silent. What can it mean ? A thousand fancies of shapes, and beckoning shadows, and airy tongues that syllable men's names, crowd on her bewildered sense. These may well startle, but they cannot astound a virtuous mind !

> "O welcome, pure-eyed Faith ; white-handed Hope,
> Thou hovering Angel, girt with golden wings ;
> And thou, unblemisht form of Chastity !
> I see ye visibly, and now believe
> That He, the supreme Good, to whom all things ill
> Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
> Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,

To keep my life and honour unassailed.—
Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err; there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove."

Cheered by the gleam, and thinking her brothers may be near, she will gain their ear by a song. Here, therefore, in the masque, is the song "To Echo."[1]

The song ended, Comus, who has been listening in admiration, steps forth, in seeming to her a shepherd, and hails her as a foreign wonder, or the goddess of the wood saving it from harm by the spell of her voice. Declining the praise, she explains why she sang. Comus says he has seen her brothers, and offers to conduct her in the direction in which they went, and either to find them, or to lodge her safely in a lowly cottage where she may be safe till morning. She accepts the offer, and Comus and she quit the scene.

They are hardly gone, when the two brothers enter. Bewildered in the thick darkness themselves, they are most concerned for their sister. The younger brother expresses fear for her fate; and the elder brother comforts him. If there is no other danger than the darkness, what is there to dread in that?

"He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' the centre and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon!"

True! replies the younger brother; but in the case of a young maiden wandering alone in her beauty there are special dangers. The elder, not professing that he is quite free from all fear on his sister's account, maintains that against even

[1] In the printed copies, this song, beginning "Sweet Echo," is the *first* song in the masque; but, in the performance at Ludlow, it was the *second*. (See previous note, p. 574.) I may mention that there is in the British Museum (Add. MS. 11,518) an old copy of Lawes's original music to five of the songs in Comus, in this order:—1. "From the heavens," &c.; 2. "Sweet Echo," &c.; 3. "Sabrina Fair," &c.; 4. "Back, Shepherds," &c.; 5. "Now my task," &c.

these she is armed and safe. His reasons he expounds in a speech on the miraculous power of Chastity, so eloquent in its force as to win from his brother the exclamation,

> "How charming is divine philosophy!
> Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
> But musical as is Apollo's lute!"

They hear a far-off holloa in the wood; surmise it to be some benighted traveller like themselves, or some late woodman; but, lest it should be a robber, stand on their defence, as they return the cry.[1]

There is no need of their swords. The voice they have heard is that of Thyrsis, their father's faithful shepherd; who now appears, or rather the Attendant Spirit in the guise of Thyrsis. He alarms both the brothers more than before by telling them of the true dangers of the wood. But lately, he says, musing on a bank by himself, he had heard the barbarous roar of Comus and his crew out on their monstrous revels. Suddenly the roar had ceased, and all was silence as he listened.

> "At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
> Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
> And stole upon the air, that even Silence
> Was took ere she was ware, and wished she might
> Deny her nature, and be never more,
> Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,
> And took in strains that might create a soul
> Under the ribs of Death."

It was the song of his young lady, and he had recognised her voice! Alive to the peril she was in so near to the enchanter and his crew, he had run to the spot; but, ere he had reached it, the enchanter had been there and had lured the lady away! Hearing this, the younger brother loses the confidence the elder one had given him, and tells him so. The elder re-asserts his faith:—

[1] The speakers who have talked so nobly, be it remembered, and who now draw their swords so manfully, are two young boys! But juvenile acting was then common; and Lord Brackley and Mr. Thomas Egerton were doubtless forward in their parts.

"Not a period
Shall be unsaid by me. Against the threats
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm :—
Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled ;
Yea, even that, which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory :
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness ; when, at last,
Gathered like scum and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed and self-consumed. If this fail,
The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble."

He is for rushing at once to the haunt of the magician and dragging him to death. The seeming Thyrsis interposes ; warns him that the sorcerer, by his craft, is safe against ordinary weapons, and can reduce to sudden weakness the boldest assailant ; and then, being questioned how in that case he durst himself approach him, explains :—

"Care, and utmost shifts
How to secure the lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd-lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
In every virtuous plant and healing herb
That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray :
He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing ;
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken even to ecstasy,
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And show me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties."

Of one precious plant, called *Hœmony*, the learned lad had given him a portion, instructing him in its power to ward off enchantments. By the power of the plant, he had ventured near the sorcerer with impunity ; and he now proposes that, with the same help, all three should confront him in his hall

of necromancy, break his glass, spill his magic liquor, and seize his wand. The brothers agree and follow Thyrsis.

At this point, according to the stage-directions, "*the scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness: soft music, tables spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his rabble, and the lady set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by and goes about to rise.*" The sorcerer reminds her that she is chained as a statue of alabaster, and presses her to refresh herself from the glass, the liquor in which is more lively than nectar. She refuses in disdain, and upbraids the sorcerer with his falsehood. Then ensues the matchless dialogue between him and her—the Miltonic argument of sensuality against abstinence, and of temperance back against sensuality.

> "O foolishness of men, that lend their ears
> To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
> And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
> Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence!
> Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth
> With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
> Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
> Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
> But all to please and sate the curious taste?
> And set to work millions of spinning worms,
> That in their green shops weave the smooth-haired silk,
> To deck her sons? And, that no corner might
> Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
> She hutcht the all-worshipt ore and precious gems,
> To store her children with. If all the world
> Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,
> Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
> The All-giver would be unthankt, would be unpraised,
> Not half his riches known, and yet despised;
> And we should serve him as a grudging master,
> As a penurious niggard of his wealth;
> And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons!"

Thus arguing in the general, Comus appeals to the lady herself whether beauty like hers was made to be wasted.

"Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship.
It is for homely features to keep home:
They had their name thence. Coarse complexions,
And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
The sampler, and to teaze the huswife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the Morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts;
Think what, and be advised; you are but young yet."

Unwilling to open her lips in such an unhallowed air, the lady yet speaks:—

"Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance. She, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws
And holy dictate of spare Temperance.
If every just man that now pines with want
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pampered Luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumbered with her store;
And then the Giver would be better thanked,
His praise due paid: for swinish Gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his Feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad power of Chastity,
Fain would I something say; yet, to what end?
Thou hast nor ear, nor soul, to apprehend
The sublime notion and high mystery,
That must be uttered to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of virginity;

And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More happiness than this thy present lot."

The sorcerer, awed, but not baffled, dissembles his craft more strongly, and prays her but to taste. He has lifted the glass towards her mouth when "*the Brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground. His rout make sign of resistance, but are driven in. The Attendant Spirit* (*still as Thyrsis*) *comes in.*" The brothers have neglected to seize the wizard's wand; and, the wizard having escaped, the lady is still marble-bound to the chair, whence the compelled motion of his wand would have released her. But Thyrsis has a device in reserve. This is to invoke the aid of Sabrina, the goddess of the neighbouring river, the far-famed Severn. Did not British legends tell how the virgin Sabrina, daughter of Locrine, the son of Brutus, fleeing from her enraged step-dame Guendolen, flung herself, to preserve her honour, into the stream which now bore her name? Now that she was goddess of the river, who so ready to succour maidenhood? Only let her presence be adjured by some suitable song! Such a song Thyrsis himself sings:—

"Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting,
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair:
Listen, for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake;
Listen and save!"

The lyric prolongs itself in an ode continuing the adjuration; at the close of which "*Sabrina rises,* (*i.e.* from under the stage), *attended by Water-Nymphs, and sings,*"

"By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick-set with agate, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,

That in the channel strays ;
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread :
Gentle swain, at thy request,
I am here ! "

Thyrsis says why Sabrina has been summoned ; and she performs the expected office by sprinkling drops of pure water on the lady, touching thrice her finger's tip and her lips, and placing her hands on the chair. Then "*Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her seat.*" Thyrsis then (relapsing in manner into the Attendant Spirit) pronounces an ode of blessing on the Severn river for this service done by the goddess, and offers to conduct the party to safer ground.

" I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide ;
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wished presence ; and beside
All the swains that there abide
With jigs and rural dance resort :
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer.
Come, let us haste ; the stars grow high,
But night sits monarch yet in the mid-sky."

Here they go off, and "*The scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town and the President's Castle. Then come in Country Dancers : after them the Attendant Spirit, with the two Brothers and the Lady.*" The Attendant Spirit sings a short song, bidding the shepherds cease their dancing ; advances with the lady and her brothers ; and then "*This second song presents them to their father and mother :*"—

" Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight.

Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own ;
Heaven hath timely tried their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth ;
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual folly and intemperance.

There is then more dancing ; and "*the dances being ended, the Spirit epiloguizes,*" slowly ascending and swaying to and fro as he sings the final song :—

"But now my task is smoothly done ;
I can fly or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend ;
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue ; she alone is free :
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime ;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her."

With these sounds left on the ear, and a final glow of angelic light on the eye, the performance ends, and the audience rises and disperses through the castle. The castle is now a crumbling ruin, along the ivy-clad walls and through the dark passages of which the visitor clambers or gropes his way, disturbing the crows and the martlets in their recesses ; but one can stand yet in the doorway through which the parting guests of that night descended into the inner court ; and one can see where the stage was, on which the sister was lost by her brothers, and Comus revelled with his crew, and the lady was fixed as marble by enchantment, and Sabrina arose with her water-nymphs, and the swains danced in welcome of the earl, and the Spirit gloriously ascended to his native heaven. More mystic it is to leave the ruins, and,

descending one of the winding streets that lead from the castle into the valley of the Teme, to look upwards to castle and town seen as one picture, and, marking more expressly the three long pointed windows that gracefully slit the chief face of the wall towards the north, to realize that it was from that ruin and from those windows in the ruin that the verse of *Comus* was first shook into the air of England.

Much as Milton wrote afterwards, he never wrote anything more beautiful, more perfect than *Comus*. Let it be compared with Shirley's masque or Carew's masque of the preceding year, or even with any of Ben Jonson's masques (the last of which was one acted before the king and queen at the Earl of Newcastle's seat of Bolsover, July 30, 1634, while *Comus* may have been in rehearsal), and it will be seen that, if Milton did not intend to prove by this one example, against all preceding or contemporary masque-writers, what the pure poetry and the pure morality of a masque might be, he had certainly accomplished the feat without intending it. Critics have pointed out that, in writing *Comus*, he must have had analogous compositions by some previous writers before him—more especially "The Old Wives' Tale" of the dramatist Peele (1595); Fletcher's pastoral of the "Faithful Shepherdess," which had been revived as a royal play for Twelfth Night, and also at the theatres in 1633-4; Ben Jonson's masque of "Pleasure reconciled to Virtue" (1619), in which masque Comus is one of the characters; and, most especially of all, a Latin poem entitled "Comus," by Erycius Puteanus (Henri du Puy, Professor of Eloquence at Louvain), originally published at Louvain in 1608, and republished at Oxford in 1634. Coincidences as regards the plan, the characters, and the imagery are undoubtedly discernible between *Comus* and these compositions. Infinitely too much has been made, however, of such coincidences. Let any one glance into Peele's "Old Wives' Tale," and the sensation after a single page will simply be that Peele and Milton were poles asunder. And so with the others—with Fletcher, with Jonson, with Puteanus. After all of them, even the most ideal and poetical, the feeling in reading *Comus* is that all here is

different, all peculiar. The peculiarity consists no less in the power and purity of the doctrine than in the exquisite perfection of the literary finish; and, doctrine and poetry together, this one composition ought to have been sufficient, to use the words of Mr. Hallam, "to convince any one of taste and feeling that a great poet had arisen in England, and one partly formed in a different school from his contemporaries." The words are as just as they are carefully weighed.

Did the poet meet the recognition to which the merits of the masque entitled him? There may have been good judges of poetry present at the performance; and we know that rumours of its great excellence did gradually travel from Ludlow to other parts, raising curiosity as to the name and the circumstances of the author. Originally, however, the masque was anonymous; and, for three years or more, it was not known, except to Lawes, and perhaps to the Bridgewater family and a few others, who the author was. This circumstance is not unimportant in connexion with another question which may have occurred to the reader. Was Milton present at the performance of his own masque? Wherever he wrote it, he had certainly seized with sufficient clearness the spirit of the occasion for which it was intended, and had not failed in the introduction of appropriate local circumstances—the proximity of Wales to Ludlow; the love of the people of Shropshire and other western counties for their river Severn; and the like. But did he take the journey of 150 miles to Ludlow to be present when the masque was performed? If so, we should have, as a fact in Milton's life, a journey into Shropshire in the autumn of 1634, with visits, of course, to places around Ludlow—to Shrewsbury, whence the Philipses had come; perhaps to Cheshire and the banks of the Dee, where his friend Diodati had lived and probably lived still; perhaps even to Lancashire and parts of Wales. This is a region of England, at all events, with which the total life of Milton contains numerous associations.

If Milton did make a journey to the north-west of England at the time of the performance of his masque at Ludlow, he

was back again at Horton by the 4th of December, 1643 —on which day we find him writing thence a letter to the younger Gill. It is in acknowledgment of a copy of some new poetical composition just received from Gill. We translate from the Latin :—

To Alexander Gill.

" If you had presented to me a gift of gold, or of vases preciously embossed, or of whatever of that sort mortals admire, it were certainly to my shame not to have some time remunerated you, in as far as my faculties might serve. Seeing, however, that you presented us the other day with a copy of Hendecasyllabics so sprightly and elegant, by how much more dear than gold that gift is in value, by so much the more anxious have you made us as to the dainty device by which we should repay the kindness of so pleasant a benefit. We had, indeed, at hand some things of our own in this kind, but which I could nowise deem fit to be sent in trial of equality of gift with yours. I send, therefore, what is certainly not mine, but also belongs to that truly divine poet, this Ode of whom, only last week, with no deliberate intention certainly, but from I know not what sudden impulse before daybreak, I composed, almost in bed, to the rule of Greek heroic verse; in order that, relying on this coadjutor, who surpasses you no less in his subject than you surpass me in art, I should have something that might seem to approach a balancing of payments. Should anything occur to you in it not coming up to your usual opinion of our productions, understand that, since I left your school, this is the first and only thing I have composed in Greek,—employing myself, as you know, more willingly in Latin and English matters; inasmuch as whoever spends study and pains in this age on Greek composition runs a risk of singing generally to the deaf. Farewell, and expect me on Monday (if God will) in London among the booksellers. Meanwhile, if with such influence of friendship as you have with that Doctor, the annual president of the College, you can anything promote our business, take the trouble, I pray, to go to him as soon as possible on my account. Again, farewell.

From our suburban residence (*E nostro suburbano*[1]), Decemb. 4, 1634."

[1] See previous note, p. 524.

The composition which accompanied this letter was a translation into Greek hexameters of the 114th Psalm—the same Psalm, the translation of which into English is the first known composition of Milton's boyhood. The verdict pronounced on the translation by competent critics is that it "is superior to that of Duport" in his version of the same Psalm, "has more vigour," but "is not wholly free from inaccuracies."[1] The general conclusion from this, as from one or two other short Greek compositions of Milton, is that, however familiar with Greek as a reader, his Greek scholarship was less exact than his Latin.

From the date of the letter to Gill (Dec. 4, 1634) we have to advance to the year 1637, before we again meet with direct traces of Milton, furnished by his own correspondence. The gap of two years or more thus left in his life is, in part, however, filled up by information from other sources.

An incident of some consequence in his life, according to the ideas of those times, was his incorporation in 1635 as Master of Arts at Oxford. It was then the custom, as we have seen, for men who had been educated at either of the English Universities, and who were so situated in life as to desire to keep up their academic connexions, to apply, after some little lapse of time, for admission into the other University in the same degree as that which they had previously attained in their *Alma Mater*. Every year Cambridge "incorporated" in this manner some thirty, forty, or fifty Oxford men, and every year Oxford returned the compliment—both Universities at the same time usually incorporating also a few stray Scots from St. Andrews, Edinburgh, Glasgow, or Aberdeen, or foreigners from continental colleges. As Milton, at Horton, was within thirty-six miles of Oxford, whereas he was more than sixty miles distant from his own University of Cambridge, there may have been peculiar conveniences in incorporation in his case. At all events, the necessary steps were taken, and his incorporation took place. It is interesting to record that, among those who were incorporated along with him, was

[1] Dr. Burney's criticism on Milton's Greek verses, quoted by Todd, vol. VII.

Jeremy Taylor, of Caius. Taylor, who had graduated M.A. at Cambridge the year after Milton, was now attracting notice as an eloquent young preacher, and was about to be more intimately connected with Oxford by his nomination, through Laud (1636), to a fellowship in All Souls' College.[1]

Milton's incorporation as M.A. of Oxford in 1635 may have afforded him an opportunity of forming some acquaintance for himself, if such acquaintance still remained to be formed, with Oxford and its neighbourhood. In the University, there were men whom it must have pleased him to see or to meet. Besides the twenty-five heads of Colleges,—the most distinguished of whom were Dr. John Prideaux, Rector of Exeter College, anti-Laudian in his views, and afterwards Bishop of Worcester; Accepted Frewen, D.D. President of Magdalen, and afterwards Bishop of Lichfield and Archbishop of York; and Dr. Brian Duppa, Dean of Christ Church, afterwards tutor to Charles II. as prince, and bishop of two sees,—there were many eminent scholars in Oxford of whom Milton had heard. Some of these may have been of Trinity College—the college of his friend Gill and also of Diodati. In all probability, however, the most agreeable and useful acquaintance that Milton at this time formed at Oxford was with John Rous, M.A. fellow of Oriel College, and chief librarian of the Bodleian. That Milton knew Rous familiarly afterwards is certainly known.[2]

[1] The fact of Milton's incorporation at Oxford in 1635 is learnt, not from the University books (in which, owing to the carelessness of the person then acting as Registrar, the incorporations from Cambridge are not entered for that and adjacent years), but from Wood's *Fasti*. Wood's informant, he tells us, had the fact from Milton's "own mouth." Taylor's incorporation in that year is certain.

[2] There has been a disposition to antedate Milton's acquaintance with the vicinity of Oxford, and to exaggerate the amount of his early connexion with it. As far back as 1750 they used to show a house in Forest Hill as "Milton's house;" and in 1769 Sir William Jones made Forest Hill the object of a day's ramble from Oxford, expressly that he might have the pleasure of visiting "a place where Milton spent some part of his life, and where in all probability he composed several of his earliest productions." Unfortunately Sir William conveyed the impressions obtained in the visit in a letter to Lady Spencer (see Todd's Life of Milton, edit. 1809, pp. 20-23), which has continued to perturb Milton's biography ever since. He describes the scenery round, and shows how all the images of rural nature found in the *Allegro* and *Penseroso* were indubitably yielded by it! Now, that Milton may have, in his boyhood and youth, visited Forest Hill and the Shotover district, whence his father had come, is extremely probable; and that at a later period (beyond the limits of this volume, however) Forest Hill did contribute for better or worse to the current of his ideas, is absolutely certain. But that he resided at or near Forest Hill for any length of time, prior to his early manhood, or that this was the place where he composed any of his important youthful poems, rests, as yet, on no authority. Horton near

Besides the incorporation at Oxford, there was another incident of the year 1635 of some collateral interest in the biography of Milton. On the 17th of November in that year, old Mr. Gill died in his house in St. Paul's Churchyard in the seventy-first year of his age, having survived but by a month or two the publication of his folio volume called "*Sacred Philosophie of Holy Scripture, or Commentary on the Creed.*"[1] He was buried in Mercers' Chapel; and his son was appointed by the Mercers' Company to succeed him as Head Master of St. Paul's School. This promotion was a considerable rise in the world for Gill; and, in the following year (1636), he was admitted D.D. at Oxford.[2]

Throughout the year 1636 there had been much alarm in England on account of a return of the plague. As early as April 1636, there was a royal proclamation renewing former sanitary regulations over the kingdom; and during the rest of the year there were additional proclamations, adjourning the law-courts, prohibiting fairs in London and elsewhere, appointing general fasts, and the like. The plague did not spread to the extent that had been anticipated. We hear of it as being in London from the month of July 1636 onwards, as showing signs of abating before the winter was over, but as breaking out afresh early in the spring of 1637. "In the beginning of March," writes Garrard, "there died 100 of the plague; then nothing but talking of removing from London; besides much in the country, near the king's houses, at Hampton, Chelsea, Brentford, everywhere westward more or less." The portions of the country here indicated seem to have been those in which the plague lingered most pertinaciously during the rest of its visit; and Cambridge and other towns, which had suffered so much on the preceding visit of 1630, escaped with a few cases. It was not, however, till August 1637, or sixteen months after the first outbreak,

Colnbrook is the authentic place of Milton's habitual residence for nearly six years after his leaving Cambridge. Forest Hill will come in time enough.

[1] The work is registered in the books of the Stationers' Company, under date May 29, 1635.

[2] Wood, Athenæ, III. 42.

that the infection abated so far that proclamations on the subject ceased.[1]

The parish registers of Horton prove that, during the last five or six months of the sixteen, the plague had settled with peculiar tenacity on Colnbrook and its neighbourhood. The annual average of deaths in Horton parish, as appears from the register of burials, was about ten or twelve in ordinary times; but this was liable to rise greatly when conditions were unhealthy. Here, for example, are the statistics of burials for the twelve years preceding and including 1636, each year to be reckoned as beginning on the 25th of March :—

1625	11 burials.	1631 . . .	8 burials.
1626 (plague year)	34 burials.	1632 . . .	8 burials.
1627	7 burials.	1633 . . .	3 burials.
1628	17 burials.	1634 . . .	13 burials.
1629	11 burials.	1635 . . .	13 burials.
1630	13 burials.	1636 . . .	11 burials.

Here, it will be observed, the mortality of the parish rises to triple its ordinary average in the plague year 1626; in the next plague year, 1630, the parish seems to escape altogether; and, on the third occasion, the year 1636 (including as far as what we should now call March 24, 1637) passes without any noticeable increase of mortality. Evidently, however, the plague, on the first occasion, reached Colnbrook late; for though, as regards the kingdom at large, the plague year is divided over 1625 and 1626, the increased mortality in Horton parish falls entirely within the accounts of 1626. And precisely so it happened on this third occasion. Although the registered mortality of the parish for 1636 is not above the average, the local conditions for an increase must have been then preparing themselves; and, partly from direct cases of plague, partly from the general influence of an unhealthy season, the registered mortality of 1637 is unusually great. The burials for that year are thirty-one, or only three fewer

[1] See Proclamations of the years 1636 and 1637, in Rushworth; also Cooper's Annals of Cambridge, under these years; and Garrard's Letters of the same years in the *Strafford Papers*.

than in the great plague year 1626. Here is the list, copied from the Register—the most interesting of all the entries for us being that which stands third :—

1. The wife of Thomas Porter, buried March 26th.
2. Susan, ye Daughter of Morris & Martha Fisher, buried April 1st.
3. Sara, uxor Johnis Milton, generosi [Sara, wife of John Milton, gentleman], Aprilis 6to : obiit 3o [Buried the 6th of April : died the 3rd].
4. An infant sonne of John & Susan Hawkins, buryed Aprill ye 9th.
5. Johnes inf. Johnis et Susannæ Hawkins filius [John, infant son of John and Susan Hawkins] Aprilis 24o.
6. Catherine, wife of John Ballynour, buryed April ye 28 : of ye Plague : Colebrook (1).
7. Richard Vicar, gent. & inkeep., buryed May ye 15, out of ye Talbot, of ye Plague, (2).
8. Fraunces, daughter of Richard Vicar, gent., buried May 15th, of ye Plague (3).
9. John, sonne of Thomas Paine, tapster, May ye 15, out of ye Talbot, of ye Plague (4).
10. John, sonne of John Cooke, gentleman, buried June 13th, out of ye Talbot, of ye Plague (5).
11. John Withers, sadler, buryed June ye 26 ; d. of ye Plague ; of Colebrook (6).
12. Mary, ye daughter of Henry Heydon, glover, buryed June ye 26; also of Colebrook.

Alice, wife of Gilbert Brandon, vintr. of London, June ye 28, out of ye Talbot, of ye Plague (7).

14. Susanna, wife of Robt Taylor, coblar, July ye 27, of ye Plague ; of Colebrook (8).

Alice, ye wife of John Withers, lately deceased, July ye 9th, of ye Plague ; of Colebrook (9).

16. Jonathan, sonne of Robert Taylor, coblar, July ye 7th, of ye Plague ; of Colebrook (10).

Stephen, sonne of Robert Taylor, coblar, July ye 10th, of ye Plague ; of Colebrook (11).

John, ye sonne of Robert Taylor, coblar, July ye 11th, of ye Plague ; of Colebrook (12).

Henry Heydon, glover, buryed July ye 26 ; died of consumption ; of Colebrooke.

20. Thomas Headmayer, buryed July ye 30th ; surfeitt by drinking ; of Colebrooke.

Bridgida, uxor Thomæ Harris, Aug. 20th ; died of a staid (?) pestilentiall (13).

22. William Snowdon, servant to John Haines, husbandman, Aug. ye 29th ; ex peste obiit [died of plague] (14).

William Stanton, Carpenter, Sept. ye 29th.

Martha, wife of Maurice Fisher, Septemb. ye 8th.

Alice, wife of Thomas Feild, November ye 13th.

26. Peter, sonne of Peter Jenings; an infant; Decemb. ye 23.

John, sonne of John and Margarett Browne, Jan ye 4th; of Colebrooke.

Richard Farmer, gent., aged 92, buryed Jan. ye 9th.

Elizabeth, daughter of Judge Grayhew (?), buryed Jan. ye 28th; d. of a consumption; of Colebrooke.

30. Margarett, ye wife of William Michell, buryed February ye 4th; of Colebrooke.

Margarett, ye wife of John Browne, buryed March ye 13th; of Colebrooke.

(Signed) Edward Goodall, Rector.
John Hawkins and Thomas Bowden } Churchwardens.[1]

Among the deaths *not* attributed to the plague, but possibly owing to the unhealthiness which preceded it,[2] was that of Milton's mother. She has been ill perhaps for some time; there have been rumours of the advances of the plague from London by Brentford, &c.; the weaker people are beginning to feel they know not what symptoms that all is not well with them; and, on the 3d of April, 1637, this one memorable life ends, and the poor that linger at the gate know that they have lost a friend. For three days there is death in the still house; and the helpless widower sits or moves about, bowed down with his loss, but striving to say, as his sons and his daughter attend him watchingly, "Let the will of the Lord be done!" Pitying him, the elder son meditates the same thought in his own manner, and with variations which he cannot speak. Three days so pass; on the third, there is the last look at the face so long seen but now to be seen no more; and forth from the house, and out at the gate, walk the little company of mourners, on their short way to the church

[1] The signatures of the rector and churchwardens appended to the register of this year (which is only occasionally done in previous years), signify that the year was one of unusual note, in respect of mortality in the parish. The numbers *pre*fixed to the names by Goodal, in reckoning up the deaths, as well as the numbers, in different series, *af*fixed by him afterwards to the plague cases, are of similar significance. Altogether, it appears that, of the thirty-one deaths of the year, fourteen were notoriously deaths from plague (almost all these, too, in the part of Colnbrook belonging to Horton parish), leaving seventeen deaths from other causes.

[2] "We have had here in England," writes Tarrard from London, April 28, 1637, "a very dry spring, cold easterly winds, but for the most part very fair weather; though seldom rain, yet wetting mists every morning. The plague rises and falls according to the change of the moon."

opposite. Past the old yews at the entrance to the churchyard, where groups are gathered to see, moves the sad procession. They enter the little church, up the narrow middle aisle of which the coffin is slowly carried; and there, round the deep-dug grave they stand, while the last service is being read. The coffin is lowered; there is the sound of the falling earth; there is the one unutterable look into the grave; and the dead and the living are parted for ever! Where Milton then stood, and where the aged widower stood and the others with him, the visitor to Horton Church may now stand also, and read on a plain blue stone laid flat on the floor of the chancel this simple record:—

"Heare lyeth the Body of Sara Milton, the wife of John Milton, who died the 3rd of April, 1637."[1]

Within three weeks after the death of Milton's mother, the plague was in and around the village; and, from the end of April to the end of August, there were to be seen passing at intervals into the churchyard those funerals of plague-victims—some from the village itself, but most from the adjacent part of Colnbrook—of which the Register informs us. As the plague was in other places round about, however, and also still in London, there may have been nothing to be gained, in point of security, by leaving Horton for any other place near.

Nearly three years had elapsed since the performance of the masque at Ludlow Castle; and during these the rumour of its excellence had spread so widely, that Lawes had found the manuscript a troublesome possession. He had been applied to for copies of it, or for copies of the songs in it, so often that he resolved to have it printed. Accordingly, having obtained the author's consent, and having obtained also such emendations of the original copy as the author saw fit to make, he did, in his own name, publish the masque in a small quarto

[1] The fact of burial in the church, and the manner in which the entry of the burial is made by Goodal in the parish books (in Latin, and with the date of death as well as that of burial noted), prove that the family was of some consideration in Horton.

pamphlet of thirty-five pages.[1] The most interesting part of the pamphlet, next to the text, is the preliminary dedication by Lawes to Lord Brackley, now in his sixteenth year.

"*To the Right Honourable John Lord Bracly, son and heir-apparent to the Earl of Bridgewater, &c.*

"My Lord,

"This Poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honour from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a small dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the Author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely and so much desired that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view, and now to offer it up, in all rightful devotion, to those fair hopes and rare endowments of your much-promising youth, which give a full assurance, to all that know you, of a future excellence. Live, sweet Lord, to be the honour of your name, and receive this as your own from the hands of him who hath by many favours been long obliged to your most honoured parents, and, as in this representation your attendant *Thyrsis*, so now in all real expression,

"Your faithful and most humble Servant,

"H. Lawes."

In the month of August 1637, when the plague was everywhere disappearing, there occurred two deaths, the most remarkable perhaps in the British obituary of that year. On the 6th of August, Ben Jonson died in his house in Westminster, at the age of sixty-three; and on the 9th he was buried under the pavement in the north aisle in Westminster Abbey. On the day after his burial (Aug. 10), and when the news of his death can hardly have reached the remoter parts of England, a vessel, which had left Chester Bay and was coasting in calm weather along the neighbouring part of Wales, on its voyage across the Irish Channel to Dublin, struck on a rock

[1] "*A Masque presented at Ludlow Castle*, 1634, *on Michaelmasse Night, before the right honourable the Earle of Bridgewater, Viscount Brackly, Lord President of Wales, and one of his Majesties most honourable privie Counsell: London: Printed for Humphrey Robinson at the signe of the Three Pidgeons in Paul's Churchyard:* 1637." On the title-page, between the title itself and the publisher's name and address, is this motto from Virgil's second Eclogue:—

"Eheu! quid volui misero mihi? Floribus austrum
Perditus"—

At the end of the masque is the following note:—"*The Principall persons in this maske were the Lord Bracly, Mr. Thomas Egerton, The Lady Alice Egerton.*"

and foundered not far from land. With the exception of a few who managed to get into a boat, all on board perished; and among them was Edward King of Christ's College. He had left Cambridge after the close of the session; had visited, it would appear, some of his relatives in England; and was on his way to spend the rest of the vacation among his other relatives and friends in his native Ireland. The account that reached his friends was that, when the ship struck, and the other passengers were wild with alarm, he behaved with much calmness; and that, after a vain attempt had been made to get him into the boat, he was seen on his knees in prayer, and so went down. His body was not recovered.

The news of King's death cannot have been long in reaching Milton; but we do not find any mention of it in either of two letters of his, written to his friend Diodati, the one three weeks, the other six weeks, after the occurrence. We insert these two letters, as usual, in literal translation.[1]

"To Charles Diodati.

"Now at length I plainly see that what you are driving at is sometimes to vanquish us completely by an obstinate silence; and, if it is so, bravo! have that little glory over us, for lo! we write first; although certainly, if ever that matter were to come into contention, why neither has written to the other *for so long*, it is for you to beware of thinking but that I shall be by many degrees the more excused—*manifestly so indeed, as being one by nature slow and reluctant to write*, as you well know; while you, on the other hand, whether by nature or habit, are wont without difficulty to be drawn into epistolary correspondence of this sort. It makes also for my favour that I know your method of studying to be so arranged that you frequently take breath in the middle, visit your friends, write much, sometimes make a journey: my genius, however, is such that no delay, no rest, no care or thought almost of anything holds me aside until I reach the end I am making for, and round off, as it were, some great period of my studies. And hence wholly, nor from any other cause, believe me, has it happened that I am slower in approaching the voluntary discharge of good offices; but in replying to such, O our *Theodotus*, I am not such a putter-off; nor have I

[1] There are bits of Greek in the letters: these are translated in italics.

ever been guilty of not meeting any letter of yours by one of mine in due turn. What! that you, as I hear, should have sent letters to the bookseller, to your brother too not unfrequently, either of whom would, conveniently enough, on account of their nearness, have caused letters to have been delivered to us, if there had been any! This, however, I complain of, that, whereas you promised that it would be with us that you would take up your quarters on your departure from the city, you did not keep your promises; the neglect of which promises by you if you had but once thought of, there would not have been wanting an almost necessary occasion for writing. All this I had, as I imagine, wherewith to lecture you deservedly. What you will prepare in answer, see yourself. But, meanwhile, how is it with you, pray? Are you rightly in health? Are there in those parts any learned folks or so with whom you can willingly associate and chat, as we were wont together? When do you return? How long do you intend to dwell among those *hyperboreans?* I would have you answer me these questions one by one; but (don't mistake) not now only are your affairs at my heart, —for understand that, in the beginning of the autumn, I turned aside from a journey with the design of knowing what you were doing. Lately also, when it had been fallaciously reported to me by I know not whom that you were in town, straightway and as if with a shout I rushed to your crib [*confestim et quasi αὐτοβοεὶ proripui me ad cellam tuam*]; but, *'twas the vision of a shadow!* for nowhere did you appear. Wherefore, as far as may be without inconvenience to you, fly hither all the sooner, and fix yourself in some place which may give me a more pleasant hope that somehow or other we may at least sometimes exchange visits; for I would that you were no otherwise our neighbour, being in the country, than you are, being in the town. *But this as it pleases God!* I would say more both about ourselves and about our studies; but would rather do so in your presence; and now to-morrow we are about to return to that country residence of ours, and the journey so presses that I have hardly had time to put these things on the paper. Farewell.

"London: Septemb. 2, 1637."

Diodati answers this letter in a bantering medical strain; and Milton again writes to him, on the 23d of the same month, dating again from London:—

"To Charles Diodati.

"What other friends generally do in their letters, thinking it enough to express one single wish for one's health, I see now how it is that you do the same so many times; for to those mere wishes which were all that you formerly could and that others hitherto can bring, you wish me, I suppose, to understand that there is now added, as in a heap, your art and all your medical force. For you bid me be well six hundred times, as well as I wish to be, as well as I can be, or even better. Verily you must have lately been made the very steward of the larder, the clerk of the kitchen to Health, you make such havoc of the whole store of salubrity;[1] or, doubtless, Health ought now to be your parasite, you so act the king and command it to be obedient. I therefore congratulate you, and it is consequently necessary that I should return you thanks on a double account—both of your friendship and your excellent art. I did indeed, as it happened so to be, long expect your letters; but, having never received any, I did not, believe me, on that account suffer my old good-will to you in the least degree to grow cold; nay truly, that very excuse for your delay which you have employed in the beginning of your letter, I had anticipated in my own mind you would offer. And rightly so and agreeably to our requirement! For I would not that true friendship turned on balances of letters and salutations, all which may be false; but that it should depend on both sides on the deep roots of the mind and sustain itself there, and that, once begun on sincere and sacred grounds, it should, though mutual good offices should cease, yet be free from suspicion and blame during the whole of life—for the fostering of which friendship there is not need so much of writing, as of a loving recollection of virtues on one side and on the other. Nor even now, should you not have written, would there be a lack of means of supplying that good office. Your probity writes with me in your stead, and indites true letters on my inmost feelings; your innocence of morals writes to me, and your love of the good; your genius also, by no means an every-day one, writes to me and commends you to me more and more. Wherefore, don't, having attained that tyrannic citadel of Medicine, wave those terms before me, as if you meant, abating a little bit by bit, to demand back from me your six hundred healths down to one, if by chance (which may God never

[1] There is a recollection here of a phrase of Plautus. Other such scraps from the classics may be traced in Milton's letters.

permit !) I should become a traitor to friendship ; and remove that terrible embargo which you seem to have hung on our neck, to the effect that it should not be lawful for us to be sick without your good leave. For, lest you should threaten too much, know it is impossible for me not to love men like you. What besides God has resolved concerning me I know not, but this at least : *He has instilled into me, at all events, a vehement love of the beautiful.* Not with so much labour, as the fables have it, is Ceres said to have sought her daughter Proserpine, as I am wont day and night to seek for this *idea of the beautiful* (hanc τοῦ κάλου ἰδέαν) through all the forms and faces of things (*for many are the shapes of things divine*), and to follow it leading me on as with certain assured traces. Whence it happens that, whoso, scorning what the vulgar opine in their depraved estimation of things, dares to feel and speak and be that which the highest wisdom through every age has taught to be best, to that man I attach myself forthwith by a real necessity, wherever I find him. And if, either by nature or by my fate, I am so circumstanced that, by no effort and labour of mine, I can myself rise to such an honour and elevation, yet that I should always worship and look up to those who have attained that glory, or happily aspire to it, neither gods nor men, I think, have bidden nay.

"But now I know you wish to have your curiosity satisfied. You make many anxious inquiries—even as to what I am thinking of. Hearken, Theodotus, but let it be in your private ear, lest I blush ; and allow me for a little to speak big words to you ! You ask what I am thinking of ? So may the good Deity help me, of Immortality ! But what am I doing ? I am *pluming my wings* and meditating flight ; but as yet our Pegasus raises himself on very tender pinions. Let us be lowly wise !

"I will now tell you seriously what I am thinking of :—of migrating into some Inn of the Lawyers, wherever there is a pleasant and shady walk, because there I shall have both a more convenient habitation among some companions, if I wish to remain at home, and more *suitable head-quarters* if I choose to make excursions anywhere. Where I am now, as you know, I live obscurely and in a cramped manner. You shall also be made more certain respecting our studies. We have by continued reading brought down the affairs of the Greeks as far as the time when they ceased to be Greeks ; we were long engaged on the obscure

business of the Italians under Longobards, Franks, and Germans to the time when liberty was given them by Rodolph, King of Germany; from that period it will be better to read separately what each state [in Italy] did by its own wars. But what are *you* doing? How long will you hang over domestic matters as a *filius familias*, forgetting your town companionships? But, unless this step-motherly war be worse than the Dacian or the Sarmatian, you will certainly require to make haste, so as at least to come with us into winter-quarters. Meanwhile, if it can be done without trouble to you, I beg you to send me Justinian,[1] the historian of the Venetians. I will, on my word, see that it is well kept against your arrival, or, if you prefer it, that it is sent back to you not so very long after receipt. Farewell.

"London: Septemb. 23, 1637."

Whether Milton did take chambers in London for the winter of 1637-8, is not known. Most probably not; for it cannot have been long after his last letter to Diodati that another scheme was resolved upon which he did carry out —that of a tour on the Continent, as far as Italy. But, though we know nothing of Milton's place of abode during the winter of 1637-8, we know something of his occupations.

LYCIDAS. The death of Ben Jonson had been the great literary event of the autumn just past, and it was not till more than half a year had elapsed that it ceased to be matter of town talk. In the first place, there was the question who should be his successor in the Laureateship. The question was settled, at last, by the appointment of William Davenant, greatly to the chagrin of Thomas May. Then there was much talk of a magnificent monument to be erected to Ben in the Abbey, and to which all the world would subscribe. The proposal came to nothing, and old Ben lay, or rather stood (for he was buried upright) with nothing over him but the flat pavement of the aisle, on one of the squares of which, as the grave was being covered, clever Jack Young of Oxfordshire took care to have a provisional inscription chiselled by a mason for eighteenpence, in the celebrated

[1] "Justinianus Bernardus, Patricius Venetus, De origine urbis Venetiarum:" folio, Venice, 1492. There was an Italian translation, published at Venice in 1608.

words "O rare Ben Jonson!" The poets and others of the tribe of Ben raised another monument in kind over their patriarch. In addition to elegies published by them individually, some thirty or forty of them — including Lord Falkland, May, Habington, Waller, young Cleveland of Cambridge, young Cartwright of Oxford, Owen Feltham, Shakerley Marmion, and John Ford — clubbed together copies of obituary verses in English, Latin and Greek, to be published conjointly in a special volume under the editorship of Dr. Brian Duppa, Dean of Christ Church. The volume appeared early in 1638, with the title of "*Johnsonus Virbius, or the Memorie of Ben Johnson revived by the Friends of the Muses.*"[1] The gist of all the panegyrics, various as they were in style, was that English poetry was dead with Ben. The panegyrics themselves went near to prove it.

What the wits and scholars of England at large were doing for Ben's memory, a select number of wits and scholars, chiefly connected with Cambridge, had resolved to do for the memory of poor Edward King. For eleven years he had been one of the ornaments of Cambridge — latterly, from July 1633 onwards, as full M.A. and fellow of Christ's College, fulfilling the academic offices of tutor, prælector and the like, and qualifying himself for the active duties of the ministry.[2] All that he had left in confirmation of the high estimate formed of his powers by those who had known him intimately, consisted of but a few scraps of Latin verse scattered through those volumes of encomiastic verses which the University had published during his connexion with it. Here is a complete list of these trifles, so far as I have traced them :—

1. Four copies of Latin verses, signed "*Ed. King, Coll. Christi Socius*," occupying pp. 36-39 of the volume issued from the University Press on the occasion of the birth of the Princess Mary (Nov. 4, 1631), but with retrospective reference to the birth of Prince Charles, afterwards Charles II. (May 29, 1630.) The volume is entitled "*Genethliacum illustrissimorum principum, Caroli et*

[1] Licensed for publication by Tho. Weekes, chaplain to the Bishop of London, Jan. 23, and registered in the Stationers' books Feb. 3, 1637-8.

[2] He was prælector in 1634-5, and the admissions at Christ's College for that year are in his handwriting.

Mariæ, a musis Cantabrigiensibus celebratum: Cantab. 1631." It contains verses by some scores of men from all the colleges—Comber of Trinity, Fuller of Sidney College, Duport of Trinity, Whelock of Clare Hall, Randolph of Trinity; and, besides King, we notice among contributors from Christ's Milton's schoolfellow Pory. King's contributions (he was then in his twentieth year) are, one in hexameters, one in Horatian measure, and two in elegiacs. The piece in hexameters opens thus :—

"Qualis ab Oceano rerum qui semen et auctor
Exurgit laxis rubicunda Aurora capillis,
Exhilaratque novo perfusum lumine mundum,
Infantemque diem promit, cœlumque serenat,
Nigrantes faciens non sponte rubescere nubes,
Purpureis victas radiis; sic parvula nobis
Princeps, Lucinæ ac cœli dulcissima cura,
Reginæ ex utero prodit," &c.

The premature birth of the princess, thus somewhat bluntly hinted at in the last line, forms the whole subject of one of the pieces in elegiacs. We quote it entire :—

"Miraris quòd te, illustris Regina, levârit
Tam festinanti conjuga Juno manu,
Et præmaturæ compulsam in lumina vitæ
Naturâ sobolem sic properante paris?
Regius hic ortus, veréque heroicus: Ipsis
Plebeiis justo mense licet parere!
Dissecto Cæsar Romanus ventre parentis
Prodiit, et vitam de moriente tulit:
Tu viva edûxti prærepto tempore prolem:
Haud potuit nasci nobiliore modo!"

2. A copy of Latin iambics, pp. 43, 44 of the volume of Cambridge verses on the king's recovery from the small-pox in the winter of 1632-3, entitled "*Anthologia in Regis Exanthemata; seu gratulatio Musarum Cantab. de felicissimè asservatâ Regis Caroli valetudine. Cantab.* 1633." Besides nearly all the old hands at such things, the volume includes contributions from Collins and Pearson of King's, young Crashaw of Pembroke, and young Henry More of Christ's.

3. A copy of Latin iambics in the volume of Cambridge verses congratulating the king on his safe return from Scotland (July 1633), and entitled "*Rex Redux, sive Musa Cantabrigiensis, &c. de incolumitate et felici reditu Regis Caroli post receptam coronam comitiaque peracta in Scotiâ: Cantab.* 1633." King appears again here (*ætat.* 21) among some scores of old hands, including Honeywood and Henry More of Christ's.

4. A copy of Latin iambics, already mentioned (see p. 210), prefixed to Hausted's "*Senile Odium*," when that play was published at Cambridge in 1633.

5. A copy of Latin elegiacs, in the volume of Cambridge verses on the birth of the Prince James, Duke of York (Oct. 15, 1633), entitled "*Ducis Eboracensis Fasciæ a Musis Cantabrigiensibus raptim contextæ: Cantab.* 1633." All the metrical hands of the University are here again; and King, who now signs himself M.A. as well as fellow of Christ's, reverts to his somewhat blunt physiology in referring to the queen's fecundity :—

"Mnemosyne Musas peperit fœcunda novenas.
Hæc in te meruit fabula ficta fidem:
De Jovis exiluit Pallas vix una cerebro;
Ex utero prodit multa Minerva tuo."

6. A copy of Latin stanzas in Horatian metre, in the Cambridge volume of verses on the birth of the Princess Elizabeth (Dec. 28, 1635), entitled "*Carmen Natalitium ad cunas illustrissimæ principis Elizabethæ decantatum, intra nativitatis Domini solemnia, per humiles Cantabrigiæ musas: A.D.* 1635."

7. A copy of Latin iambics, in the Cambridge volume of verses on the birth of the Princess Anne (March 17, 1636-7), entitled "*Συνωδία, sive Musarum Catabrigiensium concentus et congratulatio ad serenissimum Britanniarum Regem Carolum de quintâ suâ sobole clarissimâ Principe sibi nuper felicissime natâ: A.D.* 1637." This is an unusually rich collection, containing pieces in Latin and Greek by nearly 140 separate contributors from all the colleges. Among these are Duport of Trinity, Andrew Marvel of Trinity (who contributes both in Latin and in Greek), Beaumont of Peterhouse, Crashaw of Peterhouse, and Abraham Cowley. There are ten contributors from Christ's, including Robert Gell, B.D. and Henry More (who writes almost always in Greek). King (*ætat.* 25) again shows a singular liking for the plain physiological view of his subject :—

"Ineunte vere terra jam pandit sinum,
Glebasque molles solvit; et, solis novi
Refecta radiis roribusque gemmeis
Aurâque Zephyri, blandiora semina
Commissa reddit, atque, fœcundùm tumens,
Effundit herbas, succulos, florum comas.
Et tibi, Maria, candidi veris tepor
Laxavit uterum," &c.

On the whole, there is nothing in any of these performances that would impress us now, if we came upon them unawares, with the notion of superior genius. There is little poetry in the thought; and the obstetric plainness of phrase in each of the birthday pieces, though excusable perhaps in verse made by the dictionary, is what the taste of a true muse would certainly have avoided. The verses, however, are not below

the average of most of those that accompany them; and one can well understand that they do not reveal all the author's ability. In moral respects, he seems to have been the model of academic youth; strict and pious, while gentle and amiable.

It seems to have been after the assembling of the University for the Michaelmas Term of 1637, that the project of a little volume of commemorative verses was agreed upon by King's friends. Milton, as one who had known King well, and who had doubtless corresponded with him, either voluntarily offered a contribution, or was invited to send one. The result was the monody afterwards entitled *Lycidas*, but originally printed without a title. The draft of the poem among the Cambridge MSS. in Milton's own hand is dated "November 1637;" but the collection did not appear till a month or two later, and by that time Milton had made a few verbal changes.

The collection consisted of two parts. The one is a series of twenty-three pieces in Latin and Greek, entitled "*Justa Edovardo King naufrago ab amicis mœrentibus, amoris et μνείας χάριν*," ("Obsequies to Edward King, drowned by shipwreck, in token of love and remembrance by his sorrowing friends,") and with this motto from Petronius Arbiter on the title-page, "*Si recte calculum ponas, ubique naufragium est*" ("If you rightly cast the reckoning, there is shipwreck everywhere"). The other is a series of thirteen English poems, separately paged, and with this separate title, surrounded by a black border, on the outer leaf:—"*Obsequies to the memorie of Mr. Edward King, Anno Dom.* 1638." The two parts of the collection were separately paged and titled; but both were printed at the University press, and both bear the date 1638. The existing copies of them are sometimes separate and sometimes bound together. Milton's contribution stands last in the English series, so that, when the two parts were bound together, with the English last, it closed the volume.

The *Latin* and *Greek* part consists of 35 small quarto pages. It opens with a Latin paragraph in conspicuous type, narrating

the incident which occasioned the volume. The following is a translation —not more clumsy than the original:—

"P.M.S. Edward King, son of John (Knight and Privy Councillor for the Kingdom of Ireland to their majesties, Elizabeth, James, and Charles), Fellow of Christ's College in the University of Cambridge, happy in the consciousness and in the fame of piety and erudition, and one in whom there was nothing immature except his age, was on his voyage to Ireland, drawn by natural affection to visit his country, his relatives and his friends,—chiefly, his brother Sir Robert King, Knight, a most distinguished man; his sisters, most excellent women, Anne, wife of Lord G. Caulfield, Baron Charlemont, and Margaret, wife of Lord G. Loder, Chief Justice of Ireland; the venerable prelate Edward King, Bishop of Elphin, his godfather; and the most reverend and learned William Chappell, Dean of Cashel and Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, whose hearer and pupil he had been in the University,—when, the ship in which he was having struck on a rock not far from the British shore, and being stove in by the shock, he, while the other passengers were fruitlessly busy about their mortal lives, having fallen forward upon his knees, and breathing a life which was immortal, in the act of prayer going down with the vessel, rendered up his soul to God, Aug. 10, 1637, aged 25."

Then follow the poems themselves, in different metres, by the following contributors, all in Latin except those otherwise marked:—1. Anonymous; 2. "N. Felton;" 3. "R. Mason," of Jesus; 4. "J. Pullen;" 5. "Gul. Iveson," B.A. of Christ's (Greek); 6. "Jo. Pearson," of King's; 7. "R. Brown;" 8. "J. B.;" 9. "Jo. Pots," of Christ's (Greek); 10. "Car. Mason," of King's;" 11. "— Coke;" 12. "Steph. Anstie;" 13. "Jo. Hoper;" 14. "R. C.;" 15. Henry More, of Christ's (Greek); 16. "Thom. Farnabius," the London schoolmaster, who speaks of the deceased as "formerly his most dear pupil;" 17. "Hen. King," one of the brothers of the deceased; 18. J. Hayward, Chancellor and Canon-Residentiary of Lichfield; 19 and 20. M. Honeywood, of Christ's; 21. "Gul. Brierly," fellow of Christ's; 22. Christopher Bainbrigge, fellow of Christ's, and a relative of the master. 23. "R. Widdrington," of Christ's.

The thirteen pieces which form the *English* part of the volume occupy in all twenty-five pages. Three or four of them are by contributors to the Latin and Greek part.

First is a poem of brotherly affection by Henry King (pp. 1-4), in which, among other things, he says of the deceased :—

"Religion was but the position
Of his own judgment : Truth to him alone
Stood nak'd ; he strung the Arts' chain and knit the ends ;
And made divine and humane learning friends—
Of which he was the best edition,
Not stuft with doubts, but all decision.
Conjecture, wonder, probabilitie
Were terms of weakness : nothing bound his eye
With fold or knot ; but th' Earth's globe did seem
Full as transparent as the air to him.
He drest the Muses in the brav'st attire
That e'er they wore, and taught them a strain higher
And far beyond their winged horses' flight.
But oh ! the charming tempest and the might
Of eloquence, able to Christianize
India or reconcile antipathies !
He :——but his flight is past my reach, and I
May wrong his worth with too much pietie."

The next writer (pp. 4-8) is Joseph Beaumont, then fellow of Peterhouse, afterwards more celebrated. When he heard of King's death, he says, he could not believe in the extinction so suddenly of so fair a life :—

"Why did perfection seek for parts,
Why did his nature grace the arts,
Why strove he both the worlds to know,
Yet always scorn'd the world below ?
Why would his brain the centre be
To learning's circularitie,
Which, though the vastest arts did fill,
Would, like a point, seem little still ?"

There follows an anonymous friend (pp. 8-9), who says :—

"While Phœbus shines within our hemisphere,
There are no stars, or at least none appear :
Did not the sun go hence, we should not know
Whether there was a night or stars or no !
Till thou liedst down upon thy western bed,
Not one poetic star durst show his head ;
Athenian owls feared to come forth in verse
Until thy fall darkened the universe.
Thy death makes poets," &c.

The next, and naturally a more interesting contribution, is that of Cleveland (pp. 9, 10). He says :—

"I am no poet here ; my pen's the spout
Where the rain-water of my eyes runs out,
In pity of that name whose fate we see
Thus copied out in grief's Hydrographie.
The Muses are not mermaids, though upon
His death the ocean might turn Helicon.
The sea 's too rough for verse : who rhymes upon't
With Xerxes strives to fetter th' Hellespont.
* * * *
The famous Stagirite who in his life
Had Nature as familiar as his wife,
Bequeath'd his widow to survive with thee,
Queen-dowager of all Philosophie."

The next contributor, William More (pp. 10, 11), seems to be a little disgusted with the hyperbolic strain of his fellow-contributors. He says :—

"My grief is great but sober, thought upon
Long since, and Reason now, not Passion.
Nor do I like their pietie who, to sound
His depth of learning, where they feel no ground,
Strain till they lose their own ; then think to ease
The loss of both by cursing guiltless seas.
I never yet could so far dote upon
His rare prodigious life's perfection
As not to think his best philosophie
Was this—his skill in knowing how to die."

No. 6 (pp. 12, 13) is "W. Hall," who, after referring to the manner of the sun's daily disappearance, says :—

"So did thy light, fair soul, itself withdraw
To no dark tomb by nature's common law,
But set in waves."

Then (pp. 14, 15) comes Samson Briggs, M.A., fellow of King's, and a contributor along with King to almost all the Cambridge collections. He writes, as one might expect from his name, in very strong language :—

"To drown this little world ! Could God forget
His covenant which in the clouds he set ?
Where was the bow ?—But back, my Muse, from hence ;

'T is not for thee to question Providence.
Rather live sober still ; such hot disputes
Riddle us into Atheism."

To Briggs succeeds Isaac Olivier (pp. 15, 16), who has this conceit :—

"Since first the waters gave
A blessing to him which the soul did save,
They loved the holy body still too much,
And would regain some virtue from a touch."

The ninth piece (pp. 16, 17) differs from those preceding it in being addressed "to the deceased's virtuous sister, the Lady Margaret Loder." The author gives only his initials "J. H. ;" but he is undoubtedly the J. Hayward, Chancellor and Canon-Residentiary of Lichfield Cathedral, who contributes also to the Latin portion of the obsequies. His chief theme is the lady's church zeal :—

"The early matins which you daily said,
And vespers, when you dwelt next door St. Chad,*
And home devotion, when the closet door
Was shut, did me this augury afford [*sic*],
That, when such blustering storms as these should start,
They should not break the calmness of your heart.
With joy I recollect and think upon
Your reverent Church-like devotion,
Who by your fair example did excite
Churchmen and clerks to do their duty right,
And, by frequenting that most sacred quire,
Taught many how to heaven they should aspire.
For our Cathedrals to a beamless eye
Are quires of Angels in epitomie,
Maugre the blatant beast who cries them down
As savouring of superstition.
Misguided people ! But for your sweet self,
Madame, you never dash'd against that shelf
Of stubbornness against the Church ; but you
(Paul's virgin and St. Peter's matron too),
Though I confess you did most rarely paint,*
Yet were no hypocrite but a true saint."

* The Cathedral Church in Litchfield.

* An excellent Limner.

The next contributor, "C. B."—perhaps Christopher Bainbrigge again—also addresses (pp. 17, 18) the sister of the deceased :—

"Who sees would say you are no other
But your sex-transformed brother."

"R. Brown" follows with an English piece in addition to his Latin one (pp. 18, 19). He says:—

> "Weep forth your tears, then; pour out all your tide;
> All waters are pernicious since King died."

After him (pp. 19, 20) comes T. Norton, of Christ's, who begins rather abruptly and unintelligibly, as if a part of his poem had been lopped off by the editor:—

> "Then quit thine own, thou western moor,
> And haste thee to the northern shore;
> I' th' Irish sea one jewel lies
> Which thy whole cabinet outvies."

Milton's poem follows Norton's, commencing in the same page where that poem ends, and occupying the remaining pages of the volume (pp. 20-25). It has not his full name appended to it, but only the initials "J. M." It almost seems as if it had been placed where it is that one might have to wade through the varied rubbish of the preceding pages, in order that its impression should be the more perfect and peculiar. After the poetic *canaille* have all been heard, listen how a true poet begins on the same theme:—

> "Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
> Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
> I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
> And, with forc'd fingers rude,
> Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year:
> Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
> Compels me to disturb your season due,
> For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
> Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer!
> Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
> Himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme:
> He must not float upon his watery bier
> Unwept, and welter to the parching wind
> Without the meed of some melodious tear."

The song which opens thus is not, it is to be remembered, the song of Milton speaking in his own person, but of Milton transformed in his imagination, for the time, into a poetic

shepherd, bewailing, in the season of autumn, the untimely death of his fellow-shepherd Lycidas. Hence the whole elegy is an allegoric pastoral—a lyric of lamentation, rendered more shadowy and impersonal by being distanced into the form of a narrative and descriptive phantasy. The imaginary shepherd, after invoking the Muses to aid his sad office, tells of the friendship between himself and the dead:—

> "For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
> Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
> Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
> Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
> We drove afield; and both together heard
> What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
> Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
> Oft till the star that rose at evening, bright,
> Towards Heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
> Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute;
> Temper'd to the oaten flute,
> Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
> From the glad sound would not be absent long;
> And old Damætas lov'd to hear our song."

The hill here is, of course, Cambridge; the joint feeding of the flocks is companionship in study; the rural ditties on the oaten flute are academic iambics and elegiacs; and old Damætas is either Chappell, whom Milton has long forgiven, or some more kindly fellow of Christ's. But the lamentation is continued. Where were the nymphs, asks the minstrel, when the deep closed over the head of their beloved child? Not on the Welsh mountains surely, where the Druidic bards had sung; not on Mona's shaggy top; nor near the wizard stream of the Dee! Had they been there, Lycidas could not have perished in their so near vicinity! And yet what could they have done?

> "Alas! what boots it with incessant care
> To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
> And strictly meditate the thankless muse?
> Were it not better done, as others use,

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But, the fair guerdon when we hope to find
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears
And slits the thin-spun life."

The fancy then changes. After a strain of higher mood correcting what has just been said, and telling how the praise of the good outlasts their life, there seems to pass before the shepherd a train of personages, each concerned in the loss which is lamented. First comes the herald of Neptune, pleading in his master's name, that *he* had not caused the death. Questioned by him, the winds that blow off the western promontories answer through Hippotades, as their messenger, that the crime had not been theirs. It was in a calm that the ship went down:—

"The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sank so low that sacred head of thine."

Then comes Camus, reverend sire, clothed in hairy mantle and with bonnet of sedge dimly embroidered, mourning the loss of his so hopeful son.

"Last came, and last did go
The pilot of the Galilæan lake:
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)."

Who is this? It is the awful figure of that Apostle to whom Christ had committed the guardianship of his Church.

"He shook his mitred locks and stern bespake:—
'How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
'Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,

'Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?
'Of other care they little reckoning make,
'Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast
'And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
'Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
'A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least
'That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
'What recks it them? What need they? *They* are sped;
'And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
'Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw:
'The hungry sheep look up and are not fed,
'But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
'Rot inwardly and foul contagion spread;
'Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
'Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
'But that two-handed engine at the door
'Stands ready to smite once and smite no more!'"

As if a strain so stern and polemical had scared away the ordinary pastoral muses, the mourning shepherd calls upon them to come back, that his song may subside once more into the Arcadian and elegiac melody in which it had begun.

"Return, Alpheus; the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams. Return, Sicilian muse;
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades and wanton winds and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,

And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies."[1]

Ah! while thus the affectionate fancy has the loved body near for a sweet Arcadian burial, that loved body is unrecovered from the deep, and the sounding seas may be hurling it hither and thither—perhaps beyond the stormy Hebrides, or perhaps beside that extreme point of the Cornish coast, where, according to old fable, the great vision of St. Michael sits on the mount that bears his name, looking towards far Namancos and the hold of Spanish Bayona! But what, wherever the body may be hurled? Lycidas himself is not dead; but, as the day-star sinks in the ocean only to rise again, so has he sunk also; and, through the dear might of Him who walked the waves, he is now in a region of groves and streams other and more lovely than those of this earthly Arcady where we are fain to bury him. There he hears the nuptial song; there

[1] It may interest the reader to know that there are signs in the Cambridge MS. of *Lycidas*, that Milton composed this beautiful passage with much care and not all at once. As originally written, the line "And purple all the ground with vernal flowers," ran on with the line "To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies;" and the ten intermediate lines, which gather the separate flowers together by their names, are an exquisite afterthought, progressively elaborated. Perceiving, as it would seem, the opportunity of some such poetic enumeration of flowers at this point of the monody, Milton writes on a blank space on the opposite page a passage beginning "Bring the rathe primrose," &c. marking where it is to be inserted; but even the passage so written is not exactly what now stands in the printed text (see the various readings to *Lycidas* in Todd's Milton), but considerably inferior. In the interval between writing it and the publication of the printed text, Milton had evidently hovered over the passage with fastidious fondness, touching every colour and fitting every word till he brought it to its present perfection of beauty. Generally, I may here mention, these Cambridge MSS. show Milton to have been, at this time of his life, if not a slow writer, at least a most accurate and careful one. Passages are frequently erased and re-written—sometimes re-written twice; rarely are there many consecutive lines without some verbal alteration; and invariably the alteration is for the better. So also, where the printed copy of any poem deviates from the Cambridge MS. whether by omission or by correction, the change is always, as far as I have noted, an improvement. The reader may satisfy himself on this point by examining minutely the lists of various readings to *Arcades*, *Comus*, *Lycidas*, &c. given by Todd,—more especially that for *Comus*, which is by far the most extensive (vol. VI. pp. 413-433). As, for reasons mentioned in the Preface, I reserve a more particular account of the MSS. for a place in the succeeding volume, I may here state that the compositions of Milton, *belonging to the present volume*, of which there are drafts in the Cambridge MSS. are the following seven:—"*On Time*," "*Upon the Circumcision*;" "*At a Solemn Musick*;" the *Letter to a Friend* in 1631, containing the sonnet "*On his being arrived to the age of twenty-three*" (of which letter there are two drafts): the "*Arcades*," "*Comus*," and "*Lycidas*." Specimens of Milton's handwriting from three of these (two from *Comus*), are given in the sheet of facsimiles appended to this volume. The reader will there note that it was Milton's habit to begin the separate lines of verse with small letters. There is, at least, one passage in the MSS. where, being pressed for space, he has written the verses without any separation into lines, but continuously, as in prose.

the glorified saints entertain him; there the tears are wiped for ever from his eyes!

So ends the supposed song of the shepherd, and in the concluding lines it is Milton in person that speaks:—

"Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still Morn went out with sandals gray;
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay:
At last he rose and twitched his mantle blue;
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new!"

A voluntary explanation this of the peculiar construction of the poem, and a parting intimation that the imaginary shepherd is Milton himself, and that the poem is a tribute to his dead friend rendered passingly in the midst of other occupations.

Perhaps the most interesting circumstance respecting the poem biographically, is that Milton, in writing it, was led by an obvious suggestion of his theme to give vent to a feeling respecting the state of the Church and the nation, of which his mind at any rate was full. At the time when the volume appeared—the date on the title-page is 1638, but the volume was probably out in January, February or March 1637-8—the outburst, bold as it was, may have seemed ambiguous in the expression. On republishing the poem, however, with his full name, in 1645, Milton left no doubt as to his intention. "In this Monody," he then wrote by way of heading, "the Author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637; *and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height.*" Taking these words as our warrant, and leaving Milton in the meantime busy in preparations for that journey to the Continent, on which he had then fully resolved, let us here cast a retrospective glance on the progress of national events during the period embraced by this chapter—that is, from July 1632 to April 1638. Hitherto we have attended but to Milton's private journeys and occupations during these

five years and nine months; but, before we accompany him out of the island, it is well to have some clearer idea of the political element amid which he had made these journeys and pursued these occupations, and which he was now leaving behind him for a season, not without a shrewd guess as to what might take shape in it against his return.

The cardinal fact to be remembered respecting the government of Great Britain from July 1632 to April 1638, is that it was a continuation of that system of absolute rule by Charles himself and his Privy Council, without the aid of Parliaments (at all events, without Parliaments in England) which had already been in force since March 1628-9. This system of rule, however, had been naturally consolidated by experience; and, if we want a name for the matured Absolutism of 1632-8, as distinguished from the more tentative Absolutism of the preceding three years, we cannot do better than call it *The Period of Thorough*. What this name means and in what it originates, we proceed to explain.

In the first place, there was a closer concentration by this time of the powers of government in a few hands. When Charles broke with his Third Parliament in March 1628-9, he was thrown back, as we have seen, on his Privy Council of some five-and-thirty great lords, officials, and prelates, as then forming, together with himself, the sole deliberative and governing body in the realm. This body, however, not having been framed for the emergency, but having existed before it happened, was not perfectly adapted to it. Some of the great lords in it had a popular reputation and popular sympathies; and some of those members who were lawyers by profession retained an inconvenient regard for rules and forms. It even appears that there were members who were privately dubious as to the policy of governing long without Parliaments. In the course of three years, however, the machinery of the central government had freed itself from these impediments. One or two of the more popular councillors, including William, Earl of Pembroke, had been removed by

death; and, although the governing body continued nominally to be the king and the whole Privy Council, the real power was in the hands of the king, and one or two ministers acting in close understanding with him.

The time at which we find this system of rule arranged definitely into the form in which it continued to be maintained until the country called both king and ministers to a reckoning, was after the king's return from Scotland in July 1633. From that date forward the government of the three kingdoms is vested, under the king, in a virtual Triumvirate, as follows:—(1.) In *England*, the supreme minister is Laud. He had been, in fact, the most potent minister since 1628, not only ecclesiastically but generally; and the death of Archbishop Abbot (Aug. 3, 1633) completed what was wanting in form by enabling the king to promote him, as had long been determined, to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. "*Friday, July* 26," writes Laud in his Diary, "I came to my house at Fulham from Scotland: *Sunday, August* 4, news came to Court of the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury's death, and the king resolved presently to give it me, which he did August 6. That very morning (Aug. 4) at Greenwich, there came one to me seriously, that vowed ability to perform it, and offered me to be a Cardinal: I went presently to the king, and acquainted him both with the thing and person." The offer, he tells us, was renewed within a fortnight. "My answer again was that somewhat dwelt within me that would not suffer that till Rome were other than it was." Accordingly, without the Cardinal's hat, and with no more of Roman Catholicism in his views than there had always been, Laud removed from London House at Fulham to Lambeth Palace. He was then exactly sixty years of age. To one that wrote to congratulate him and to wish him many and happy days, he replies, "Truly, my Lord, I look for neither—not for many, for I am in years and have had a troublesome life; not for happy, because I have no hope to do the good I desire: Besides, I doubt I shall never be able to hold my health there [at Lambeth] for one year, for, instead of all the jolting I have had over the stones between London House and Whitehall—which

was almost daily—I shall now have no exercise, but slide over in a barge to the Court and Star-Chamber."[1] The difference between the sliding over in a barge from Lambeth Palace to the Court and Star-Chamber, and the jolting daily over the longer journey from Fulham House to the same places, was precisely the difference between Laud's power now that he was Archbishop, and his power while he had been but Bishop of London. He was nearer the official centre, and he did the same things as he had done before, but more directly and easily. Weston, though raised to the earldom of Portland, had little power left beyond his own department of the finances; and any impatience in other quarters of Laud's predominance showed itself but in little outbreaks which led to nothing. Even in small matters Laud's tenacity made him more than a match not only for such a boorish peer as Montgomery, but also for the stately Arundel. Only the cool and Mephistophelic Cottington would now and then nettle his Grace by a jibe at his expense. (2.) While Laud was thus supreme minister for England, and also, ecclesiastically, chief triumvir for all the three kingdoms, the government of *Ireland* had been entrusted to the equally active and far greater genius of Wentworth. For four years (1628-1632) his abilities and zeal had been tested in the Presidency of the Northern Counties of England; and, when it was resolved to appoint a more energetic successor to Viscount Falkland in the Viceroyalty of Ireland, he was selected for the post. Accordingly, from 1632, though still retaining the Presidency of the North, he is best known as Lord Deputy of Ireland. He did not proceed to Ireland till July 1633, when the king was returning from Scotland. When he went there he was forty years of age, ripe in all experience, fixed in his opinions and notions of government, and yet full of fire and passion. It is impossible to look at his portrait now, along with the portraits of all the other ministers of Charles, without seeing, in its mingled fervour and sternness, that he was the master-mind among them. Charles himself had a stronger perception of this than he cared to acknowledge.

[1] Letter to Wentworth in the *Strafford Papers*: dated "Fulham, Sept. 9, 1633."

From Wentworth's first going to Ireland, there are occasional private letters from the king to him, showing a confidence more creditable to the king's discernment than to his ingenuousness. Thus in one letter (Oct. 26, 1633), referring to certain cases in which recommendations in the royal name had been already delivered, or would be delivered to Wentworth by persons of great rank about the English court, wanting favours done them in Ireland: "I recommend them all to you," says the king, "heartily and earnestly; but so as may agree with the good of my service and no otherwise—*yet so, too, that I may have thanks howsoever, and that, if there be anything to be denied, you may do it and not I;* commanding you to be confident, until I deceive you, that I shall back you in whatsoever concerns the good of my service against whomsoever, whensoever there shall be need." So the paction stood with the king; and between Laud and Wentworth there was also a mutual understanding. He wrote frequent letters to Laud, and, in all affairs respecting the Irish Church, he was willing to regard Laud's suggestions as instructions. In Laud's letters to Wentworth, on the other hand, the tone is that of a cheery sexagenarian writing to a younger man whose energy he feels, and whom he regards as on the whole of the right sort, though a little too self-confident, a little too much of the merely Plutarchian hero in his notions of things, and requiring now and then a little pure ecclesiastical light, and a little wise ecclesiastical banter. (3.) While England and Ireland are thus provided for, there is a separate triumvir in training for *Scotland.* This is the young Marquis of Hamilton, the king's cousin, and, despite the rumours of his ambition to be king of Scotland, as much in personal favour with the king as ever. He had returned from his ineffective continental expedition in aid of Gustavus Adolphus only a few weeks before the death of Gustavus at the battle of Lützen (Nov. 6); he had accompanied the king in his progress to Scotland; and he had figured there as the first nobleman of the land and the king's trusted kinsman, whom he always called "James," in token of cousinship and liking. A direct interest which he possessed by grant in the Scottish revenues, added to his extensive

patrimonial connexions with the country, made him the fit medium of communication between the crown and Scotland; and, accordingly, though he generally resided at court, he was employed once and again in missions which took him to Scotland. On the whole, however, he preferred exercising his influence as triumvir extraordinary; and he left Scottish affairs to be conducted, in the main, by the Scottish officials, kept right in ecclesiastical concerns by instructions sent north by Laud.[1]

It must not be supposed that the king himself was but a tool in the hands of his ministers. He was a methodical man of business; he attended meetings of his council and had private conferences with Laud and others; he read carefully the despatches received, and the drafts of letters about to be sent out by ministers, and made marginal notes and comments on them with his own hand; and, besides giving instructions to Secretaries Coke and Windebank as to messages to be sent in his name to officers at a distance, he wrote frequent brief letters conveying, in his own royal words, his notions of what was fit for his service. There is no proof of his ever really leading his ministers or furnishing them with the ideas for their policy; but whatever they resolved upon had at least to pass under his judgment for approval. On one point, his resolution seems to have been more strongly made up than that of any of his ministers—the necessity and possibility of governing without parliaments for the future. "The king hath so rattled my Lord Keeper (Coventry)," writes Cottington to Wentworth, Oct. 29, 1633, "that he is now the most pliable man in England, and all thoughts of Parliaments are quite out of his pate." On this one point the royal will did perhaps give the law to ministers.

The word "Thorough," as defining the policy of the government from 1633 onwards, appears first in the correspondence between Laud and Wentworth. "As for the state," says Laud, writing to Wentworth, Sept. 9, 1633, "indeed, my Lord, I am for *Thorough*, but I see that both thick and thin stays some-

[1] Rushworth's Preface to Part II. of his Collections; Burnet's Lives of the Dukes of Hamilton, edit. 1677, p. 26; and Clarendon's Hist. (1707), I. 62, and 119, 120.

body where I conceive it should not, and it is impossible for me to go *Thorough* alone." The word once introduced, they play upon it between them in future letters, writing it sometimes in cipher, sometimes openly. Thus Wentworth to Laud, Aug. 23, 1634, "Go as it shall please God with me, believe me, my Lord, I will be *Thorough* and *Thoroughout*, one and the same;" to which Laud replies, Oct. 20, "As for my marginal note, I see you deciphered it well, and I see you make use of it too: Do so still: *Thorough* and *Thorough:* O! that I were where I might go so, too." And so in later letters, as long as the correspondence continues.

Mr. Hallam is of opinion that, under the name of "Thorough," Laud had in view a scheme of his own for subjugating the common lawyers, and releasing the Crown, or rather the Church, from those impediments to its action which resulted, even in that age of compliant judges and lawyers, from the proceedings of law courts. That a power of swifter action for the executive, in defiance of laws and lawyers, was included in "Thorough," seems obvious. "The Church," says Laud, "is so bound up in the forms of common law that it is not possible for me or for any man to do that good which he would or is bound to do." And Wentworth answers, "I know no reason but you may as well rule the common lawyers in England as I, poor beagle, do here; and yet that I do and will do, in all that concerns my master, at the peril of my head." In other places Wentworth not only avows his own determination always to make the right of determining civil causes, and administering justice on principles of state policy, a part of his viceroyalty, wherever it might be, but also maintains that a corresponding right over the whole of the king's dominions is a necessity of monarchy. On the whole, however, though this may have been a part of "Thorough," it is pretty clear that what both ministers meant by the term was not merely any one scheme of the kind, but generally and in all respects a thorough-going energy in Church and State, which should cut through all checks and disdain half-measures. That the system should be represented by the two correspondents as rather an ideal condition of things than

one already attained or even universally possible, is a little surprising when we form an acquaintance with the policy actually pursued, during those years, in each of the three kingdoms.

I. ENGLAND FROM 1632 TO 1638. The first part of the problem of government without parliaments was, how to raise money; and no portion of the history of those years has received greater attention than that which consisted in the endeavours made to solve this part of the problem. There was the continuation of Tonnage and Poundage, and the raising of the rates levied under that name; there was the enforced collection by the same authority of various excise duties; there were illegal grants by the Crown to individuals and companies of monopolies in all kinds of trades and manufactures—in soap-making, in salt-making, in leather-making, in pin-making, and even in the gathering of rags; there were ingenious revivals of old laws, so as to bring in simultaneously large crops of fines or compositions for fines from persons who had infringed them, or whose ancestors had infringed them,—laws against encroachments on the royal forests, against throwing arable land into pasture, against building below high water-mark, and the like; there were indulgences to Catholics to compound for the penalties on the exercise of their religion; there were commissions requiring all persons possessed of more than £40 a-year in military tenure, to compound by fines for their neglect to comply with former proclamations summoning them to be made knights; and, lastly, there was the famous device of ship-money, whereby, under pretence of a right of the Crown to charge what towns and districts it chose with contributions of ships, &c. towards the efficient support of the navy, writs were issued, first for the exaction of ships or a pecuniary equivalent from London and certain other port-towns, and then for the exaction of rates, to the amount of £200,000 a-year in all, from the whole kingdom, county by county, the inland counties as well as the maritime. The irritation produced by these methods of money-raising reached all classes; but ship-money became the chief grievance

among those who viewed affairs politically as well as personally. Among those who refused to pay it was the intrepid London merchant, Richard Chambers, not a whit discouraged by his previous experience of the Star-chamber. At length, resistance having been made by other persons, the attention of the country was concentrated on a single case—that of John Hampden, for refusal to pay 20s. for which he had been assessed on part of his Buckinghamshire property.

Till March 1634-5, the minister chiefly responsible, by reason of his post, for the illegal methods of revenue, was the Lord Treasurer Weston, Earl of Portland; but under him the most important agent was Attorney-General Noy. The soap-monopoly, the most profitable and unpopular of all the monopolies, was invented by Noy, and fought by him through all opposition; his law-learning was tasked to furnish precedents for the other measures of exaction; and he had the entire credit of the grand device of ship-money. Both Noy and Weston, however, died before the capabilities of this last device had been fully tested,—Noy, on the 6th of August, 1634, two months before the first writs for ship-money were out; and Weston in the following March.

After Weston's death there was much difficulty and hesitation in the appointment of his successor. Wentworth, to whom opinion at court pointed as indubitably the fittest man, wrote over from Ireland expressing his "inward and obstinate aversion" to the office, and adjuring his friends to prevent the king from nominating him. Cottington, who was more willing, was thought of, but was set aside; and, in order that the important business of the exchequer should be fulfilled in the meantime, it was vested (March 14, 1634-5) in a number of commissioners, of whom Laud was one. "I never had so little leisure in my life," writes Laud to Wentworth, "as I have had since I was a Commissioner of the Treasury." At length he was able to disengage himself from this troublesome addition to his labours, by procuring the appointment to the Treasurership of his old friend Juxon, who had succeeded him in the Bishopric of London. He enters the fact in his Diary thus:—"March 6, 1635-6,

Sunday: William Juxon, Lord Bishop of London, made Lord High Treasurer of England: no Churchman had it since Henry VIIth's time: I pray God bless him to carry it so that the Church may have honour, and the King and the State service and contentment by it: And now, if the Church will not hold up themselves under God, I can do no more." The appointment of an ecclesiastic to such an office did cause astonishment. But, though it was under Juxon's treasurership that the extension of the writs for ship-money to the whole kingdom was resolved upon, and some of the other most violent acts of the exchequer were put in force, Juxon's upright character saved him from much of the personal unpopularity attaching to these measures. The credit of having suggested the extension of ship-money, and generally of being Noy's successor as the adviser of new exactions from the subject, and the defender of all new violations of public liberty, was given to Sir John Finch, now Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

Although so much of the action of government had for its sole end the bringing in of revenue, there were hundreds of contemporary acts which had their origin in no such motive, but simply in the desire, natural to all governments in those days, to fix each man passively in his proper place, and to maintain in each the sense that he was under the paternal charge of persons who could judge better than himself what he should eat, drink, and avoid. As early as July 24, 1630, a proclamation had been issued forbidding the division of houses in London into several dwellings for the harbouring of inmates, and also forbidding the erection of any houses on new foundations within a three miles' circuit from the city walls and the palace of Westminster. Farther enactments empowered the authorities to pull down, at a valuation, buildings near St. Paul's and mean buildings in important streets. These were followed, in June 1632, by a proclamation setting forth the inconvenience of the residence of so many lords, knights, clergymen, esquires, and gentlemen in London, away from their proper estates, mansions and houses in the country, and ordering all of them, except such as were of the Privy

Council or otherwise employed about the court, to return within forty days to such estates, mansions and houses, and to remain there doing the duties and enjoying the pleasures of their several stations, under severe penalties. The more easily to enforce this order and to detect defaulters, the taverns, ordinaries, bake-shops, &c. of London were put under new regulations (January 1633-4). All back-doors of taverns towards the Thames were shut up, with the single exception of the Bear Tavern by the bridge; vintners were restricted in the sales of wine and tobacco; butchers were forbidden to be graziers; and, that wealthy persons might have at least one inducement to remain in the country, no pheasants, partridges, ducks or game-fowl of any sort were to be dressed or eaten in any inn or ordinary in town. For a time, indeed, inn-keepers and tavern-keepers in London were forbidden to sell any article in addition to liquors except bread.

But, though such arbitrary enactments were dictated in part by the peculiar political spirit of the government, and were in many cases intended as devices for wringing money from the subject, they had some justification in preceding English practice, and in the notions then entertained everywhere of true political economy. More emphatically characteristic, therefore, of Laud's system of "Thorough" were the persecutions directed against individuals who had given the government cause of offence, and the remorseless use made of the Star-chamber as a means of depriving such offenders of the benefits of ordinary law, and bringing them and their acts and opinions under the direct heel of the executive. There had been nothing in the two preceding reigns comparable, for tyrannic contempt of law and reason, or even for heartlessness and brutality, to the series of Star-chamber sentences passed on individuals between 1632 and 1638. A few instances, usually selected now by historians as most conspicuous, serve but as specimens of a host that are buried in the contemporary records. Prynne, prosecuted by Attorney-General Noy for the alleged libel on the queen and on royalty in his *Histriomastix*, was sentenced (May 1634) to pay a fine of £5,000, to be expelled from his profession as a barrister and from the

University of Oxford, to stand twice in the pillory, and have his books burnt before him, to have his ears cut off, and to be imprisoned for life. The sentence—the most cruel which had been passed since that on Leighton in 1630—was executed in every particular; Prynne having one ear cut off in Westminster, and the other in Cheapside, and being nearly suffocated besides by the burning of his books "under his nose." About the same time one Bowyer, for slandering Laud, was pilloried three times with the loss of his ears, and was sentenced to a fine of £3,000 and perpetual imprisonment. Sir David Fowlis, a member of the council of the north, for words spoken in Yorkshire against Wentworth's conduct in that government, was fined £5,000 to the king, and £3,000 to Wentworth, and otherwise punished.

Necessarily, however, it was in the Church that Laud's system was carried out most rigorously and perseveringly. Laud was the prime agent in this department of affairs, but the king went eagerly along with him.

In the first place, the crown-patronage of the Church was exercised with a view to the predominance, in all its parts, of Laud's men and Laud's principles. The following list of the changes in the episcopal body, taken along with our previous list of the bishops in 1629, when Charles began his system of absolute rule (pp. 331-3), and our subsequent list of episcopal changes and promotions between March 1629 and July 1632 (p. 348), completes the history of the sees for the present volume.

I. PROVINCE OF CANTERBURY.

THE ARCHBISHOPRIC. Promotion of Laud himself, on Abbot's death, Aug. 1633.

Bishopric of Bangor. Edmund Griffiths, D.D. an Oxford man, appointed on the death of Dolben (1633); and William Roberts, D.D. a Cambridge man, on Griffiths' death (1637).

Bishopric of Bath and Wells. William Pierce, translated from Peterborough, on the translation of Walter Curle to Winchester (1632).

Bishopric of Bristol. Dr. Robert Skinner, an Oxford man, and chaplain to the king—distinguished for some years as a Puritan

preacher in London, but believed to have been drawn off by Laud and the chaplaincy—appointed on the translation of Coke to Hereford (1636).

Bishopric of Chichester. Dr. Brian Duppa, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, and tutor to the prince, appointed on the translation of Montague to Norwich (May 1638).

Bishopric of St. David's. The notorious Roger Mainwaring, promoted to this see on the translation of Dr. Field to Hereford (Dec. 1635).

Bishopric of Ely. Dr. Matthew Wren, translated hither from Norwich on the death of Francis White (1638), having previously been promoted from the Mastership of Peterhouse, Cambridge, to the Deanery of Windsor, and the Bishoprics of Hereford and Norwich.

Bishopric of Hereford. Dr. William Juxon succeeded the Church-historian Godwin, but held the see only a few months, when he was transferred to London. He was succeeded, in 1633, by Dr. Augustine Lindsell, translated from Peterborough; and on Lindsell's death in 1634, the see was given to Matthew Wren; on whose translation to Norwich (1635) it was given to Theophilus Field; on whose death (1636) it was given to Coke.

Bishopric of London. Juxon, appointed on Laud's elevation to the Primacy (1633).

Bishopric of Norwich. Wren succeeded on Corbet's death (1635), and was succeeded (1638) by Montague.

Bishopric of Peterborough. Dr. Francis Dee succeeded Lindsell (1634), and was succeeded by Dr. John Towers (1638).

Bishopric of Rochester. Dr. John Warner, an Oxford divine, appointed on the death of Bowle (1637).

Bishopric of Winchester. Dr. Walter Curle succeeded Neile (1632).

II. PROVINCE OF YORK.

Bishopric of Man. Dr. Wm. Foster succeeded Phillips (1633), and was succeeded by Dr. Richard Parr (1635).

Some of these appointments were good, as regarded the learning of the men appointed; for indifference to learning was not one of Laud's faults; but to the country at large it seemed that by such appointments the government of the Church was not only being concentrated more and more in the hands of conspicuous Arminians and Prelatists, but was also, in some cases, receiving men of as avowedly weak Protestantism as Laud himself.

As primate of all England, Laud had ample means of developing his theory of Anglicanism, and of working even the more reserved portions of it into the practice of the Church without the *éclat* of new enactments. There are but three cases of any importance, in which, during the first five years of his Archiepiscopate, he had recourse to actual legislation. (1.) One of these was the case of the *Sabbatarian Controversy*. This controversy, not originally connected with the Reformation, but of subsequent origin, had been long gaining ground in the Church; and men had divided themselves upon it into the three parties whom Fuller names respectively the Sabbatarians, the moderate men, and the Anti-Sabbatarians. By the operation of affinities both logical and historical, the Puritans as a body had embraced the more rigorous views of the obligation of the Sabbath; while, on the contrary, Laud and his school were strongly Anti-Sabbatarian, and regarded the very word "Sabbath," when used instead of "Sunday," as a wrong done to the Church, and a "secret magazine of Judaism." Sabbatarianism, in short, was a form or sign of Puritanism, worthy, in Laud's view, of compulsory suppression. He found an opportunity for a demonstration on the subject. In Somersetshire, as in other counties, there had long been a custom of revels and merry-makings in all the parishes on Sundays, under the names of wakes, church-ales, clerk-ales, and the like; and, these meetings having become offensive in many cases not only to Sabbatarian feeling, but also to public decency, Chief Justice Richardson, and Baron Denham, on their circuit through the county as judges, had been prevailed upon by the county justices and others, to issue an order for their abolition. Laud and the government, hearing of the prohibition, not only caused it to be rescinded, but made it the occasion for expressing his majesty's displeasure with "those humourists, Puritans and precise people," and for republishing the Book of Sports issued by King James in 1618, for the express purpose of making bowling, archery, dancing, and other games after divine service, a stated Sunday institution in all parishes of the kingdom. All ministers were required to read from their pulpits the king's Declaration

accompanying the republication,—an order exceedingly grievous to the Puritans, and which gave rise to the suspension of many ministers, and also to curious scenes of mock-compliance. Thenceforth, obstinate Sabbatarianism became a ground of prosecution of clergymen both by their Diocesans and in the High Commission Court. (2.) Another legislative innovation of Laud consisted of injunctions issued by him in his Archiepiscopal capacity, and ratified by the king (1635), having for their effect *the breaking up of the Dutch and Walloon congregations throughout England.* There were about ten such congregations in all, numbering about 5,000 persons, and consisting of Dutch and French manufacturers and their descendants. To such members of the congregations as had themselves been born abroad and had only settled in England, Laud was willing to continue the privilege of their separate worship and Liturgy, guaranteed them by former stipulations; but he required that all the English-born children or other descendants of such immigrants should conform to the Church of England, and attend the ordinary parish churches. There were vehement reclamations against these orders, both from the congregations, and from the localities where they were settled and which they benefited by their wealth and industry; but Laud was inflexible. The result was, that many of the immigrants removed from England, and that several flourishing manufacturing colonies in Kent, Norfolk, and other counties were totally destroyed.[1] (3.) It was in the *Altar Controversy,* however, that Laud made his greatest experiment in the possibility of forcing, by orders issuing from himself, a general and simultaneous change in the practice of the Church. Backed by a preliminary decision of the king and council in one particular case, he issued orders through his Vicar-General, for fixing the communion-table altarwise at the east end of the chancel, and with the ends north and south in all the churches and chapels of his province, and for railing it in, and otherwise distinguishing it as a true altar. The effect of these orders was a general ferment

[1] Rushworth, II. 272-3; Neal's Puritans, III. 257-9; and documents in the State Paper Office.

throughout the kingdom. In many parishes the change was resisted by the churchwardens and the parishioners, both on the ground of expense, and on the ground of conscience; the Puritan ministers, of course, abetted such resistance; and, in some cases where the change was made, communicants refused to receive the sacrament at the railed altar. Among the bishops themselves, the summary decision of what had hitherto been an open question in the Church caused differences of conduct.

While pushing into the system of the Church new items of discipline derived from his own theory of Anglicanism, Laud did not the less avail himself of whatever means he had or could make for enforcing the conformity which he was rendering more difficult. In Abbot's last report to the king of the state of his province (1632), he had returned a clean bill of health for the whole Church of England. "There is not in the Church of England left," he had said, "a single inconformable minister which appeareth." The statement had necessarily been interpreted with a good deal of latitude; and, where Abbot had reported health, Laud soon found disease.

His first care had been to strengthen his hands and the hands of the other prelates by enlarging the ecclesiastical jurisdiction. He had hardly assumed the primacy when (1634) he caused to be addressed to himself in the king's name a warrant for fresh zeal, in the shape of a new edition of the royal instructions of 1629, containing, in addition to the former regulations respecting the residence of bishops, their vigilance over the lecturers in their diocese, &c. (see pp. 341-2), certain new articles, enjoining every bishop to give in an annual report of his diocese to his metropolitan, so that the report of the metropolitan to the king might be more exact. The effect of this order and of Laud's archiepiscopal visitations in stirring up the bishops, is visible in the series of his own reports of his province to the king, for the seven years from 1633 to 1639 inclusive. In the report for 1633 he mentions having received accounts, and these rather meagre, from but ten of the twenty-one dioceses of his

province; but, in his reports for the remaining years, not more than three or four bishops are mentioned as defaulters. The laziest in reporting were the Romish Goodman of Gloucester, and Wright of Lichfield and Coventry; next in the order of reluctance seem to have been Thornborough of Worcester and the Calvinistic Davenant of Salisbury; Williams always reports for Lincoln, but in terms which Laud evidently distrusts; and the bishops who co-operate with Laud most heartily are Juxon of London, Wren of Norwich, Curle of Winchester, Pierce of Bath and Wells, White of Ely, and Montague of Chichester.[1] In the province of York, Archbishop Neile seems to have been more zealous in imitating Laud than any of his bishops. In both provinces the means by which the more zealous bishops carried out the instructions of their archbishops were somewhat novel. Not only did they hold courts in their own name for the citation, examination and censure of offenders; but, in order that they might have each parish individually under control, they introduced what were called *Articles of Visitation*, or lists of topics on which they required exact information, and also *Churchwardens' Oaths*, binding the churchwardens, as the official informers in every parish, to take these articles as the directories of their inquiries. The churchwardens' oath (a totally illegal imposition, and resisted as such by many churchwardens) was the same or nearly so in different dioceses; but the several bishops drew up their own Articles of Visitation, and some were more strict than others. The strictest of all was Wren of Norwich, whose articles were 139 in number, involving 897 distinct queries! To these excesses of episcopal jurisdiction add exemption claimed and accorded from interferences of the civil courts; also, a claim advanced by Laud, and at last decided in his favour by the king in council (June 1636), to the right of visitation of the two Universities in his character as metropolitan; and, finally, a considerable extension of the powers of the High Commission court.

A list, year by year, of prosecutions and punishments by

[1] See the series of Reports in Wharton's Laud.

ecclesiastical authority in England, from 1633 to 1638 inclusive, would be a very instructive document. Laud's annual Reports, and the records in Rushworth and in other collections, give a notion of its probable extent and composition.

First among the objects of his punitive energy, as being offenders of the most heinous class, were the Separatists, Schismatics, Brownists, Anabaptists, or Fanatics (for all these names are applied to them indiscriminately), who had actually broken loose from the Church of England, thrown the institution of an ordained ministry aside as only a ceremony like the rest, and set up a secret worship of God in conventicles. Besides the ineradicable nests of such Separatists sheltered in the recesses of London,[1] there were little schools and colonies of them in other parts—in Lincoln, where one Johnson, a baker, was their leader; and at Ashton, Maidstone, and other places in Laud's own diocese of Canterbury, where three men named Brewer, Turner, and Fenner had "planted the infection." The plan of procedure in such cases was to put the leaders in prison and keep them there, and to excommunicate and otherwise punish all who were known to attend the conventicles. Year after year, however, Laud complains that he cannot root them out. "They are all of the poorer sort," he says, "and very simple, so that I am utterly to seek what to do with them." Their preachers also manage to escape from prison, and then, instead of leaving the country, have merely another bout of preaching in their old haunts, till they are caught and put in prison again. Brewer, on being recaptured in this manner and brought again before the High Commission, only "stood silent, but in such a jeering, scornful manner, as I scarce ever saw the like." Laud hints that, as

[1] As early as June 11, 1631, I find (Original Letter in State Paper Office) Bishop Hall of Exeter writing, rather officiously, to Laud, then Bishop of London, thus:—"Right Rev. and Hon., with best services,—I was bold the last week to give your Lordship information of a busy and ignorant schismatick lurking in London; since which time, I hear, to my grief, that there are eleven several congregations (as they call them) of separatists about the city, furnished with their idly-pretended pastors, who meet together in brew-houses and such other meet places of resort, every Sunday. I do well know your Lordship's zealous and careful vigilance over that populous world of men, so as I am assured your Lordship finds enough to move both your sorrow and holy fervency in the cause of God's Church; neither do I write this as to inform your Lordship of what you know not, but to condole the misery of the time." Hall then goes on to a matter of private concern to himself.

these offenders are too poor to fear fines and too desperate to care for prison, the civil judges ought to be called upon to devise some new mode of dealing with them; and the king adds his marginal note, "Demand their help, and if they refuse, I shall make them assist you." Even the mass of the English Puritans held aloof at this time from the poor sectaries.

The majority of the prosecutions were, of course, against the ordinary Puritans or Nonconformists within the Church. Some were against laymen, and especially against refractory churchwardens, who refused to take the oath of faithful censorship imposed by the bishops, or who resisted the removal and railing-in of the communion-table; some were against itinerant lecturers and those who harboured them; but by far the largest proportion were against parish ministers and curates for breaches of one or more of the numerous articles of Church order included in perfect conformity. Many of these cases were disposed of in the courts of the bishops and archbishops, where offenders were admonished, suspended, or deprived and excommunicated; but the most flagrant cases were referred to the High Commission, where fine and imprisonment might be added to the sentence. The names of the most conspicuous Puritan ministers—the Cottons, the Mathers, the Davenports, the Wards, the Snellings—thus suspended, deprived, excommunicated, or otherwise censured between 1633 and 1638 may be picked out, to the number of several scores, from Laud, Rushworth, and Neal; but these scores of conspicuous names only represent an unregistered mass of persecution or threatened persecution which racked and irritated the whole Church of England. Wren of Norwich had at one time thirty ministers in his diocese under excommunication, out of a much larger number of less stubborn offenders that had been on trial, for refusing to read the Declaration of Sports. Had other bishops been proportionately strict, there would have been about eight hundred ministers in a similar predicament in all the dioceses together. Other bishops, however, were not as strict, but tempered the system in its operation by more or less of personal good sense and charity.

As it was, numbers of the persecuted, both ministers and laymen, emigrated to Holland and to America. It was not the fault of Laud or of Charles, however, that even this outlet was left open. In July 1635, there was a proclamation, forbidding all persons, not sailors, soldiers, or the like, to leave the realm without licence from the king, or from six of the Privy Council, whereof one should be a principal Secretary of State; and this was followed in 1636, 1637, and 1638, by more stringent rules to the same effect, framed expressly to arrest the emigration of "humourists and Puritans." All know the story, how by this policy a band of the very men, whom, had Charles and Laud been wise, they would have gladly seen leave the island,—Lord Say, Lord Brook, Sir Arthur Haselrig, Hampden, and Cromwell himself,—were balked in a plan they had formed for emigrating to New England, and detained at home to act out their parts. Less familiar, perhaps, is the fact that one or two future leaders of the Commonwealth did emigrate, and returned.

A class of offences which stood in a category by themselves, as worse than ordinary nonconformity or schism, were public assaults, through the press or otherwise, on the prelatic constitution of the Church, or on the English hierarchy, personally or collectively. In spite of the terrible punishment of Leighton for his *Sion's Plea against Prelacy*, and of Prynne for his *Histriomastix*, offences of the kind continued to be committed. Prynne, in his prison, with his ears sewed on again, was as much Prynne as ever. Having access to pen and ink, he not only wrote letters to Laud and others of the Privy Council, taxing them with cruelty and injustice to himself, but he also contrived to publish some twelve new treatises and pamphlets in his old strain. For these he was again called before the Star-chamber in June 1637; and along with him were called up two other offenders in the same respects, personally known to him—John Bastwick, the Puritan physician of Colchester; and Henry Burton, the Puritan minister of Friday-street, London. Like Prynne, these two persons, known as pamphleteers since 1624, had at last come within the scope of the law, and been thrown

into prison. Like Prynne, too, they had used their pens in prison so as to aggravate their previous crimes. It was thought meet that the three men should be punished together—a victim in each of the learned professions. Accordingly, in virtue of a sentence of Star-chamber on June 14, 1637, the three were, on the 30th of that month, set in three separate pillories in Palace Yard, Westminster, and there punished, one by one, in the presence of an assembled crowd. Burton was punished first, by cutting off his ears—which was done "so very close that the temporal artery was cut, and the blood streamed down the scaffold;" the poor man making such wild speeches about Christ all the while, and enduring the torture so manfully, that some thought him inspired and others thought him crazed.[1] Bastwick was next punished in the same manner, showing no less courage. His wife, who stood on the scaffold, received his ears in her lap, and kissed him. Prynne's turn came last; and his ears, having suffered the operation of cutting before, were this time sawn rather than cut off—in addition to which he was branded on both cheeks with the letters S. L. for "Seditious Libeller." He bore all even more stubbornly than the others, saying to the executioner, "Cut me, tear me; I fear thee not; I fear the fire of hell," and uttering other speeches respecting bishops and the law of England, at one of which the people gave a shout. Indeed, all over England, even among the most loyal and moderate, the effect of these cruelties was such as to give the government reason to repent what had been done. This appeared after the three men had been removed to undergo the remaining parts of their sentences in perpetual and solitary imprisonment—Prynne, first in Caernarvon Castle in Wales, and then in Mount Orgueil Castle in Jersey; Bastwick first in Lancaster Castle, and then in the Isle of Scilly; and Burton first at Launceston in Cornwall, and then in the Isle of Guernsey.

One case of prosecution different from any yet mentioned, inasmuch as it was neither an ordinary ecclesiastical prosecution, nor one on common civil grounds, but rather an act of personal vengeance on a great political adversary, was that of

[1] Fuller's Church History.

the Ex-Keeper Williams, Bishop of Lincoln. Since his removal from power in 1625, the bishop had been a terrible tongue loose in the nation. Every now and then, a saying of his—as that "the Puritans would carry all things at last," that "no one was wise who permanently opposed himself to the people of England," that "the people were not to be lashed by every man's hand,"—was reported at court as the latest flash from Lincoln. At length (1632), on the score of some sayings of his reported as having been spoken at his own table, and in which the king's name had been mentioned, he was prosecuted in the Star-chamber for having revealed the king's secrets. Williams raised such a host of preliminary legal objections to this charge, and fought them so vigorously against Noy and the other Crown-lawyers, that the charge was abandoned, and a new charge substituted (1635),—that of subornation of witnesses in a trial in which he was interested. This charge, too, he defended with all his might; offered, when he saw it going against him, to compound for it by a voluntary fine and other concessions to the king; but when, through Laud's influence, these offers were rejected, stood at bay and dared the worst. While the trial was proceeding, the interest of it was complicated by accusations brought against the bishop from various quarters, of having protected the Puritans in his diocese, and of having himself maintained Puritan opinions. In July 1637 he was sentenced to pay a fine of £10,000, to be imprisoned during the king's pleasure, and to be suspended by the High Commission from his offices and benefices. That the sentence was no heavier was owing to the comparative moderation of some of the bishop's old friends among the great nobles; for Laud and Windebank pressed for his deprivation and deportation, and Finch even hinted at punishment by the pillory.[1] Nay, after the bishop was in the Tower, expecting the remission of at least part of his sentence from the king's clemency, means were found to bring down the blow of a second sentence. When the bishop's residence was taken possession of, and his library and other effects ransacked, there was found a letter which

[1] Hacket's Life of Williams, Part II. 125, &c.

had been written to him in 1633, by Mr. Lambert Osbaldiston, head-master of Westminster School, in which Laud was referred to as "the little vermin," "the urchin," "the hocus-pocus," &c. For having received this letter, and for a note in his own handwriting in which there was a similar expression, the bishop was again fined £8,000. Osbaldiston was at the same time fined £5,000, deprived, and sentenced to have his ears tacked to the pillory in presence of his scholars. For a man who had already some fourscore grateful pupils in the Doctorate or high in the various professions, besides many younger and rising pupils, such as Cowley, this last indignity was intolerable. He managed to escape, leaving a note in his study to the effect that he "had gone beyond Canterbury."[1] Shut up in the Tower, where Hacket and other steady friends visited him, and where he amused himself with writing Latin verses, Williams was teased with new charges, the object of which was his deprivation and deportation to Ireland. He retorted and resisted; stood out as a peer of the realm; and, at length,—appealed to a coming parliament!

Not merely in the sense of a manifest return to parts of the Romish ceremonial in worship, and to Romish tenets in doctrine, but in a sense more particular and express, there was a Romanizing party in England. There was a party entertaining itself in secret with the idea of a reconciliation between the two Churches, and working diplomatically towards that end. It does not appear, indeed, that either Laud or Charles was practically active in this direction; but they were willing to permit activity in others. Bishop Montague of Chichester, as the head of the Romanizing faction among the clergy, and Cottington and Windebank, as lay privy-councillors who were Catholics or all but Catholics already, held communications on the subject with Panzani and Con—agents from the Papal court, who had been sent over on other business, and had been well received by the king. It was reported at Rome, on Montague's representations, that, were a feasible scheme of union propounded, in which all the concession should not be on the side of the Anglican Church, the two Archbishops, the

[1] Fuller's Church Hist. *sub anno* 1638.

Bishop of London, several other bishops and many of the inferior clergy would be found ready for it. Only three bishops, it was said—Davenant of Salisbury, Hall of Exeter, and Morton of Durham—were determined Anti-Catholics.[1]

In all likelihood, the obstacle to farther and more open attempts at a union was at Rome rather than at Lambeth. The union which Laud contemplated as possible in due time was one to be accomplished as between two bodies of co-equal importance, gravitating towards each other and moving over equal distances in order to meet; and this was not a union which the Roman statesmen, though they might permit it to be talked of, could ever really intend. What with a nucleus of many thousands of known Catholics in England to begin with, what with the activity of some hundreds of Catholic priests going about in England, and what with the tendency that there would be among the Romanizing English clergy to end in Rome of their own accord, whether Rome moved towards them or not, a union of another kind did not seem ultimately impossible. This, too, was the union which the queen desired, and which, so far as she had power in the state, she did her best to forward. Her private palace, Denmark House in the Strand, became the centre of consultations and negotiations different from those between the Papal agents and Montague, or from those which Rome would have proposed to Laud; and it was with her, as the representative of a true Catholic disposition in the English political element, that Rome carried on the closest correspondence.[2]

What seemed to give probability to the Roman as against the Laudian notion of a union, was the growing frequency of English "perversions," and especially of "perversions" in high life. Every year, since the commencement of Laud's rule, as well as long before, there had been such "perversions," whether of English ladies and gentlemen mystified in the course of their foreign travels by those who made it their

[1] The movement towards Rome among the English clergy and courtiers under Laud's primacy, and the extent to which Charles and Laud abetted it, might be the subject now of a special investigation by the aid of state papers and letters, not formerly accessible. The fairest summary at present is that of Mr. Hallam: Constitut. Hist. (4th edit.) I. 479-481.

[2] Ranke, Eng. Transl. (1850), II. 290, 291.

business to capture the interesting heretics in their unprotected condition, or of others at home who reasoned themselves dialectically over the verge of Laudism. There was Sir Toby Matthews, son of a former archbishop of York, an active Catholic agent since 1620. There was Walter Montague, a younger son of the Earl of Manchester, a much more recent convert. Chillingworth had made his aberration, but had returned; and he was now a member of that Falkland set of "clear reasoners" in religion, whose speculations, finding nothing satisfactory in the backward movement into Popish fog, had turned themselves the other way, and were cleaving forward, through the Protestantism that surrounded them, towards some bleaker standing-ground. Connected with the Falkland group, however, were some who had not heads like Chillingworth's, to go and come again. Lord Falkland's mother was a Catholic, and was converting her daughters and others about her. Most notorious of all was the case of Sir Kenelm Digby, whose associations with the Falkland set had also been intimate. The son of a Catholic who had been executed for his share in the Gunpowder Plot, this "Mirandula of his age," as he was called,—magnificent in appearance and stature, universally accomplished, flowing in talk, one-third knight-errant, one-third philosopher, one-third charlatan, and known in one capacity or another all round the London world from Laud to Hobbes,—had, after a year or two of vacillation, abjured the Protestant faith in which he had been educated, and returned to his paternal religion, as more suitable for his peculiar intellect. His "perversion" had taken place privately, in Paris, in 1635, since which time he had lived in that city, a conspicuous figure among the English residents.

In proportion as Laud valued his theory of a possible union of the Churches at some time or other by a mutual gravitation of their masses, each in its totality, this floating-off of atoms from the one to the other, without leave given, annoyed and vexed him. There is a letter of his, of date July 20, 1634, in which he represents to the king the mischief that Lord Falkland's mother was doing at court, and

asks leave to bring "the old lady" before the High Commission.[1] His letter to Sir Kenelm Digby in Paris on hearing of his change in religion is one of severe, though friendly rebuke.[2] He wrote more than once to the authorities of Oxford University, ordering them to take proceedings against Jesuit missionaries who were at work in the colleges. Not knowing of these measures of Laud against conversions to Catholicism, or not thinking them enough, or regarding his general policy as promoting in the main what he was checking feebly in the particular, the Puritans found in the increasing number of perversions in the years 1636 and 1637 a fresh condemnation of him and his adherents. Even moderate men saw in these "perversions" a cause for general alarm. It may have been noted that Milton, in his *Lycidas*, written when the public excitement on this subject was at its height (Nov. 1637), makes distinct reference to it. Fed with wind and with rank mist, he says, the sheep rot inwardly, and spread contagion among themselves :

> "Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
> Daily devours apace, and nothing said."

II. Ireland from 1632 to 1638. Regarded as an exhibition of energy and genius in accomplishing a set task, Wentworth's government of Ireland is hardly paralleled in the annals of proconsulship. Such boldness, such strength of will, such contempt of popularity in comparison with success in a purpose, such a combination of a fixed intellectual theory of the methods of rule, with practical talent in applying them, are hardly to be met with in any other man in the list of British viceroys. It is only when we consider the higher question of the worth of the cause which Wentworth served so ably, that our admiration of him sustains a check. From first to last, no deeper or grander purpose is avowed by him, or is discernible in him as existing though not avowed, than that of thoroughly "doing the king's service." He would perform that service, indeed, in his own way, and would differ from the king himself in his notions of the way ; but the reference

[1] Original in State Paper Office.

[2] Printed in Wharton's Laud.

always was to the exigencies of his "wise and just master," or, in other words, to the passing exigencies of the tyranny he had consented to serve. Even so, the good of Ireland, so far as not incompatible with the objects of his mission, did enter into his calculations. "It has never been disputed," says Mr. Hallam, "that a more uniform administration of justice in ordinary cases, a stricter coercion of outrage, a more extensive commerce, evidenced by the augmentation of customs,—above all, the foundation of the great linen manufacture in Ulster,—distinguished the period of his government."[1] But Wentworth had come over to govern Ireland in an interest in which the good of Ireland itself formed but a small incidental item, and in which also, unfortunately for him, it has not yet been shown that the good of any considerable part of humanity anywhere out of Ireland was very profoundly involved. He was the topmost man of a cause in which it was utterly impossible that the topmost man of all could be found, if only for this reason, that the topmost man of all will never be found where there remains only the right of devising methods, and there is lost the higher habit of considering ends. In this respect, Laud, so far inferior in other respects, was less of a mere instrument and more of a man of purpose than the fervid Wentworth.

During the deputyship of Wentworth's predecessor, Lord Falkland (1625-1632), there had been going on, with Irish variations, the same struggle between the royal prerogative and the desires of the subject, which had come to such an abrupt close in England—the prerogative insisting, above all, on money; and the subject desiring in exchange for what money it gave, certain "graces" or remissions of grievances. The Catholics naturally wished for a repeal or a modification of the penal laws against the exercise of their religion; the Protestants, besides wishing for directly the reverse of this as regarded the Catholics, had ecclesiastical petitions of their own; there were complaints from all quarters of military exactions, monopolies, and maladministration of law; and above all, and affecting the whole island, there was the

[1] Constitut. Hist. II. 529.

grievance of a terrible practice of the Crown to inquire into the titles by which families held their lands, and, where flaws could be found, at whatever distance of time, either to resume the lands or to levy fines for their continued possession. At length, in 1628, Charles, then ceding the Petition of Right to his English subjects, had thought it but consistent to come to some similar arrangement with the Irish. It was agreed between him and Irish agents sent over on purpose, that the Irish should voluntarily contribute £120,000, to be paid in three years by quarterly instalments, and that, in return for these, the king should yield certain "graces"—including the security of all property in land after sixty years of undisputed possession. It was an express part of the understanding that these "graces" should be duly confirmed by an Irish parliament to be called for the purpose. By the time, however, that the first instalments of the money had been paid, Charles, having made up his mind against parliaments in England, had resolved to be off from his part of the bargain. Lord Falkland had issued writs summoning the promised parliament; but, owing to an informality, the writs were declared void, and no parliament was held.

When Wentworth succeeded Falkland (1632), the period for which the voluntary contribution had been granted was drawing to a close. The money was all spent; there was no Irish army; and the nation felt that it had been cheated. How, in these circumstances, was more money to be raised? The Irish Lord Chancellor, Lord Ely, and the Irish Lord Treasurer, the Earl of Cork, on whom the administration devolved in the interval between Falkland's departure and Wentworth's arrival, saw no other immediate means of revenue than the vigorous exaction of the statutory fines from the Catholics. Wentworth interposed from England to put a stop to this. The question of religious conformity as against the Catholics was, he wrote, "a great business, having many a root lying deep and far within ground;" it was a business to be taken up in proper time; but, meanwhile, it was not fit that the payment of the king's army should depend on such a matter as "the casual income of twelvepence a Sunday."

There would be no real difficulty, he thought, in continuing the Irish contribution a year longer, during which time it would be his fault if means were not found either to make that contribution permanent or to provide some equivalent. The king and the English council entered into his views; a royal letter was sent over to Ireland, threatening, that if the contributions were not "freely and thankfully continued," his majesty would be obliged to "straiten his former graces" and make use of every right he had. This letter, accompanied and followed by missives to the Irish officials from Wentworth himself, had the intended effect; and, with some faint hope of the "graces" as ultimately possible, the Irish consented to farther payment for them.[1]

On arriving in Ireland (July 1633), Wentworth set about his task. His conclusion, after a little while, was one to which he had before inclined, but which it required courage to propound to the king,—to wit, that it would be best and easiest in Ireland to proceed "by way of Parliament." With much hesitation, the king allowed the experiment. In a private letter to Wentworth (April 12, 1634) he wrote, "As for that Hydra (of a parliament) take good heed, for you know that I have found it as well cunning as malicious. It is true your grounds are well laid, and I assure you that I have a great trust in your care and judgment; yet my opinion is, that it will not be the worse for my service though their obstinacy make you break with them, for I fear that they have some ground to demand more than it is fit for me to give." Within three months after the receipt of this letter (July 14, 1634), the parliament met in Dublin.

Wentworth's plans were, indeed, well laid. He had managed the elections so that the Catholics and the Protestants nearly balanced each other; he had packed the lower house with trustworthy persons; and he had seen that the proxies of absent lords, members of the upper house, were in safe hands. But his grand device was the division of the parliament into two sessions,—the first, or king's session, to be devoted entirely to the supply of the king's wants; the second, or

[1] Forster's Life of Strafford; Statesmen of the Commonwealth, I. 264-269.

subjects' session, to be spent, conditionally on the success of the first, in the consideration of the subjects' grievances. Without detailing the steps by which this device of the double session was first forced on the parliament and then turned to the intended account, suffice it to say, that both sessions were successful. In the first, subsidies were obtained to the unprecedented amount of £300,000,—to wit, six subsidies of £50,000 each; whereas, all that had been expected was three subsidies of £30,000 each. This and other business of the first session being over, there came the greater difficulty of the second session, which began in October 1634, and continued till April 1635. During these six months Wentworth's whole soul was bent on frustrating the expected "graces," and terrifying the very name of them out of the Irish mind. As usual, he took the blame and responsibility on himself. He would not even dare, he said, to transmit to the king such demands as the parliament addressed to him! Infinite was the interest at the English court in the progress of the struggle between the Irish parliament and the resolute deputy. The king himself, writing privately to Wentworth (Jan. 22, 1634-5), and thanking him for his extraordinary services, to recognise which fully in letters would be to write "panegyricks rather than despatches," yet hints that he will be glad when the parliament is fairly dismissed. "My reasons," he says, "are grounded upon my experience of them [of parliaments] here: they are of the nature of cats; they ever grow curst with age, so that, if ye will have good of them, put them off handsomely when they come to any age." When this one was "put off" in the following April, Wentworth could congratulate the king on having got everything from it and given nothing in return. The exultation of Wentworth in his success breaks out in his letters. To the king he writes, "All the graces prejudicial to the crown are laid so sound asleep as I am confident they are never to be awakened more;" to Laud, "Now I can say the king is as absolute here as any prince in the whole world can be;" and to Cottington, still more confidentially, "This is the only ripe parliament that hath been gathered in my time; happy it were if we might live to see

the like in England." And yet, when Wentworth, in the interval between the two sessions, had written over, petitioning the king for the honour of an earldom, as a proof to the Irish that he possessed the royal confidence, the reply of Charles had been a refusal! "I desire you not to think," he wrote (Oct. 23, 1634), "that I am displeased with the asking, though as yet I grant it not. I acknowledge that noble minds are always accompanied with lawful ambitions." Wentworth, accordingly, remained Viscount Wentworth.

Laud's appointment to the Chancellorship of Trinity College, Dublin (Sept. 1633), gave him a more direct means of co-operating with Wentworth in the affairs of the Irish Church; and from that time forward we find them corresponding respecting appointments in the college and to vacant Irish deaneries and bishoprics. Wentworth, indeed, would have found good reason to appeal to Laud for his potent help, if only in the wretched condition of the Irish Church—"an unlearned clergy," as he himself writes, Jan. 31, 1633-4, "with not so much as the outward form of churchmen to cover themselves with; the churches unbuilt; the parsonages and vicar-houses utterly ruined; the people untaught, through the non-residence of the clergy, occasioned by the unlimited shameful numbers of spiritual promotions with cure of souls which they hold by commendams; the rites of the Church run over without all decency of habit, order, or gravity; the possessions of the Church to a great proportion in lay hands; bishops alienating their very principal houses and demesnes," &c. These were points on which it was hardly necessary to invoke Laud's sympathy. In the course of 1634 he was able to write the word "*Done*" in his diary opposite two schemes which he had projected as far back as 1630—the winning back for the Irish Church of all the impropriations held by the Crown; and the preparation of a new charter and a new body of statutes for Trinity College. On the faith of these and other changes, which promised to make Irish ecclesiastical appointments better worth having than they had been, he was able to find English scholars, whom he could trust, willing to accept them. Between 1633 and 1638, several Oxford and

Cambridge men of some eminence were sent over by him, and promoted according to their merits. Among these was Milton's old college-tutor Chappell. Leaving, at Laud's request, his fellowship in Christ's, he came over to be Dean of Cashel (Aug. 1633); from which dignity he was promoted within a year (Aug. 1634) to the Provostship of Trinity College, Dublin, having been designated by Wentworth himself, in a letter to Laud (Jan. 31, 1633-4), as expressly "the fittest man in the kingdom" for that important post. Retaining the Provostship, he was in due time to receive a Bishopric in conjunction with it—that of Cloyne and Ross, in the province of Munster (Nov. 1638). On Laud's trial, the case of Chappell was specially mentioned as one of the Arminian promotions. "All his scholars were Arminians," said one witness.[1]

These measures were but preliminary to a grand stroke upon which both the Archbishop and the Lord Deputy were resolved. This was the abrogation of the Irish Articles of 1616 as the separate basis of the Irish Church, and the adoption of the Thirty-nine Articles instead, so as to make Ireland and England ecclesiastically one. It had been no secret that this was Laud's aim; and for several years the only questions with Usher and his Calvinistic brethren had been when and in what manner the revolution would be attempted. It was attempted by Wentworth in December 1634, and accomplished by him with a swiftness and a facility which must have surprised Laud himself. The Irish clergy being then assembled in convocation contemporaneously with the Irish parliament, Wentworth had referred the business to them, and had received some reluctant promise from Usher that it would be conducted to his satisfaction. Relying on this promise, he was attending more to the proceedings of the parliament than to those of the convocation, when he was startled by the news that, in a Committee of the Lower House of Convocation, they were going over the English Articles one by one, marking "Agreed" to some and "*Deliberandum*" opposite to others. Immediately sending for the Dean of

[1] Wharton's Laud, 367.

Limerick, who was acting as chairman of the committee, he compelled him to give up the copy of the Articles so noted. "I publicly told them," he says, "how unlike clergymen that owed canonical obedience to their superiors they had proceeded in Committee, how unheard of a part it was for a few petty clerks to presume to make Articles of Faith without the privity or consent of State or Bishop, what a spirit of Brownism and contradiction I observed in their *Deliberandums*," &c.[1] The issue was as he had calculated. "There were a few hot spirits, sons of thunder, who moved that they should petition me for a free synod; but in fine they could not agree amongst themselves who should put the bell about the cat's neck, and so this likewise vanished." In short, a canon was passed in convocation, unanimously by the bishops, and with only one dissentient voice among the inferior clergy, "approving and receiving" the Thirty-nine Articles entire. The Irish Calvinistic clergy flattered themselves that, in passing this canon, they had still saved their own old Articles; but, in effect, the vote abrogated the constitutional peculiarities of the Irish Church.

Having done so much towards the great design of religious uniformity in Ireland, Wentworth was not disposed to go so fast as Laud in working out this uniformity minutely by prosecutions of individuals. "It will be ever far forth of my heart," he wrote, "to conceive that a conformity of religion is not above all other things principally to be intended; for, undoubtedly, till we be brought all under one form of divine service, the Crown is never safe on this side." But, as to the time and the methods for bringing about such absolute conformity in all points, he had his own opinions! The subsidies were being paid; why interrupt the payment by fresh dissensions? People were unconsciously coming round to conformity; why rouse revolt by keeping the "conceit of difference" in their memory? Lastly, and most emphatically, "the great work of reformation ought not to be fallen upon till all incidents be fully provided for,—the army rightly furnished, the forts repaired, money in the coffers," &c. Accordingly, after

[1] Wentworth to Laud, Dec. 16, 1634: *Strafford Letters.*

the dissolution of the Irish parliament and convocation early in 1635, all Wentworth's energies were bent upon the accomplishment, by his own power as Deputy, of the various measures still necessary to the perfection of Absolutism in Ireland.

His method was the same as that which had helped him so far already—resolute energy in his own purposes, backed by an unsparing use of rewards and punishments in compelling others to execute them. The very phrase "Rewards and Punishments," ought to be associated with the name of Wentworth. It was his darling formula of the whole art of government—a formula reached originally by a generalization from his own instinctive practice, but afterwards played upon by him poetically, and even imparted to others as a political secret. Thus to Cottington (1633), "If once it shall please God his majesty begin to apply *Præmium* and *Pœna* the right way, lustily and roundly, then," &c. Again, to the king himself (1636), "I know no other rule to govern by but by rewards and punishments." Again, to Laud (1638), "The lady Astræa, the poet tells us, is long since gone to heaven; but under favour, I can yet find Reward and Punishment on earth." It was clearly Wentworth's opinion that, with an adequate power of reward and punishment, one could walk from the Atlantic to the Black Sea, and compel men everywhere to do whatever was prescribed to them. He applied the power lustily enough in Ireland. Whatever man of whatever rank opposed him or was even known to mutter a word disrespectful of his policy, or of himself personally, that man he pursued to punishment with the pertinacity of a sleuth-hound. To "trounce a bishop or two" for neglect of duty was nothing to him; and he had the Earl of Mountnorris, perhaps the chief man in Ireland next to himself, tried by a commission, and sentenced to be shot for no other crime than a sneer against his government (1635). The sentence was not executed; but, with his foot on the neck of Mountnorris, Wentworth could glare defiance round the proudest heads in Ireland. On the other hand, his application of the principle of reward was as faithful. To one Taylor, a correspondent who was assisting him with information

in his schemes for the promotion of a commerce between Ireland and Spain, he promises his friendship and encouragement, "and this not for a start and away, but reposedly and constantly," being "one of those," he says, "that shall be the latest and loathest in the world to lose the respects I am enabled to do my friends through mutability and change—a great error of judgment I have known very wise men subject unto." In short, by a rigorous application of his principle, Wentworth was able, by the middle of the year 1636, to report Ireland well prepared for all the "incidents" of the future.

In June 1636, Wentworth came over on a visit to England. He was received with applause at court; related the history of his government before the king and a very full council; and then set out for his Presidency of the North on public and private business, "followed by the aweful gaze of doubting multitudes."[1] He fancied that now the honour of an earldom could hardly be withheld, and again petitioned for it. The king again refused it; and, in November 1636, Wentworth returned to Ireland to resume his labours. Ireland now being under established order, he had leisure, during the next seventeen months, to look more to what was passing in England, to throw over hints to Laud and others as to what might be accomplished there by a touch of his Irish system rightly applied to the backs of Mr. Hampden and his abettors, and even to anticipate the time when, in case of insurrection, Ireland might be a magazine of military force for the service of the three kingdoms. And so, with his brow growing daily more dark and bent, his eye more fierce, his jaw more firmly set, his brain stronger, his very rhetoric more impetuous and picturesque, his whole being and demeanour so much farther from the common that the rumour went about court that he was becoming mad, Wentworth waited for the day when he should be recognised as the one man competent to save the monarchy, and the king should be ready enough with his earldom. As Lord-Deputy, he kept up splendid state, and he was particularly fond of great hunting and hawking matches;

[1] Forster; Statesmen of the Commonwealth, I. 346.

but otherwise he was of simple habits. It was most pleasant to see him after supper, when he would have a few friends familiarly with him in an inner room, smoking tobacco by the hour and telling stories. He suffered terribly from attacks of gout, and sometimes, in these attacks, he would bewail "the dearth of men," which threw so much work on him, and wonder whether "a time of stillness and repose" would ever be his, when, in retirement on his great Yorkshire estates, and with his children about him, he should plant trees, and "consider other more excellent and needful duties than these momentary trifles below." Such thoughts, however, came but seldom to Wentworth.

III. SCOTLAND FROM 1632 TO 1638. The policy of "Thorough," pursued so resolutely in England and Ireland, was pursued also in Scotland, but with remarkable variations both of manner and of effect, and with this variation the most remarkable of all, that here first the policy had its edge blunted by cutting against the solid bone.

We have seen (pp. 374-6) the condition of Scotland ecclesiastically in 1632. Over this little nation of under a million of souls—four-fifths of them (constituting the Scottish people usually so called) being English-speaking Lowlanders who had been Calvinized and Presbyterianized by Knox and his disciples; and the remaining fifth, if so much (though their area geographically was nearly half of the kingdom), consisting of wild Gaelic-speaking Highlanders, into whose fastnesses theology had hardly penetrated — there had been screwed down, by successive efforts, a superficial apparatus of Episcopal forms. The kingdom was divided, ecclesiastically, into about 1,000 parishes, the ministers of which were nominally governed by eleven bishops and two archbishops as follows :—

I. PROVINCE OF ST. ANDREWS.

1. ARCHBISHOP OF ST. ANDREWS AND PRIMATE OF SCOTLAND; John Spotswood, appointed 1615.
2. *Bishop of Dunkeld.* Alexander Lindsay, appointed 1607.
3. *Bishop of Aberdeen.* Patrick Forbes, appointed 1618.
4. *Bishop of Moray.* John Guthrie, appointed 1623.
5. *Bishop of Brechin.* David Lindsay, appointed 1619.

6. *Bishop of Dumblane.* Adam Bellenden, appointed 1614.
7. *Bishop of Ross.* Patrick Lindsay, appointed 1613; transferred to the Archbishopric of Glasgow in April 1633, and succeeded in the Bishopric of Ross by John Maxwell.
8. *Bishop of Caithness.* John Abernethy, appointed 1624.
9. *Bishop of Orkney.* John Graham, appointed 1615.

II. PROVINCE OF GLASGOW.

1. Archbishop of Glasgow. James Law, appointed 1615; died Nov. 1632; and succeeded in the Archbishopric by Patrick Lindsay, Bishop of Ross.
2. *Bishop of Galloway.* Andrew Lamb, appointed 1619.
3. *Bishop of Argyle.* Andrew Boyd, appointed 1613.
4. *Bishop of the Isles.* John Lesly, appointed 1628.[1]

The system of the Kirk under this seeming episcopal jurisdiction was very different from that of episcopacy in England. There was no Liturgy; the ceremonial of worship—notwithstanding that, since 1621, kneeling at the sacrament had been introduced, with one or two observances disliked by the English Puritans—was still that of the plain Geneva model; the minister in each parish still retained some remnant of that extraordinary personal liberty in the pulpit, and power of popular influence out of it, which had been acquired for his order at the Reformation; and the clergy still retained the power of meeting periodically, with select laymen among them, in Presbyteries and provincial Synods, where, though bishops and archbishops had official pre-eminence, the collective will could make itself felt. Add to all this a Calvinistic theology not yet disintegrated to the same extent as in England by Arminian tenets imported from abroad, or by Patristic investigations of native scholars; add also a more general acceptance among the clergy than in England of the Puritan doctrine of the Sabbath, as a necessary adjunct, though only fully wrought out since Calvin's time, of the reformed Christian faith. Of these differences the Scottish bishops themselves were aware. Some of them had caught the Anglican notions of their office, and were zealous for a farther suppression of Presbyterianism; and these, it was generally remarked, had also passed over to

[1] The list is drawn up from Keith's Catalogue of the Scottish Bishops: Edinburgh, 1755.

Arminianism in theology. Others, however, remaining moderately Calvinistic and moderately Sabbatarian, were satisfied with things as they were, and were anxious, by a meek exercise of their office, to palliate to their presbyters and their fellow-countrymen at large the offence of being bishops.

Here was a field for the activity of Laud. To rectify the ecclesiastical condition of Ireland was much; to bring the British Chaplaincies abroad under control was much; to take care that ecclesiastical authority should pursue the English emigrants to America and the West Indies was much; but, out of England, there was not any scene to which his soul turned so wistfully as to poor obstinate Scotland. To extirpate in that country what remained of the spirit of Knox; to substitute in it a properly prelatic organization for the wretched superficial episcopacy then existing, and the true Anglican beauty of holiness for its meagre, uncomely, beggarly worship; to let in the light of later Patristic theology upon its dark Calvinistic beliefs, and to break down its hard Sabbatarianism; nay, even, perhaps, while accomplishing these things, to go a little farther, and use the barbaric region thus reclaimed as an experimental nursery-ground for seeds and notions of a more advanced sacerdotal theory which could not so well be tried first in England—all this was in the mind of Laud as often as he looked northward beyond the province of his brother of York. He had been occupied with the subject even while James was alive; and, notwithstanding that king's resolution not to be led by him into farther experiments on the patience of the Scotch, Laud had persuaded him to meditate one more which as yet had been postponed—a Scottish Liturgy.[1] Eight years had elapsed since then; and now, under a king far more willing and in circumstances far more favourable, it was proposed to attempt not only the Liturgy, but whatever was desirable besides.

Memorable in the annals not only of Scotland but of all Britain, was Charles's coronation visit of 1633. On the 12th of June he swept across the border with his retinue; on Saturday, the 15th, he made his triumphal entry into Edinburgh,

[1] Rushworth, II. 386-387.

and took up his residence in the palace of Holyrood; on the 18th he was crowned in Holyrood Abbey, and on the 20th there was opened a Scottish parliament, or Convention of Estates, which continued to sit till the 28th; on the 1st of July he left Edinburgh on a journey west and north, in the course of which he visited Linlithgow, Stirling, Dumfermline (his birth-place), Falkland, and Perth; on the 11th of July he was back in Edinburgh, which he left next day for Dalkeith on his way southwards; and on the 16th he re-crossed the border.[1] During these five weeks much had been done. New Scottish peers had been created and old peers had been raised a step in the peerage; new members, including Laud, had been sworn of the Scotch Privy Council; and about two hundred separate Acts, relating to Scottish affairs, had been passed in the Scottish Parliament—one of them a substantial vote of subsidies, several others of a general nature, but most of them private bills ratifying the privileges of nobles, land-owners and burghs. The incidents of his visit in the ecclesiastical department may be related more in detail.

On the very first occasion in which religious worship mingled with the ceremonial of the visit, care was taken to give a hint to all concerned that Presbyterianism was to receive no countenance from his majesty. The arrangements for the coronation ceremony in Holyrood Abbey were made by Laud, who, though a stranger, was "high in his carriage," and took upon him to show the Scottish bishops how such a ceremony ought to be performed. "It was "markit that there was ane four-nuikit table in manner of "ane altar, having standing thereon twa books called *blind-* "*books*, with twa chandlers and twa wax-candles, whilks "were unlichtit, and ane basin wherein there was nae- "thing. At the back of this altar was ane rich tapestry, "whereon the crucifix was curiously wrought; and, as thir "bishops who was in service passed by this crucifix they "were seen to bow the knee and beck—whilk, with their "habit [embroidered robes of blue silk and over them white

[1] Rushworth, II. 180-184, and Mr. Robert Chambers's *Domestic Annals of Scotland*, II. 63-69.

"rochets with loops of gold], was noted."[1] The crown was put on the king's head by the Bishop of Brechin; but it was arranged that the two archbishops should stand beside the king—St. Andrews on his right hand, and Glasgow on his left. Glasgow, however, being a moderate churchman, had neglected, with one or two others of the bishops, to procure the proper episcopal garb; and Laud, observing this, actually thrust him from his place with these words, "Are you a churchman and wants the coat of your order?" substituting the Bishop of Ross. Such things might have passed off as attributable only to Laud's officiousness; but when, on the king's attending public worship next Sunday in St. Giles's Church, it was noticed that Mr. John Maxwell, one of the ministers of Edinburgh (Bishop of Ross elect), came down from the king's loft, and caused the minister who was reading in Scotch fashion to remove from his place, and two English chaplains clad in their surplices to officiate for him and read the English service, and that thereafter the Bishop of Moray went into the pulpit and preached a sermon also in a surplice—"a thing whilk had never been seen in St. Giles's Kirk sin' the Reformation"—people began to fear an intended "inbringing of Popery" through the agency of the Scotch bishops themselves.

The fear was confirmed by what occurred in the parliament then sitting. The Scottish Convention of Estates differed from an English parliament in consisting but of one House, in which the prelates, and the temporal peers, as well as the great officers of state, *ex officiis*, sat together with the commissioners of the so-called lesser barons or gentry of the shires, and the commissioners of the burghs. The parliament which met while Charles was in Edinburgh was naturally a very full one. There sat in it, *ex officiis*, nine of the chief state officers of the kingdom. There sat in it also the two archbishops and all the bishops, except the Bishop of Aberdeen who was ill, and the Bishop of Caithness who sent his proxy. There were present in person forty-seven peers, who, with nineteen absentees represented by proxies, made up nearly

[1] Spalding's Troubles of Scotland.

the whole existing Scottish peerage—the forty-seven personally present consisting of one duke (Lennox), two marquises (Hamilton and Douglas), nineteen earls, three viscounts, and twenty-two lords. The commissioners of the lesser barons or gentry of the shires were forty-five in number, representing a total body of about one thousand families belonging to the class of lairds or landed gentry over the whole kingdom. The commissioners from burghs were fifty-one, of whom Edinburgh sent two, and other forty-nine burghs one each. Thus, 163 persons sat in the Convention, making up, with the proxies of twenty absentees, 183 votes in all.

By ancient custom, the real business of a Scotch Convention of Estates was in the hands, not of the whole Convention, but of a committee of the members elected on purpose, and called "The Lords of the Articles;" and all that was reserved for the general body was to hold a final meeting in which the acts and ordinances, prepared by these Lords of the Articles, were read over *seriatim*, and either accepted or rejected. On the present occasion the Lords of the Articles were forty-two in number, as follows :—

George Hay, Earl of Kinnoull, *High Chancellor of Scotland*, presiding in all the meetings in right of his office.

The *eight* remaining state officers, sitting in parliament *ex officiis;* to wit : — William Douglas, Earl of Morton, *Chief Treasurer;* Thomas Hamilton, Earl of Haddington, *Lord Privy Seal;* William Alexander, the poetic Earl of Stirling, *Secretary of State;* Sir John Hay of Lands, *Clerk of the Register;* John Stewart, Earl of Traquair, *Treasurer-Depute;* Sir Thomas Hope of Craighall, *King's Advocate;* Sir James Galloway, *Master of Requests;* and Sir George Elphinstone of Blythswood, *Justice-Clerk*. These eight Lords of the Articles were nominated by the king in person.

Eight prelates out of the 12 present in the parliament; to wit : — the two Archbishops, and the Bishops of Moray, Ross, Brechin, Dumblane, the Isles, and Argyle. The election of these prelates was vested by custom in the nobles of the parliament only.

Eight nobles out of the 47 present; to wit :—the young Duke of Lennox; the Marquis of Hamilton, the Marquis of Douglas; William Keith, Earl Marischal; George Seton, Earl of Wintoun; Robert Ker, Earl of Roxburgh; John Maitland, Earl of Lauderdale; and William Crichton, Viscount Ayr (just created Earl of Dumfries). The election of these nobles lay with the prelates in parliament—a matter already of great complaint !

Eight lesser barons, out of the 45 present; to wit: — Sir George Forrester of Corstorphine (about to be created Lord Corstorphine), Sir Patrick Murray of Elibank, William Douglas of Cavers, Sir James Lockhart younger of Lee, Sir Robert Grierson of Lag, Sir Patrick Ogilvy of Inchmartine, Sir John Scrymgeour of Dudhope, and Sir John Leslie of Newtoun. These were elected by the prelates and the nobles in parliament conjointly.

Nine burgesses out of the 51 present; to wit:—John Sinclair and Gilbert Kirkwood, the two commissioners for Edinburgh; Andrew Gray, for Perth; Mr. Alexander Wedderburn, for Dundee; Paul Menzies, for Aberdeen; Andrew Bell, for Linlithgow; Gabriel Cunningham, for Glasgow; Mr James Cockburn, for Haddington; and Mr. John Hay, for Elgin. These were elected by the prelates, the nobles, and the lesser barons conjointly.[1]

Elected on the first day on which all the Estates met his majesty in parliament, these Lords of the Articles held meetings daily for about a week, framing the Acts &c. which were to be submitted to parliament—pretty well framed doubtless among the heads beforehand. The rest of the parliament meanwhile waited "within the town of Edinburgh," being under penalties not to depart, even had the festivities of the king's visit been insufficient to detain them. On the 28th of June they all reassembled, the king being again present, to vote and conclude the Acts &c. which their committee had prepared. These Acts were "read over," to the number of about two hundred in all,—only the more important, we must suppose, being read at large. Of the 31 Acts of this kind there were only two on which a difference arose—to wit, Act No. 3, entitled *Anent his Majesty's Prerogative and the Apparel of Kirkmen;* and Act No. 4, entitled *Ratification of Acts touching Religion.* By the first not only was the king's prerogative in all causes asserted in general terms, but there was specified, as a part of this prerogative, his right, in terms of a former Act of the year 1609, to regulate the apparel of all ecclesiastics by a simple letter addressed to the Clerk of the Register, which should then have the force of an Act of Parliament. By the other, all former Acts touching religion were ratified indiscriminately—those passed prior to the restoration of bishops, and those passed subsequently. Whether

[1] Compiled from the minutes of the Parliament: *Acts of the Scottish Parliaments*, vol. V.

these Acts had passed the Lords of the Articles themselves without comment may well be doubtful. In the general meeting of the Estates, at all events, they provoked opposition. The leader of the opposition was John Leslie, Earl of Rothes, along with whom went twelve or thirteen other peers, and many lesser barons and burgesses. They wanted both Acts explained, and put it to his majesty directly whether in the first he "intended the surplice." To this question he would give no answer; but he took a paper out of his pocket and said, "Gentlemen, I have all your names here, and I'll know who will do me service, and who not, this day." The dissentients then proposed to accept the prerogative part of the Act, and to omit the other; but, as the king would have no distinction or debate, and insisted on a direct *Ay* or *No* to the Act as it stood, they voted *No*. They then proposed a division of parts in respect to the other Act; but again, being obliged to say *Ay* or *No* to the whole, they said *No*. Rothes and others accused the Clerk-Register of falsifying the vote; but, after doing all they could, they saw the Acts passed as the Acts of the "haill Estates," and ratified by the king by the touch of his sceptre.[1]

The experience which Charles had had in this parliament produced its effects during the rest of his visit. The dissentients, and all who abetted them, were kept under his frown. At Stirling the provost was not allowed to kiss hands on presenting the town's gift of a piece of plate; and, in Fifeshire, the king went out of his way, in order, it was supposed, to avoid a reception intended for him by a number of the nobility and gentry of that Presbyterian shire. Laud also was ungracious. "July 8, *Monday*," he writes in his diary, "to Dumblane and Stirling: my dangerous and cruel journey, crossing part of the Highlands by coach, which was a wonder there." Equally astonishing to the natives were some of his sentiments. "When he was in the kirk of Dumblane he affirmed it was a goodly church. 'Yes, my Lord,' said one

[1] See Rushworth, II. 183; also Balfour's *Annals of Scotland*, sub anno 1633. "The 3rd and 4th Acts of this Parliament," says Balfour, "so much displeased the subjects that in effect they were the very ground-stones of all the mischiefs that followed."

standing by, 'this was a brave kirk before the Reformation.' 'What, fellow?' said the bishop; '*De*formation, not *Re*formation!'"[1] In short, when the king and Laud returned to London, they left an impression, which soon became general throughout Scotland, that they had gone back with a fully-formed design of extirpating the last relics of the national Presbyterianism.

The impression was verified by some of the first acts of the king after his return, and of Laud after his elevation to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. Thus, in the month of October 1633, two official letters came north on Scotch ecclesiastical business. The one (Oct. 8) was a royal letter addressed to Bellenden, Bishop of Dumblane, in his capacity as Dean of the Chapel Royal in Holyrood, giving directions as to the forms and ceremonies of worship to be used there in future. There were to be prayers twice a-day in the chapel according to the English Liturgy, until such time as a Liturgy should be framed for Scotland; on all Sundays and holidays the dean, whether preaching or reading prayers, was to be "in his whites;" there was to be sacrament once a month, which was to be administered to all kneeling; and it was to be signified, as the king's command, that the Lords of his Privy Council, the Lords of Session, the Writers to the Signet, and all other official persons in Edinburgh, should attend the communion in the chapel at least once a-year, and receive the sacrament kneeling, as an example to the rest of the people. The dean was to make a yearly report to the king of the names of such as offended in the last particular.[2] The other letter, which followed at a week's interval (Oct. 15), was of more general application. It was, in fact, the king's answer to those questions as to the apparel of kirkmen, which he had refused to answer in the parliament. It contained the following instructions:—That, in all public places, the archbishops and bishops should appear in gowns with standing capes, and all the inferior clergy in a dress of similar fashion, though of inferior materials, except that only

[1] Row's "History of the Kirk," *Wodrow Society*, 1842; p. 369.
[2] Rushworth, II. 205.

doctors were to have the addition of tippets; that the archbishops and bishops should always, when attending divine service and preaching, "be in whites," that is, "in a rochet and sleeves," such as they had worn at the coronation, and, moreover, that such of them as were members of the Privy Council should always sit there "in their whites" also; that at the consecration of bishops there should be worn "a chymer" of satin or taffeta "over the whites;" that the inferior clergy should preach in their black gowns, but should, in reading service, and at christenings, communions, and other such times, wear their surplices; finally, that the square cap of the English universities should be the sole head-gear of the Scotch clergy, from the Tweed to the Shetlands.[1]

These, however, were but preliminaries; and, in order to their success and to the success of more radical measures which were to follow, it had been the king's care, before leaving Scotland, to make certain changes in the local instrumentality through which alone such measures could be carried into effect. A very characteristic act, and one exactly in the line of Laud's general policy, was the introduction into the Scotch Privy Council not only of himself (which gave him an official concern in Scotch affairs), but also of no fewer than nine of the Scottish prelates. Hardly less important were some changes made in the episcopal body by reason of vacancies. The bishopric of the Isles, vacant by the translation of Leslie to an Irish see, was conferred on a Neil Campbell (1633); that of Galloway, vacant by the death of Lamb, on a Thomas Sydserf (1634). More important still was the creation of a new bishopric for Edinburgh,—which city, singular to say, had not yet been the seat of a separate see. The diocese having been marked out, and St. Giles's Church having been altered so as to serve for a cathedral, the bishopric was conferred (Jan. 26, 1634)[2] on William Forbes principal of Marischal College, Aberdeen. Forbes had held

[1] This is a correct abridgment of the order as it is entered in the Scotch Statute-book, under Act No. 3, of the parliament of 1633: *Acts of the Scottish Parliaments*, vol. V.

[2] In Scottish history of that time the double form of dating is not requisite as in English — the Scotch already reckoning, as we do now, from the 1st of January, as New Year's-day; though according to the old style.

the see but a month or two when he died, and his successor (Sept. 1634) was David Lindsay, transferred from Brechin, and succeeded there by a Walter Whiteford.

With these and other changes, the Privy Council of Scotland, or rather that part of it which, as being generally or frequently resident in Edinburgh, formed the acting Scotch ministry, stood, from 1634 to 1638, as follows :—

PRELATES.

Spotswood, Archbishop of St. Andrews.
Lindsay, Archbishop of Glasgow.
Lindsay, Bishop of Edinburgh.
Guthrie, Bishop of Moray.
Whiteford, Bishop of Brechin.
Bellenden, Bishop of Dumblane, but afterwards of Aberdeen; translated thither on the death of Patrick Forbes in 1635, and succeeded in Dumblane by James Wedderburn—a Scot who had resided in England, and there become acquainted with Laud.
Maxwell, Bishop of Ross.
Sydserf, Bishop of Galloway.

LAYMEN.

George Hay, Earl of Kinnoul, *High Chancellor.* He died at London, Dec. 16, 1634; and the chancellorship, the first office in the kingdom, was then conferred on Archbishop Spotswood — another step towards ecclesiastical domination.
William Douglas, Earl of Morton, *Chief Treasurer;* which place, however, he resigned in 1635, in order to permit the elevation to it of the Earl of Traquair, till then *Treasurer-Depute.*
Thomas Hamilton, Earl of Haddington, *Lord Privy Seal* till his death in 1637.
Sir Archibald Achesoun of Glencairn, *Secretary of State.* [This office had been divided,—the Earl of Stirling acting as Scotch Secretary in London, while the local duties of the office required an additional secretary.]
Sir John Hay of Lands, *Clerk of the Register.*
John Stewart, Earl of Traquair, *Treasurer-Depute* till 1635, and, after that, *Chief Treasurer.*
Sir Thomas Hope of Craighall, *King's Advocate.*
Sir James Galloway, *Master of Requests.*
Sir William Elphinstone, *Chief Justice.*
Sir James Carmichael of that Ilk, *Justice Clerk* till 1635, when he succeeded Traquair as *Treasurer-Depute,* being

succeeded in the Justice-Clerkship by Sir John Hamilton of Orbiston.

Robert Ker, first Earl of Roxburgh, born about 1570. He had led an active life hitherto, and, on Haddington's death in 1637, he was made *Privy Seal.*

John Drummond, second Earl of Perth.

George Seton, third Earl of Wintoun.

John Maitland, first Earl of Lauderdale.

John Fleming, second Earl of Wigton.

William Crichton, first Earl of Dumfries (Viscount Ayr).

John Lyon, second Earl of Kinghorn.

David Carnegy, first Earl of Southesk.

Archibald Douglas (eldest son of the Marquis of Douglas), Earl of Angus.

Archibald Campbell, Lord Lorn, eldest son of Archibald, seventh Earl of Argyle. He was born in 1598, and was already the representative of the great Argyle family, and the holder of its rights and estates,—his father having been incapacitated as a Catholic (1633), and usually residing in London.

James Stewart, Lord Doune, son and heir-apparent of James, second earl of Moray.

William Alexander, Lord Alexander, eldest son of the Earl of Stirling. He died March 1638.

Alexander Elphinstone, fourth Lord Elphinstone.

James Ogilvy, Lord Deskford.

Archibald Napier, first Lord Napier, eldest son of Napier of Merchistoun, inventor of Logarithms. He had been in various official situations in the reign of James, and was in high favour.

These thirty or more persons[1] formed the acting Scotch Privy Council between 1634 and 1638. The attendance at the council-meetings varied from ten to about three-and-twenty; and the most constant and active members (forming a standing committee) were the prelates and official lay members. Of the prelates, the most zealous in the king's service were the Primate Spotswood, and Bellenden and Maxwell. By far the ablest man in the council, however, and in reality the leading resident minister, was the Earl of Traquair. As Treasurer-Depute, he had distinguished himself by his energy; he was one of those whom Charles selected for the honour of

[1] I have compiled the list from notices of proceedings of the council, letters signed by them, and the like, which I have found in the Appendix to *Baillie's Letters,* in *Balfour's Annals,* in *Rushworth,* and elsewhere—Douglas's *Scottish Peerage* and Scot of Scotstarvet's *Staggering State* supplying some of the particulars.

earldom during his visit; and, after his preferment to the Chief-Treasurership, he "guided our Scots affairs," says Baillie, "with the most absolute sovereignty that any subject among us this forty years did kythe." His power or his weakness consisted in a certain fury of manner. "He carries all down that is in his way," says Baillie, "with such a violent spate (flood), oft of needless passion."[1] Though zealous for the king's service both in Church and State, he had an antipathy to the bishops and resented their preponderance in the council. Hence a feud in the council between the Traquair, or Treasurer's party, and the Spotswood, or Chancellor's party.

While the Privy Council managed ordinary Scotch business at their discretion, they received all their more important instructions direct from London, through the medium of the post. Thomas Witherings, Esq., his majesty's postmaster in England, was commanded (July 31, 1635) to complete the line of post-houses, and the stabling, &c. at each, so that there might be at least one horse-post running regularly day and night between London and Edinburgh, performing the double journey in six days, and charging sixpence a letter for the whole distance.[2] Both before this order and after, many a packet on his majesty's service was conveyed from Whitehall to the northern capital bearing in it letters of fell intent—sometimes letters from his majesty himself, or from the Earl of Stirling as the Scotch secretary in London, to the Privy Council; but not unfrequently private letters from Hamilton or Stirling to individual Scottish nobles, or from Laud to the Scottish bishops. In reality every important order respecting Scotch ecclesiastical affairs emanated from Laud.[3]

An important act was the establishment, by a royal warrant dated "Hampton Court, Oct. 21, 1634," of a Court of High Commission for Scotland, on a scale corresponding to that of the English court, or even more extensive. The establishment

[1] Baillie's Letters; edited by Laing: Letter of date Jan. 29, 1637, to William Spang.

[2] Rymer's Fœdera, and Chambers's Domestic Annals of Scotland.

[3] Whoever wishes to study Laud's action within a moderate compass, and at the same time to have as favourable a specimen as can be found of his talent in self-defence, ought to read that part of the *History of his Trials and Troubles*, (pp. 87-143), where he replies *seriatim* to the articles presented against him, in 1640, by the Scottish Commissioners.

of this court, in lieu of the more restricted agency of the same kind which had existed before, was intended to strengthen the hands of the bishops against anticipated opposition to two final measures which were in reserve to complete the ecclesiastical revolution—the promulgation of a Book of Canons, and the introduction of a new Liturgy. Before relating the history of these measures, let us see in what elements in Scottish society the opposition which they did meet with was already garnered up.

There were elements of opposition in the Privy Council itself. Thus, by a curious anomaly, felt to be such at the time, the man who held the important post of King's Advocate, or Attorney-General for Scotland—Sir Thomas Hope of Craighall—was an astute veteran whose whole heart was Presbyterian, and who had risen to the top of his profession by practice bestowed upon him as "the Presbyterian lawyer." Nor were there wanting others in the council who were disposed, from one motive or another, to thwart, after a certain point, the new policy of governing Scotland by instructions from Lambeth. "That Churchmen have a competency is agreeable to the law of God and man," wrote Lord Napier privately; "but to invest them into great estates and principal offices of the state is neither convenient for the Church, for the King, nor for the State."[1] It was the opinion, not of Napier only, or of Napier and Hope and Traquair, but of almost all their lay colleagues.

It was only necessary to glance over the community at large to see that there was likely to be a stronger muster both of personal Scottish stubbornness and of vehement Presbyterian conviction than could have been expected even from appearances at the centre. (1.) Among the seventy nobles or thereby, and the thousand lairds or thereby, who formed the landed aristocracy of Scotland, and who lived in old castles or in quaint thick-walled houses where their ancestors had lived before them, there was a considerable sprinkling of avowed dissentients,—some from real Presbyterian feeling; others, as was said, from mere hereditary jealousy of that prelatic order,

[1] Mr. Mark Napier's Memoirs of Montrose, 1856, p. 104.

by the spoils of which their ancestors had grown richer at the Reformation, and which was now again raising its head, looking after what it had lost, and even talking of the restitution of Church lands and the restoration of abbacies. The most conspicuous of these were the nobles who had formed the Rothes party in the recent Parliament, or had joined it immediately afterwards:—Rothes himself; John Kennedy, Earl of Cassilis, called "the grave and solemn Earl;" Alexander Montgomery, Earl of Eglintoun, afterwards called "Gray Steel;" William Ker, Earl of Lothian; John Campbell, Lord Loudoun; Lord Balmerino, and his brother James Elphinstone, Lord Cupar; John Sandilands, Lord Torphichen; John Hay, Lord Yester; Lords Lindsay, Sinclair, Wemyss, Cranstoun, &c. It is worth remarking that most of these peers were young men—the Calvinistic and anti-prelatic spirit being apparently strongest among the younger nobles, while at the same time, as if by a law of antagonism, the extreme or Arminian or Laudian form of prelacy was represented rather by the younger than by the older prelates. One young nobleman on whom the Rothes party reckoned as a zealous adherent—John Gordon, Viscount Kenmure—died in 1634; but there was a nobleman still younger whose adherence to this party seemed as likely as it was desirable. This was James Graham, Earl of Montrose, related to the Napiers by marriage, and just returned at the age of four-and-twenty from a residence of several years abroad. Coldly received at the court in London, he had come back to seek in his native country the excitement and occupation which his young soul craved; and, though he was "very hard to be guided," it was to him rather than to any of the yet undeclared peers—to him certainly far rather than to his senior, the cautious Lorn—that hope would have assigned the future leadership of the Scottish popular cause.[1] It does not seem that the lesser barons or lairds were possessed with the anti-prelatic spirit to the same extent as the peers; but, in this order, too, there were men of Presbyterian grain. One name at least, in this order, it is for Scotland long to remember—that of Archibald Johnstone

[1] Mr. Napier's Memoirs of Montrose, 1856, pp. 94-127.

of Warriston. The son of an Annandale laird, and himself possessing a small property, he had been called to the Scottish bar in 1633, and was already in some practice in Edinburgh as a lawyer, and known to his intimate friends as, next to old Sir Thomas Hope, the man most likely to serve the kirk by his knowledge of Scottish law. Nor was knowledge of Scottish law his sole qualification. Whatever of courage, earnestness, promptitude, prudence, and skill was required in the man who was to be the leading Presbyterian layman,—nay, perhaps the chief Presbyterian mind in the approaching struggle,—was to be found, when the crisis called for it, in Johnstone of Warriston. (2.) Next, as regarded the Scottish clergy—the 800 or 900 parish ministers, who, together with the probationers and students of divinity, formed the actual body over which the bishops presided. Among these the old breed of Presbyterians, the men of the stamp of Knox and Melville, seemed to have died out, or to be represented only in a few survivors, the most refractory of whom, such as the historian Calderwood, had been driven into exile or deprived; and the majority appeared to acquiesce in episcopacy as so far a settled institution. Underneath all this seeming acquiescence, however, there lay dormant a strength of Presbyterianism greater than could be estimated. It was still a consolation with hundreds that prelacy "had never been allowed as a standing office in the Church by any lawful assembly in Scotland." In these circumstances, nothing but the most cautious procedure could have saved episcopacy as it was from being re-questioned on the first convenient opportunity. With very cautious procedure, there *might* possibly, in time, have been an organic adjustment. Not, however, as affairs were going. Presbyterianism pure and absolute was reappearing in the clergy from the very force of the contrary pressure. Here and there over Scotland there were ministers watching the course of events, as unappointed and yet recognised deputies for the rest, and day by day coming to a firmer conclusion as to what must be the national duty. In Edinburgh there were one or two men who, hitherto obedient enough to the established system, were beginning to

repent of their moderation. Calderwood was in Edinburgh, having returned from exile. It was not in the metropolis, however, but in a few remote country parishes and small country towns over Scotland, that the men were in training who were to come forth as the chief leaders of their brethren. Over in Fifeshire, and already known as the man of greatest weight and intellectual capacity among the clergy of that energetic county, was Mr. Alexander Henderson, parish minister of Leuchars, now about fifty years of age, and for the last sixteen years an opponent equally intrepid and skilful of the prelatic policy. Of the same age as Henderson, and celebrated as the most powerful preacher in the West of Scotland, was David Dickson, minister of Irvine in Ayrshire, suspended some ten years before for declaring against the Articles of Perth, but soon permitted to return, and to preach as before to the crowds that flocked to hear him on Sundays and market-days. A man considerably younger, of less fervid character, but of strong sense and judgment, was Robert Baillie, minister of Kilwinning, near Glasgow, of whom we learn from his private letters that he would have been willing at this time to live under a moderate episcopacy, but that the increase of "Arminianism and Papistry" was causing him much anxiety.[1] Farther to the south, in the remote parish of Anwoth in the Stewartry of Kirkudbright, was Samuel Rutherford, now in the thirty-fifth year of his age, and famous for the last seven years as a fair-haired seraphic preacher, of small stature but wondrous force, "a great strengthener of Christians in all that country." He was at present writing a Latin treatise against Arminianism, which was to be published at Amsterdam in 1636. Known to Rutherford, as having been chaplain to his patron, Viscount Kenmure, on whose death he became chaplain to the Earl of Cassilis, was George Gillespie, as yet a mere youth, but engaged, under the earl's roof, on a work against the English ceremonies. Lastly, that the far north might not want a Presbyterian luminary, there was Andrew Cant, minister of the parish of Pitsligo in Aberdeenshire, raying out in that benighted shire beams of anti-prelatic light. (3.) Respecting

[1] Mr. Laing's Memoir of Baillie, prefixed to his "Letters," I. xxix. xxx.

the Scottish people at large, there seems little doubt that, in downright opposition to prelacy, they left the majority of their clergy far behind. Perhaps, allowing for districts of the country where Catholicism still lingered and where episcopacy had taken root, it would be a fair calculation to say that nineteen-twentieths of the Scottish population were, in as far as crowds can be conscious of a creed, Presbyterian Calvinists. There were Presbyterian provosts and town councillors in most of the burghs; the citizens in most towns were Presbyterian; the rabble in most towns would have liked nothing better than to pelt a bishop through the streets; and the blue-bonneted and plaided peasantry of the shires—no man could tell how Presbyterian were they! Nor must it be forgotten that in many places and in many families wives were more zealous than their husbands, daughters than their fathers, mothers than their sons. Over Scotland, it was to be found, there were Presbyterian heroines very many, and Presbyterian furies not a few.

It is the misfortune of the historian, that often, in proportion as he does his duty by exhibiting the mechanism of a movement,—the arrangements and mutual relations of its parties,—he is apt to leave an impression as if all consisted in the mechanism. Yet, in every important historical movement, the essential facts belong to a higher calculus than that which takes account of the external state of parties. As the essence of the Puritan movement in England did not consist in opposition to illegal tonnage and poundage or to illegal ship-money, or in any number of such obvious causes of quarrel which the historian can reckon up, but in that religious fervour, that roused condition of sentiment with reference to things metaphysical, which was taking possession of so large a part of English society, and bursting forth in Biblical language, and charging every fibre of the body politic with a new and electric life,—which condition of sentiment again had its freshets and feeding-springs in the prayers, the longings, the meditations in the fields of individual hearts wrestling with Nature and crying for information from behind the veil,—so, in Scotland, it is not in the jealousies of nobles and

prelates, in fears of the restitution of Church-lands, or even in the traditional attachment of ministers and people to certain forms of doctrine and Church order, that the full explanation of the Presbyterian movement is to be found, but, with all this and in the midst of it all, in a certain deeper communication, which was going on here also, between the national heart and the same eternal world of the metaphysical, through the same medium of minds Biblically trained. It is even capable of demonstration that, at this time, that religious fervour which was the characteristic of Puritanism over the whole island, had its intensest seat and manifestation in Scotland.

A ruder nation than England, with little commerce, far more superstitious in the matter of witchcraft, and far more given to witch-burning and other horrible practices of the sort, torn by feuds of which England would have been ashamed, rife in crimes of violence which the laws could not punish, full at the same time of all kinds of laughable humours and eccentricities,—there was among the Scotch, whether in natural connexion with these differences or from independent causes, a more violent theological susceptibility than among the English. That rigorous and sombre view of life and of religious practice which the Puritans were inculcating in England, and which was there resisted by the Church, was the normal form of religion in Scotland, taught by the Calvinistic Kirk, and resisted only, but abundantly enough, by the natural carnality and the boundless jocosity of the Kirk's subjects. The doctrine of conversion, of the distinction between the natural man and the man regenerate by grace—this doctrine, known, of course, in its milder form to the English Church, and preached in its stronger form by the English Puritans, was inherent in its strongest form of all in the very substance of Scotch Christianity. The clerical leaders of the Presbyterian movement, or those who were in training to be such, were men whose very peculiarity among their brethren was that they had grasped this doctrine with the uttermost conceivable tenacity, and that, recognising in themselves the subjects of this miraculous change, and able

in some cases to tell the very year, or the month, or the day when the change had been wrought, they viewed it as the sole end of their being to effect the change in others, and convert souls to Christ. Henderson, a man of weight in all respects, able and expert in debate, and fit to cope with statesmen in secular business, could tell how in his younger years he had been personally careless of real religion; how the people of Leuchars, when he was appointed their pastor in 1615, had nailed up their church-doors to keep him out, and he had forced his entrance by the window; and how it was not till several years after, that, touched by the words of a more zealous preacher, he felt the force of "saving truth," and became a new man. Of Dickson we are told that "few lived in his day who were more honoured to be instruments of conversion than he," that "his communion services were indeed times of refreshing from the Lord," and that such was his skill in "soul-cases," that people under "soul-concern" crowded the lobbies of his house to see and speak with him. The letters of Rutherford are still read as the remains of one in whom the sensuous genius of a poet was elevated by religion to the pitch of ecstasy. "Woods, trees, meadows and hills," he writes, "are my witnesses that I drew on a fair match betwixt Christ and Anwoth;" and, to this day, in that parish they show certain stones in a field, called "the witness-stones of Rutherford," to which, on one occasion, the inspired man pointed with his finger, telling his trembling flock that if, when he was dead, they or their children should ever admit another gospel than that which he had taught them, then these very stones would witness against their backsliding. Nor was this intensity of religious belief confined to the clergy. The same sense of a reality beyond vision in the objects of religious meditation, the same habitual use in speech of the images and terms of the Calvinistic theology, is found among the leading Presbyterian laymen. Moreover, the phenomenon of epidemic religious ecstasy was already known in Scotland, while in England there was nothing of the kind, save in some poor localities, the haunts of despised Brownist preachers. The famous communion of the Kirk of Shotts, in June 1630, when a large congregation remained two days

spell-bound and phrensied by the preaching of young Mr. Livingstone, and five hundred were converted on the second day by one sermon, and that still more extraordinary "outletting of the Spirit" which began the same year at Stewarton in Ayrshire in the preachings of Mr. Dickson, and which overflowed the adjacent country, advancing from place to place "like a spreading moor-burn," so that the profane called it the Stewarton sickness, were events fresh in the memory of the Scottish people.

It is curious to remark that these and similar excitements took place chiefly in the south or south-west of Scotland, and that the portion of Scotland most exempt from such phenomena, and indeed from religious ecstasy in any form, was that where there was the largest cluster of confessedly learned clergymen. The "Aberdeen Doctors"—which was the name given to Dr. John Forbes, Dr. Barron, Dr. William Guild, and some half-dozen more divines clustered round Bishop Forbes, and then round his successor Bishop Bellenden, at Aberdeen, as occupants of the town-pulpits or of the chairs of grammar and theology in the two colleges of the town—were men whose learning would have been acknowledged in England; and they were notoriously the men in the whole Scottish Kirk who were the most moderate in their Calvinism, and the coolest in their zeal for Presbytery. The fact is, they formed a little intellectual colony, in which religion was kept at a moderate heat by other tastes and interests. There was more printing of Latin verse and the like going on among them than in any other town in Scotland; they had occasional visits from Arthur Johnston, to print a volume at their press and to bring them London literary news; and they had among them as a resident native of the town the only Scottish artist then alive, Jamesone the portrait-painter. And so, the community among whom they preached, and whom their preaching satisfied, being a large-boned and large-headed race, Aberdeen was the city in all Scotland the least fervid in its Presbyterianism.[1] Andrew Cant, in his parish of Pitsligo,

[1] One of the best illustrations that I have seen of the peculiar Aberdonian feeling of the time is a Latin letter (now in the State Paper Office), received by Laud July 5, 1634, and endorsed by him, "Dr. Barron's letter, of Aberdeen, concerning y^e^ pacifying of y^e^ 5 articles." Though received only on July 5, the letter

was the only anti-prelatic star of any magnitude twinkling in the northern darkness.

Far away, meanwhile, on the banks of the Thames, sits Laud, as ignorant of Scotland as of Kamschatka, but trying to govern it ecclesiastically through the sixpenny post. His correspondence with the Scottish bishops now is chiefly respecting the new Book of Canons and the new Service-Book, which are to accomplish the work in progress. The arrangement was that the Scottish bishops should prepare both books, and that, after they had been revised and amended by Laud, Juxon of London, Wren of Norwich, and such other English prelates as the king might appoint, they should be imposed on the Scotch by royal authority.

The Book of Canons was ready first. The royal decree establishing it, is dated Greenwich, May 23, 1635. The Book, printed at Aberdeen, was received in Scotland with a kind of dumb amazement. The Scottish bishops, as Laud afterwards pleaded, had been strictly enjoined to take the Scotch Privy Council along with them in framing the canons, and also to see that none of them were contrary to the laws of the Scottish realm—an injunction more easily given than obeyed, and which had consequently been disobeyed. The bishops seem to have fancied that the canons, when approved by the king, were to be submitted to the Scotch clergy; for the title prefixed to the book in their original draft was "Canons agreed on to be proposed to the several Synods of the Kirk of Scotland," which title Laud altered into "Canons and Constitutions Ecclesiastical ordained to be observed by the Clergy."[1] But the matter of the book was the grand objection. The absolute prerogative of the king over the Kirk was asserted; there

is dated "Aberdoniæ, 20 Aprilis, 1634." It begins — "Amplissime et rev^{ssime} Præsul, non sum nescius modestiam et verecundiam in me desiderari posse, quod, homo privatus, gente extraneus, et vix apud populares notus, ad Rev^{ssimæ} tuæ Amplitudinis amicitiam, qui, non tam honoribus quam virtutibus celsus, et supra communem hominum sortem evectus es, rudi hac epistolâ mihi viam aditumque munire non erubescam." The writer then goes on at great length to compliment Laud on the wisdom of his Church government, and to assure him of the writer's boundless admiration of his character, and of his published solutions of old controversies—all this, so far as I can see, to no other end than to make Laud aware that there was one reverend gentleman far north who would be glad to be remembered by his Grace, when anything good was going.

[1] Wharton's Laud, 101.

were to be no General Assemblies except by the king's authority; and private meetings of the clergy for the exposition of Scripture were strictly prohibited. Then, among the special enactments were such as these:—that the forthcoming Service-Book should be used, in all its parts, as the only directory of worship; that there should be no prayers except according to the forms there printed; that none should receive the sacrament otherwise than kneeling; that every ecclesiastical person should leave part of his property to the Church; that no presbyter should reveal anything *told him in confession*, except in a case where by concealment his own life would be forfeited by law. The total impression made by these and by other Articles "about fonts, chancels, communion-tables," &c. was that the canons imposed a system of doctrine and discipline, all the differences in which as compared with the English system were differences towards Popery.

There was an extraordinary delay in the publication of the Service-Book. The Canons, published in May 1635, enjoined the acceptance of it as already existing; and yet for a year and a half the book was not to be seen or heard of anywhere. It was in progress of being compiled. Maxwell, Bishop of Ross, and Wedderburn, Bishop of Dumblane, who were the Scottish bishops chiefly entrusted with the work, were sending it, piece by piece, to Laud; he and the other English prelates in his confidence were making their additions and marginal notes; on these again there ensued correspondence; and, even after the printing had been begun with a new fount of black letter by the king's printer in Edinburgh, there was such trouble in sending the proofs backwards and forwards, and in making new alterations, that the work was often at a stand.[1] At length all seemed to be ready; and, in October 1636, the Scottish Privy Council received a "missive letter" from the king, announcing the book, and ordering them to make known his majesty's command that all his subjects in Scotland, both ecclesiastical and civil, should "conform themselves in the practice thereof,—it being the only form which

[1] Wharton's Laud, 110, 111, &c.

We, having taken the counsel of our clergy, think fit to be used in God's public worship there."[1] The Privy Council obeyed the order, and made public proclamation of the new Service-Book Dec. 20, 1636.[2]

Still no Service-Book was to be seen. "The proclamation of our Liturgy," writes Baillie to a friend in Glasgow, Jan. 2, 1637, "is the matter of my greatest affliction. I pray you, if you can command any copy by your money or moyen, let me have one, an it were but two or three days, with this bearer. I am mindit to cast my studies for disposing of my mind to such a course as I may be answerable to God for my carriage." It was not till some months had passed that Baillie and others could obtain copies of the book. The rumour ran that the first edition had been cancelled, and that sheets of it were used in the shops to wrap up spice and tobacco.[3] By the beginning of May 1637, copies were in circulation; and the bishops had issued letters ordering each parish minister to purchase at the charge of his parish two bound copies for use. As the printer wanted his money, all the copies were to be sold off by the 1st of June.[4]

There was no alacrity among the ministers in buying copies; but enough were in circulation to enable the whole country to form a judgment of the contents. The book was found by its critics to be "Popish in its frame and forms," to contain "many Popish errors and ceremonies, and the seeds of manifold and gross superstitions and idolatries," and to be in all respects much more objectionable than the English service-book would have been.[5] "Those which are averse from the ceremonies," writes Baillie, "yea almost all our nobility and gentry, and both sexes, counts that book little better than the mass." Knowing how general was this feeling, the Privy Council were obliged to be peremptory. On the 13th of July they ordered all parish ministers to procure the two

[1] Letter, dated Newark, Oct. 18, 1636; *Balfour's Annals.*

[2] Baillie, Appendix to vol. I.; where the Privy Council Order is given, signed by eleven of the council.

[3] Baillie, Letter of date Feb. 27, 1638.

[4] Letter of Lindsay, Bishop of Edinburgh, of date April 28, 1637, in Appendix to Baillie, vol. I.

[5] Wharton's Laud, 110-125; where the Scotch objections to the book are given formally and in detail.

copies of the book previously commanded within 15 days under pain of 'horning' (outlawry).[1] It was also resolved that there should be a grand preliminary reading of the service in the churches of Edinburgh and the parts adjacent on Sunday the 23rd of July, in order that the Lords of Session and other officials then assembled in Edinburgh in full term-time might be able to carry the report of its success with them into the country when they dispersed for the autumn vacation.[2]

What occurred in Edinburgh on that memorable Sunday, the 23rd of July, 1637, is known to all the world. In St. Giles's Cathedral, in the midst of prelates, lords and magistrates, Jenny Geddes hurls her stool at the bishop's head, and, backed by the wilder element in the congregation, breaks up the service in uproar and riven benches. In the other kirks there is as little success; the whole city is in riot; and bishops and Privy Councillors are hooted through the streets and have to run for their lives. As the intention of introducing the Service-Book on that day had been announced on the previous Sunday from all the pulpits of the town, contemporary prelatic writers maintain that the riot was premeditated, and that Jenny and her associates were under instruction.

Premeditated or not, the riot in Edinburgh was a signal understood by the whole Scottish nation. The magistrates of Edinburgh and the Privy Council did their best, by proclamations and the like, to restore order, and give the Service-Book a second Sunday's chance; but it was found to be impossible. "Efter that Sunday's wark," says Spalding, "the haill kirk-doors of Edinburgh were lockit, and no more preaching heard," the zealous Puritans making up for the want by flocking over "ilk Sunday to hear devotion in Fife."[3] Meanwhile "the posts were running thick betwixt the Court in London and the Council which sat every other day."[4] The bishops write, blaming Traquair and the lay lords; Traquair writes, blaming the bishops; the magistrates write, begging Laud to explain to the king that they are not to blame; and

[1] Balfour's Annals.
[2] Rushworth, II. 387.
[3] Spalding's Troubles, edit. 1850, I. 80.
[4] Baillie.

Laud writes back sharply enough to all parties, conveying the king's extreme dissatisfaction that they have managed among them "to carry the business so weakly," but not doubting that it may still be carried through in spite of the "baser multitude."[1] Those on the spot began to know better. Not only, at every symptom of farther action in favour of the Service-Book, did the "baser multitude" in Edinburgh resume their rioting; but, from all other parts of Scotland where the Service-Book had been tried or talked of since the 23rd of July, there came the same popular response. Of the bishops themselves only three made any serious attempt to establish it in their own Cathedrals — "the Bishop of Ross in the Chanrie, Brechin at the Kirk of Brechin, and Dumblane at Dumblane;" and even they were put to shifts to get ministers to read it.[2] In Glasgow, where an attempt was made to recommend it to the clergy through a Synod-sermon, the preacher, Mr. William Annan, was nearly murdered in the streets that same evening by the Jenny Geddeses of the West.

Till the month of September 1637, and while it was supposed that the report of the total failure of the Service-Book would have due effect at court, the only demonstrations of the leaders were in the shape of petitions and protests addressed to the Privy Council by one or two Presbyteries, and by an individual minister here and there,—Henderson, Dickson, Andrew Ramsay of Edinburgh, and a few others. But when it was known that the injunctions from the Court to the Privy Council were still for going through with the business, the nobles, the lesser barons, the burghs, and the whole body of the ministers began to bestir themselves. The harvest being nearly over, they poured into Edinburgh, or sent deputies thither, in such extraordinary numbers, that they were surprised at their own strength. "Supplicates," or petitions, were simultaneously presented to the Council from 20 nobles, a considerable number of barons, 100 ministers, 14 burghs, and 168 parishes; and these were redacted, for grammatical

[1] Rushworth, II. 389, &c.
[2] Rothes's *Relation of the Affairs of the Kirk*, quoted by Mr. Chambers: *Annals*, II. 104.

and other reasons, into one general "supplicate," which might be submitted to the king. The twenty supplicating nobles were, the Earls of Angus, Rothes, Sutherland, Dalhousie, Cassilis, Wemyss, and Lothian, and Lords Sinclair, Dalkeith, Lindsay, Balmerino, Burleigh, Hume, Boyd, Yester, Cranstoun, Loudoun, Montgomery, Dalzell, and Fleming. Such an array of nobles, backed by such a constituency throughout the country, could not, it was thought, but make some impression at court. Accordingly, on the 20th of September, the "supplicants" dispersed from Edinburgh, after a solemn meeting for humiliation and for prayer; leaving, however, one or two of their number in Edinburgh, to be upon the watch against false play, and to summon them again if necessary.[1]

It was not expected that the king's answer would arrive before November. Suddenly, however, all over Scotland south of the Grampians there fly expresses from Edinburgh, with information that a trick is intended, and that it will be as well that Edinburgh should be again full of the right Presbyterian material by the 18th of October. The summons is obeyed. Nobles from all parts, ministers from all parts, provosts and commissioners of burghs from all parts, lairds and gentry from all parts, especially from the hot Presbyterian shires of Lothian, Fife, Stirling, Lanark, and Ayr, flock in great excitement into Edinburgh. For a moment it was supposed that the haste was unnecessary,—that Archibald Johnstone of Warriston, who had sent out the expresses, had made a mistake. Seldom in his life, however, did Johnstone make a mistake of the kind. On the 18th of October the Council did meet, and the king's answer came forth in the shape of three proclamations at the Cross of Edinburgh,—one, dissolving the Council "so far as religion was concerned," in order that no more petitions on that subject might be entertained, and, in consequence, commanding all strangers to withdraw from Edinburgh within twenty-four hours on pain of rebellion; a second, adjourning the next meeting of the Council for ordinary business to Linlithgow, on the 1st of November; and the third, condemning

[1] Stevenson's Hist. of the Church and State of Scotland (Edinburgh, 1754), II. 199 et seq.

young Mr. Gillespie's recent treatise "Against the English-Popish Ceremonies." The Supplicants were prepared. They had been meeting for consultation, each order in a separate house, when the substance of the proclamations was announced to them; and immediately, despite the order to disperse, they resolve on a bolder stroke than any yet,—a complaint against the bishops, as the peccant part of the Council, and as the causes of all the national evil, and a protest against their farther presence as judges and their farther participation in any measures of government, until they and their doings have been put on trial according to the laws of the realm. All night Lords Loudoun and Balmerino, and David Dickson, are busy drawing up the document, which immediately receives the signatures of "24 nobles, several hundred gentlemen of the shires, some hundreds of ministers, and most of the burghs." This complaint against the bishops, which involved a rejection not only of the Liturgy, but also of the Book of Canons, was carried to the Council. They were obliged to listen, really if not formally; and, promises having been made of farther communication with London, the bulk of the Supplicants again dispersed.

The policy now was to keep the Council in a state of permanent siege. In vain it adjourns to Linlithgow, to Stirling, and so on. Wherever it goes, a detachment of the besieging force follows it, luring it into negotiations, or battering it with petitions. On the 14th of November it again meets in Edinburgh, the Supplicants having flocked thither in greater numbers than ever, and with the important accession of young Montrose to their list of chiefs. Traquair, Lorn, Lauderdale, and other lay members of the council remonstrate with them amicably on the unnecessary danger to the peace by such tumultuous assemblages, and suggest that they should entrust the farther conduct of the business to a few selected commissioners. The suggestion, convenient to the Supplicants themselves, was adopted, and four committees were appointed,—one for the nobles, consisting of a few nobles named by the rest; another for the gentry, consisting of two gentlemen from each shire; a third for the burghs, consisting of a commissioner

from each burgh; and a fourth from the clergy, consisting of a minister from each Presbytery. These committees, called "The Tables," were to be convened in Edinburgh on any emergency; but, still farther to concentrate the business, there was to be one supreme or central "Table," permanent in Edinburgh, and consisting of four nobles, three lairds, three burgesses, and two ministers, acting under the authority of written commissions from the rest. Plans for swift correspondence were also settled; and so, for the third time, the Supplicants dispersed.[1]

February 1638 (or, according to the English reckoning, 1637-8) was the decisive month. Traquair and messengers from the bishops have gone to London. The king has hitherto shown his displeasure by leaving the supplicates substantially unanswered. There has been no sign, however, of any intention to abandon the Service-Book. Moreover, the movement is now so wide and deep that such a concession would be of no use. The Book of Canons, the High Commission, the Five Articles of Perth, prelacy itself,—all must go! Virtually, the whole nation has pledged itself to that effect—no fewer now than 38 of the nobles; lairds and gentlemen without number; all the clergy, with the exception of the "Aberdeen doctors," and a few University men here and there; and *all* the towns except Aberdeen.[2] The Privy Council is but a little raft of prelates and lay officials, floating without anchorage on a popular sea,—several of the lay officials in close alliance with the popular chiefs. All depends on the nature of the next missive from London. The missive comes,—the ultimatum of the king and Laud on the Scotch question. Traquair himself brings the document in his pocket. It transpires that a council has been secretly convened for the 20th at Stirling, and that then the proclamation is to be made. At ten o'clock in the morning of the 20th the proclamation *is* read at the cross of Stirling. It is one expressing his majesty's extreme displeasure with the past;

[1] Rushworth, II. 400-407, Balfour's Annals and Baillie's Letters, *sub anno* 1637; Clarendon, II. 88, 89; and Stevenson's History, *ut supra*.

[2] Baillie and Stevenson.

declaring those who have assisted at recent "meetings and convocations" to be liable to high censure; forbidding "all such convocations and meetings in time coming under pain of treason;" commanding "all noblemen, barons, ministers, and burghers not actually indwellers in the burgh of Stirling," to depart thence within six hours, and not return again either thither or to any other place where the Council may meet; and, for the rest, advising all faithful subjects to trust to his majesty's good intentions. No sooner was the proclamation read than Lords Hume and Lindsay, who have ridden post haste from Edinburgh to be in time, cause a protest, which they have brought with them for the purpose, to be read at the same spot with all legal forms; and, leaving a copy of this protest affixed by the side of the proclamation to the market-cross of Stirling, they post back to Edinburgh. At Edinburgh a repetition of the same scene occurs on the 22d,—Archibald Johnstone stepping forward on a platform at the proper moment and reading the protest in his clearest voice. Meanwhile, expresses, summoning the Tables and all the strength of the land to Edinburgh, are again out. To Edinburgh, to Edinburgh! all Scotchmen who can come! Men have risked their heads in the common cause: surround them like men, or desert them like cowards!

Scotland responds; and the men who have risked their heads are ringed round by a sufficient crowd of her earls and lords, her gentry and peasantry, her clergy and burghers. But what next? This meeting and dispersing cannot go on for ever! This aggregate enthusiasm cannot, by the laws of things, be maintained long at one and the same strain. Already it is the understood policy of Traquair to break up the confederacy as much as possible, and to get the different orders of supplicants to renew their petitions separately! What then is to be done? Into the middle of the men counselling together at the Tables, the right thought descends as a national inspiration. Several times before, in Scottish history, the whole nation had taken a solemn oath or covenant, to stand or fall together in the cause of true religion, or of the Scottish version of it; and now what so fitting as to renew this

national covenant in a form adapted to the immediate emergency? So the Tables resolved, Henderson and Dickson being present to advise; and so it was carried. The signing is said to have begun on the 28th of February; but the grand beginning was on the 1st of March, on which day, a great congregation having assembled in the Grayfriars' Church in Edinburgh, the draft of the National League and Covenant was read, and, after an address by Henderson, was signed on the spot by all who could get near it—"all the nobles who were then in Scotland," says Stevenson, "except the lords of the Privy Council and four or five others; commissioners from all the shires within Scotland, and from every burgh except Aberdeen, St. Andrews, and Crail; and other gentlemen and ministers whose zeal had brought them up."[1] Here are the substantial parts of the document:—

"We all, and every one of us underwritten do protest, that, after long and due examination of our own consciences in matters of true and false Religion, we are now thoroughly resolved of the truth by the Word and Spirit of God, and therefore we believe with our hearts, confess with our mouths, and subscribe with our hands, and constantly affirm before God and the whole world, that this only is the true Christian Faith and Religion, pleasing to God and bringing salvation to man, which is now by the mercy of God revealed to the world by the preaching of the blessed Evangel, and received, believed, and defended by many and sundry notable kirks and realms, but chiefly by the Kirk of Scotland, the King's Majesty, and three Estates of this Realm, as God's eternal truth and only ground of our salvation; as more particularly is expressed in the Confession of our Faith, established and publicly confirmed by sundry Acts of Parliament, and now of a long time hath been openly professed by the King's Majesty and whole body of this realm, both in burgh and land. * * And, therefore, we abhor and detest all contrary Religion and doctrine, but chiefly all kind of Papistry in general and particular heads, even as they are now damned and confuted by the Word of God and Kirk of Scotland.

[Here follows an enumeration, in a long series of clauses, of doctrines and practices of the Romish Church repudiated and condemned.]

"Finally we detest all his [the pope's] vain allegories, rites, signs, and traditions brought in the Kirk without or against the Word of God and doctrine of this true Reformed Kirk: To which we join ourselves willingly in doctrine, religion, faith, discipline, and use of the

[1] Stevenson, II. 291-2.

holy sacraments, as lively members of the same in Christ our Head; promising and swearing, by the great name of the Lord our God, that we shall continue in the obedience of the doctrine and discipline of this Kirk, and shall defend the same, according to our vocation and power, all the days of our lives, under the pains contained in the law, and danger both of body and soul in the day of God's fearful judgment." * *

[The foregoing is the *general* part of the Covenant; and then, after a recitation of previous statutes and Acts of Parliament at great length, there follows the *special* part adapted to the emergency.]

"We, Noblemen, Barons, Gentlemen, Burgesses, Ministers, and Commons undersubscribing, considering divers times before, and especially at this time, the danger of the true Reformed Religion, of the King's honour, and of the public peace of the kingdom, by the manifold innovations and evils generally contained and particularly mentioned in our late Supplications, Complaints, and Protestations, do hereby profess, and before God, his Angels, and the World solemnly declare, that, with our whole hearts, we agree and resolve all the days of our life constantly to adhere unto and defend the foresaid true Religion, and, forbearing the practice of all novations already introduced in the matters of the worship of God, or approbation of the corruptions of the public government of the Kirk, or civil places and powers of Kirkmen, till they be tried and allowed in free Assemblies and in Parliaments, to labour by all means lawful to recover the purity and liberty of the Gospel, as it was established and professed before the said novations. * * And, in like manner, with the same heart, we declare before God and men that we have no intention or desire to attempt anything that may turn to the dishonour of God or the diminution of the King's greatness and authority; but, on the contrary, we promise and swear, That we shall to the utmost of our power, with our means and lives, stand to the defence of our dread sovereign, the King's Majesty, his person and authority, in the defence and preservation of the foresaid true Religion, liberties, and laws of the kingdom. As, also, to the mutual defence and assistance every one of us of another in the same cause . . . so that whatsoever shall be done to the least of us for that cause shall be taken as done to us all in general and to every one of us in particular; And that we shall neither directly nor indirectly suffer ourselves to be divided or withdrawn by whatsoever suggestion, combination, allurement, or terror from this blessed and loyal conjunction. * * Neither do we fear the foul aspersions of *Rebellion, Combination,* or whatever else our adversaries, from their craft and malice, would put upon us, seeing, &c. * *

"In witness whereof We have subscribed with our hands all these premises."

The "signing of the Covenant," thus begun in Grayfriars' Church on the 1st of March, was continued in Edinburgh

and throughout all Scotland for many weeks. Additional copies were made, and signed again by the nobles and other leaders, for distribution over the country, till in every town and neighbourhood in the Lowlands there were copies going about. The "signing of the Covenant" became the text for all pulpits, the topic in all households; men flocked for miles to the places where copies lay for signature; nay, in many cases, the swearing took place *en masse*—whole congregations standing up, men, women, and children together, after the Sabbath forenoon sermon, and raising their hands in affirmation, while the minister read the Covenant. In Aberdeen alone was there any lukewarmness or opposition. A deputation of the Covenanting leaders, consisting of the young Earl of Montrose, Lord Arbuthnot, the lairds of Morphy and Dun, and Messrs. Henderson, Dickson, and Cant, were appointed to visit this northern fastness of prelacy, and see what could be done. They were received civilly with cake and wine by the magistrates; Henderson, Dickson, and Cant preached in public; but, on the whole, the natural granite of the place was too hard for them, and little impression was made.[1]

In the month of April, 1638, while the National League and Covenant was still being signed in Scotland, and the words "Covenant" and "Covenanters" were just beginning to be in men's mouths in England as implying something strange that was occurring in the northern part of the island, and when, at the same time, the last piece of English news was the termination of Hampden's famous case of ship-money by a decision against him, our poet, whom we left at Horton, was preparing to leave England. A journey on the continent, and, above all, in Italy, had long been one of his wishes; and he had at length procured his father's somewhat unwilling consent.

For young Englishmen going abroad in those days, the first necessity was a passport, which could only be obtained by

[1] Spalding's Troubles.

waiting personally on one of the secretaries of state, answering any questions that might be asked respecting his objects in travelling, and, above all, giving satisfaction respecting his religion. In this matter Milton seems to have had no difficulty. He was able also, through his friends, to take with him unusually good letters of introduction. The following letter, sent to him just before his departure, has an interest independent of its immediate connexion with his intended journey. It is from Sir Henry Wotton, Provost of Eton, with whom, as the letter itself explains, Milton, though so long his near neighbour, had just become acquainted when his resolution to travel was taken.

"From the College, this 13th of April 1638.

"Sir,

"It was a special favour when you lately bestowed upon me here the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly; and, in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts [*i. e.* at Horton, so near Eton], which I understood afterwards by Mr. H. [doubtless Mr. Hales], I would have been bold, in our vulgar phrase, to mend my draught (for you left me with an extreme thirst), and to have begged your conversation again, jointly with your said learned friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together some good authors of the ancient time; among which I observed you to have been familiar.

"Since your going, you have charged me with new obligations, both for a very kind letter from you dated the 6th of this month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment [a copy of Lawes's edition of *Comus*] which came therewith, wherein I should much commend the tragical part [*i. e.* the Dialogue of *Comus*] if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Doric delicacy in your songs and odes; whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language. *Ipsa mollities!* But I must not omit to tell you that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true artificer. For the work itself I had viewed some good while before with singular delight, having received it from our common friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R.'s *Poems*, printed at Oxford; whereunto it is added, as I now suppose, that the accessory might help out the principal, according to the art of stationers and to leave the reader *con la bocca dolce.*[1]

[1] The most probable explanation of this passage is, that "our common friend, Mr. R.," who had sent Wotton a copy of *Comus*, in its anonymous condition, some time before Milton and Wotton had met, was John Rous the Oxford Librarian; and that "the late R.'s *Poems*," to which this copy of *Comus* had been somewhat incongruously appended, either by Rous himself

"Now, Sir, concerning your travels, wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of discourse with you. I suppose you will not blanch Paris on your way; therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B., whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S., as his governor,[1] and you may surely receive from him good directions for the shaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside by my choice some time for the King, after mine own recess from Venice.

"I should think that your best line will be through the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by sea to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany is as diurnal as a Gravesend barge. I hasten, as you do, to Florence or Siena—the rather to tell you a short story, from the interest you have given me in your safety.

"At Siena, I was tabled in the house of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman courtier in dangerous times—having been steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his family were strangled, save this only man that escaped by foresight of the tempest. With him I had often much chat of those affairs, into which he took pleasure to look back from his native harbour; and, at my departure towards Rome (which had been the centre of his experience), I had won confidence enough to beg his advice how I might carry myself securely there, without offence of others or of mine own conscience. '*Signor arrigo mio,*' says he, '*I pensieri stretti et il viso sciolto* ('*Thoughts close, looks loose*') will go safely over the whole world.'[2] Of which Delphian oracle (for so I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary; and therefore, Sir, I will commit you with it to the best of all securities, God's dear love, remaining

"Your friend, as much at command
"As any of longer date,
"Henry Wotton."

Postscript.

"Sir,

"I have expressly sent this my footboy to prevent your departure without some acknowledgment from me of the receipt of your

or by the stationer who had sold it, were the Poems of the late Thomas Randolph, of Cambridge, edited by a surviving brother, and printed, in 1638, at Oxford, "by L. Litchfield, printer to the University, for Fr. Bowman." As Lawes's edition of *Comus* came out nearly at the same time with the posthumous edition of Randolph's poems, and as both publications were in small quarto, but Milton's too thin for separate binding, the conjunction might not be unnatural. Wotton, however, soon distinguishes between the bulkier beginning and the sweet morsel at the end; and it is an agreeable surprise to him to learn that his young neighbour, Mr. Milton, with whom he has just formed an acquaintance, is the author of the piece he has been admiring.

[1] The "young Lord S." has been supposed to be Lord Scudamore, son of the ambassador at Paris, of which, however, I am not sure; and "Mr. M. B.," his governor, is Michael Branthwait, mentioned elsewhere by Wotton as "heretofore his Majesty's agent in Venice, a gentleman of approved confidence and sincerity." — See Todd's Milton, VI. 183.

[2] The story of Scipioni and his maxim was a favourite one with Wotton —always told by him, in particular, to young friends and pupils, going abroad. See it in another letter of his (*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, edit. 1672, p. 356).

obliging letter, having myself, through some business, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance [between Eton and Horton ?]. In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad and diligent to entertain you with home-novelties ; even for some fomentation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the cradle."[1]

It cannot have been more than a day or two after Sir Henry's footboy delivered this gratifying letter (which makes us like the courteous old Provost better than ever), when Milton was on his way across the Channel. On one circumstance connected with his departure I am able to afford some new information. As Milton's father was now an aged man and a widower, one does not like to fancy that he was left alone at Horton during his eldest son's absence ; and on this point, I believe, the fact accords with what one would wish. Milton's younger brother Christopher had by this time nearly finished his law-studies at the Inner Temple, and, at the age of two-and-twenty, was about to be called to the bar. More precocious in love matters than his elder brother, he had not waited for the completion of his law studies before taking the important step of matrimony. His wife was Thomasine or Thomasina Webber, the daughter of a London citizen ; and I have found evidence in the registers of Horton parish proving, almost certainly, that the marriage took place before Milton's departure in April 1638, and also that, after their marriage, the young couple resided with the old man at Horton.[2] They resided there, I fear, at his expense ; and it says much for the excellent man's love of his children, and something also for the extent of his means, that, while consenting to this arrangement on behalf of his younger son, he cheerfully incurred also the additional expense of sending his eldest son abroad, according to his wish. The poet took one man-servant with him,

[1] Prefixed by Milton himself to *Comus* in the first edition of his minor poems, in 1645 ; and printed also by Izaak Walton, in his *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*.

[2] It is not the marriage-entry of Christopher Milton that I have found in the Horton Register, but the burial-entry of what I take to have been his first child, and the baptism-entry of what I take to have been his second. The first stands thus :—"1639 : An infant sonne of Christopher Milton, gent., buried March y^e^ 26th." It is a fair calculation that the marriage took place a year previously, which would be a month and a half before Milton's departure. The second entry stands thus :—"1640 : Sarah, y^e^ daughter of Christopher and Thomasin Milton, baptized Aug. 11th." The poet had, by that time, returned to England.

and intended perhaps to be several years absent; and the expense to which his father consented cannot have been less than about £200 a-year of the money of that day.[1] Till Milton was over thirty-two years of age, he did not, as far as I know, earn a penny for himself.

[1] In "Instructions for Forreine Travel," published in 1642 by James Howell (the letter writer), he calculates the expenses of a young nobleman or rich young squire travelling abroad, as follows:—"As for expenses, he must make account that every servant he hath will stand him £50 a-piece per annum; and for his own expenses he cannot allow himself less than £300. I include herein all sorts of exercises—his riding, dancing, fencing, the racket, coaching-hire, with other casual charges, together with his apparel, which, if it be fashionable, it matters not how plain it is." This is calculated more particularly for France. At Paris, Howell adds, there were divers "academies," where one could board and learn the fashionable exercises, for about £110 sterling per annum.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONTINENTAL JOURNEY.

1638—1639.

Rich in event and in emotion as was that struggle between Prerogative and Popular Liberty, between Prelacy and Puritanism, which had been the main fact in England since Milton was born, and of great and world-wide effect as was to be the shock to which it was leading, it was still, from the point of view of general history, but a strong and rather peculiar eddy, in one angle of Europe, of an agitation which extended contemporaneously, in the manner of a polarizing force, over the whole face of the European map. Since the year 1618, when Milton was in his early boyhood, there had been moving on in slow progression, in various parts of the continent, that complex and yet continuous course of events to which subsequent historians, viewing it in its totality (1618-1648), have affixed the name of "The Thirty Years' War." To us Britons now, shut up so long in our own affairs and looking so reluctantly backward, this "Thirty Years' War" is little more, in our popular representations of it, than a dim period of continental battles and sieges, of absurd marchings and countermarchings, of famines and mutual massacres, out of which may be derived convenient calculations of the millions that may be spent on gunpowder, and other statistics illustrating the horrors of war and the folly of religious differences. All this may have been *in* the "Thirty Years' War;" but this is not what it really was, nor what it seemed to our forefathers. That war of the Thirty Years, say our more instructed historians, was the last war of religion in Europe. The statement may be too positive. Is not our phrase, "the folly of religious differences," but a beggarly one after all; are not the speculative forces even

now mustering afresh in an organised duality, which only a crash can solve; and is there not yet to come the prophetic Armageddon? But if the Thirty Years' War was not the last war of religion in Europe, it was the last for a long time—at once the consummation politically and the attenuation spiritually of the movement begun in Europe by the Lutheran Reformation.

In its origin, the war was an insurrection of the Protestants of Bohemia and other Slavonian possessions of Austria (1618-19) against the persecuting Catholic policy of their Austrian sovereigns. These Austrian sovereigns being likewise Emperors of Germany, the war had instantly extended itself into the German confederacy; and the Treaty of Passau, which had defined since 1552 the mutual rights and relations of German Catholicism and German Protestantism, had become a dead letter. The representative of the Protestant side of the struggle, whether as regarded Bohemia or as regarded Germany, being that Frederick, Elector Palatine, whom the Bohemians had made their king, and who lost both electorate and kingdom in the sequel, it is usual to distinguish this first stage of the war (1618-1625) by the special name of the "Palatine War," or "the War of the Palatinate." Already, however, before this stage was over, the powers surrounding and adjacent had associated themselves with the Germano-Bohemian conflict, and woven it wider into its continental complications.

To the support of Austrian imperialism there had come forward the fraternal power of Spain. Severed from Germany since the closing years of Charles V., when the western or Spanish portion of his vast empire passed to his son Philip II., and the eastern or Germanic portion to his brother Ferdinand I., Spain had, with all the less impediment, in the interval, exercised her adopted function as the pre-eminently Catholic power of Europe and the champion of the European reaction. As the power that had most effectively crushed the Protestant heresy within itself, and that had given birth to Jesuitism as a specific system for the renovation of Catholicism everywhere, she had claimed the function by every

right of fitness. In exercising it, indeed, she had gradually and necessarily sunk from her former greatness, losing portions of her dominions, and retaining what remained only by a tyranny as mean as it was sombre. Still, as mistress of Naples, Sicily, and Milan, she drew in her train the whole Italian peninsula; nor was it in the power of the Pope himself, whose servant she professed to be, to set up successfully, in opposition to dictation from Madrid, any definition of Catholicism, or any rule of papal policy, that might have seemed truly pontifical or truly Italian. When, therefore, Spain associated herself with Austrian Imperialism in the Thirty Years' War, it was virtually a movement of the two Latin peninsulas together to aid in the suppression of German and Slavonian Protestantism. Moreover, as Spain took the opportunity to renew at the same time (1621) her private contest with the United Dutch Provinces, to which there had been a truce since 1609, Holland was added to the area of the struggle; and the entire Protestantism of the continent was in peril from an Austro-Spanish alliance.

Whence could the opposite muster come? Whence, if at all, but from those States, lying out of the area of the struggle, where Protestantism was already assured internally, and therefore, so far as it was honest, ready to assert itself internationally—to wit, Great Britain and the Scandinavian kingdoms? Great Britain had done a little, but not very much. Since the accession of the Scottish James, said all the more ardent Protestants of that time, the "right Elizabeth way" had been forgotten no less in the foreign politics of England than in her domestic administration. One of his first acts had been to make peace with Spain; the Spanish alliance had always been dear to him; and, at the very time when it was thought he should be drawing the sword for his son-in-law, he was negotiating the Spanish match. The little that Parliament compelled him to do he had done reluctantly. Far different had been the behaviour of the two Scandinavian kingdoms. First, the Danish king, Christian IV., had undertaken the difficult enterprise, throwing himself and his kingdom into the conflict in behalf of continental Protestantism, and

conducting what is known as the "Danish stage" of the general war (1625-1629). He had been defeated and driven back, leaving the German Protestants at the mercy of the Emperor. Then had come the turn of the Swede. Accepting the cause when it seemed most desperate, the great Gustavus had retrieved it by his victories, had consecrated it by his heroic death, and had bequeathed it as a legacy to Sweden, to be carried on by the wisdom of Oxenstiern, and the valour of Swedish generals. This formed the "Swedish stage" of the war (1629-1634).

The defeat of the Swedes at Nordlingen (Sept. 1634) had proved the insufficiency of Swedish generalship for the cause, and perhaps also of all the resources of Scandinavia, aided by volunteers from England and Scotland; when, to the confusion of ordinary calculations, a Catholic power appeared to the rescue. Although France, as if by the law of her constitution as a nation mainly Latin, had ranged herself among the Catholic states—although her Huguenots had never been more than a considerable minority of her population, and, despite their energy, the political centre of gravity had been established irremovably within the body of the Catholic majority—yet the result of so much Protestant effort expended in the recent course of her history had been a Catholicism of a very different grain from the Spanish, and capable, when the case required it, of splendid inconsistencies. Henry IV. had left the Edict of Nantes as the charter of French Protestant liberties; even under the government of Mary de' Medici, as regent for her son Louis XIII., Henry's policy of toleration had remained in partial effect; and, when Richelieu attained the office of supreme minister (1624), France had found a master, inheriting Henry's spirit, with competent intellectual variations. In name a cardinal of the Roman Church, he was, in fact, a great secular statesman. Even while meeting the insurgent French Protestants with inflexible war, besieging them in their last stronghold, and breaking up, on a systematic plan, their influence as a separate political union in the State, he had foreseen for France, as her only suitable course in the affairs of Europe, a policy of opposition

to the retrograde Catholicism of Austria and of Spain. He had meditated, as it were, a French definition of Catholicism, to be flung forth into Europe in competition with the Spanish, and to which the Pope himself might be brought over by circumstances, and by French arms and diplomacy. From the beginning of the Thirty Years' War, accordingly, he had been watching its progress and working France into connexion with it. It was his boast that *he* had brought the Snow-King from his Scandinavian home to oppose by his Protestant enthusiasm and his military genius the alliance of the Spaniard and the Austrian; and, during the whole of the Swedish stage of the war, but more especially after the death of Gustavus, France had been concerned in it, through subsidies and diplomatic services in Germany, to the extent of actual partnership. A time having come, therefore, when France must either accept the place of principal in lieu of that of partner, or see the war abandoned, and the Austrian and the Spaniard linking Europe in a common dominion over the body of that French monarchy which had hitherto kept them apart, Richelieu had not hesitated. Persuading Louis XIII. that the greatness, if not the existence of France, depended on her now undertaking openly, on her own account, and in her own way, though with Protestants as her allies, the enterprise which had passed through so many hands, he had signalised the year 1635 by a burst of simultaneous strategy which crackled over Europe. War had been declared against Spain as well as against the Emperor; new relations had been established with Oxenstiern and Sweden; the wreck of the Swedish forces in Germany had been taken into French pay; an alliance had been concluded with the States-General of Holland; and French armies had invaded Italy, Germany, Spain, and the Netherlands. Thus had begun the final or "French period" of the war, to which there was to be no end till the Peace of Westphalia (1648).

In 1638, when Milton began his continental journey, three years of the French period of the war had already accomplished themselves. The marchings and countermarchings of the opposed armies were the subjects of talk everywhere;

Bernard of Weimar, D'Enghien, Guebriant, Turenne, Banier, and Torstenston were blazing as military names ; and, all along the tracks of these generals, there were creeping negotiators as famous in their diplomatic craft, breaking Richelieu's threads, or knitting them together. At this point, a bird's-eye view of the continental states collectively may make their relations to each other and to England more intelligible henceforward.

FRANCE : Louis XIII. was in the thirty-eighth year of his age and the twenty-eighth of his reign (1610-1643). He had been twenty-two years married to his queen, Anne of Austria, the daughter of Philip III. of Spain ; but the marriage was as yet childless. When not in the camp, the court was usually at St. Germain's near Paris. The king was a person of the least possible consequence—impassive, parsimonious, and fond chiefly of farming, and of exercising his skill as an amateur barber on all his household ; but with this conspicuous merit, that he believed in Richelieu, and let him do as he chose. The queen-mother, Mary de' Medici, was in exile in Brussels, plotting restlessly for the destruction of the Cardinal's influence and her own return to her son's side ; but with no effect. The all-absorbing subject of Richelieu's care and of the national interest was the progress of the war in its different seats, and of the negotiations connected with it. There were, however, subordinate or tributary topics of interest. A special negotiation was on foot with Pope Urban, both through the Papal nuncio at Paris and through D'Estrées, the French ambassador at Rome, relative to certain differences between Richelieu and his Holiness in matters affecting the French Church. There were differences also between Richelieu and some of the Courts of Law, leading to arrests of judges, &c. Moreover, throughout the country there were complaints of impoverishment, of "*surcharge de tailles et d'emprunts et des passages, et foule des gens de guerre.*" In the midst of all this the gay nation was the gay nation still, and Paris was flourishing more and more under Richelieu's liberal care of industry, art, and science. The Palace of the Luxembourg, the Church of the Sorbonne, and the Palais Royal had been recently built or re-edified ; the *Jardin des Plantes* had been added to the attractions of the city ; and the famous *Académie Française* had just been founded (1635). Corneille had produced at the *Théâtre Français* his tragedy of the Cid (1637) ; and there were French names of note in other departments, marking the progress from the literary era of Malherbe towards the richer age of French art and letters under Louis XIV. There was the poet Racan ; there was the mathematician Fermat ; there was the philosopher Gassendi ; there were the two Poussins, the painters. The greatest French thinker of the age, René Descartes, was not at this time in his native country, but was residing in Holland, where his *Discours sur la Méthode* had just been published (1637).

Spain.—Philip IV. was ruling (1621-1665), with Olivarez for minister; and the chief activity of the nation was in the war against the French and the Dutch. In the imagination of strangers, and especially of Englishmen, all was sombre and gloomy within this most Catholic peninsula—a swarthy peasantry sleek with oil and garlic; cloaked hidalgos moving moodily in the streets of cities; no sign of life save in continual processions of monks and priests towards splendid churches. And yet, in this age of Spain's political decline, had not Cervantes arisen (1547-1616) to contradict such notions, to add to Spain's past glory in action the further glory of having produced one of the recognised masters of the world's collective literature, and to show how amid the wrecks of Catholicism there might survive a rich human life, grave with the wisdom of the past, and joyous in the southern sunshine? To Cervantes, as the literary luminary of Spain, had succeeded Lope de Vega the prolific, with his 2,000 dramas (1568-1635); and the Spanish drama was still of matchless fame in its kind through the younger and greater genius of Calderon (1601-1687). The contemporary representatives of Spanish art were the Sevilian painters Zurbaran and Velasquez, the immediate predecessors of Murillo. Meanwhile *Portugal*, though with characteristics and traditions of her own, was politically a part of Spain; preparing, however, for the revolt which was to give her a separate dynasty in the house of Braganza (1640).

Italy.—The most obvious fact then as now respecting Italy (a peninsula too long for its breadth, according to Napoleon's famous criticism) was its subdivision into so many states. Here is a list of them:—

I. The Spanish Provinces: to wit,—*Naples* and *Sicily* in the south, and the *Milanese territory* in the north; governed by Spanish Viceroys from Madrid.

II. The Three Republics: *Venice*, *Genoa*, and *Lucca;* the last insignificant.

III. The Native Sovereignties:—

1. *Savoy and Piedmont:* Reigning Duke, Carlo Emanuele II. (1638-1675), at present an infant under the guardianship of his mother, the Duchess Christina, sister of Louis XIII.
2. *Parma and Piacenza:* Reigning Duke, Odoardo (1622-1646), of the Farnese family.
3. *Modena:* Reigning Duke, Francesco I. (1625-1658), of the Este family.
4. *Mantua:* Reigning Duke, Carlo II. (1630-1665), of the Gonzaga family.
5. *Tuscany:* Reigning Grand Duke, Ferdinando II. (1621-1670), of the house of the Medici.
6. *The States of the Church:* Reigning Pontiff, Urban VIII. (1623-1644), of the Florentine house of the Barberini.

Thus distributed politically, the peninsula was and had been for many years under controlling Spanish domination. Holding so large a portion of the peninsula, Spain had extended in great measure over the whole the same methods of intellectual tyranny by means of the Inquisition, &c. which she practised within her own limits. None of the native states, at least, with the exception of the powerful republic of Venice and perhaps also Savoy, dared to have a policy which contradicted the Spanish, or to give refuge to men whose expulsion Spain demanded. There was, indeed, in the character of the ruling Pope, a certain capricious passion for self-assertion which made him far from the ideal of a Spanish Pope; but, on the whole, he was too fast bound to do more than flutter.

Switzerland.—Though not definitively recognised as a European state till the Peace of Westphalia, the Helvetian Republic, with its mixed Germanic, Gallic, and Italian population, divided into cantons, &c., some Catholic and others Protestant, but having also a federal constitution binding its parts together, was already a fact in the European system. Geneva retained the celebrity, as a seat of Protestant theology, which had been acquired in the days of Calvin.

Holland.—The Dutch Republic, though also waiting for its formal recognition till the Thirty Years' War should be concluded, was, and had been for more than fifty years, a stronger fact in Europe than Switzerland. The present Stadtholder was Frederick Henry of Orange (1625-1647), by whom and by the States-General the war against Spain was vigorously conducted, in alliance with France. Meanwhile, under its singularly free institutions, the republic was extending its commerce with all parts of the world, and was not only producing a school of native painters in Mirevelt, Rembrandt, and their disciples, and supporting universities and breeding scholars renowned over the world, but was sheltering learned refugees from all other nations. And yet at this time Holland's own most learned son was in exile. This was the famous Hugo Grotius, formerly pensionary of Rotterdam, and known since 1599 as a jurist, a poet, a philologist, a historian, and a theologian. A leader of the Arminian party, and mixed up with the politics of Holland, at the time of the great contest between the Arminians and the Calvinists during the preceding Stadtholderate (1618), he had fallen along with his party, and, when his friend Barneveldt was beheaded, he had been condemned to perpetual imprisonment. He had escaped from prison in 1621 by the contrivance of his wife; and since then he had resided chiefly in Paris, where in 1625 he added his treatise *De Jure Belli et Pacis* to his already numerous works. Since the death of the preceding Stadtholder he had ventured back to Holland on trial; but, as the sentence against him had not been repealed, he had not found it safe to remain. He was (1638) in his fifty-sixth year.

The Spanish Netherlands.—Under a nominally separate government in the meantime, though in reality subject to Spain and about to revert to Spain in form, these provinces, in the midst of the battles and military movements of which, from their position, they were so peculiarly the theatre, were earning a special distinction in history through the fame of their painters. It was the age of Rubens (1577-1640), Jacob Jordaens (1594-1678), and Van Dyck (1599-1641), and of others of the Antwerp school. Both Rubens and Van Dyck had relations with England; where, indeed, Van Dyck was residing.

Germany and the Austrian Dominions.—Distracted by the Thirty Years' War, the various Electorates and minor states of the German empire and their Austrian appendages, were less rich in products purely intellectual than they had been at any former time since the Reformation. Kepler (1571-1630) and Jacob Boehme (1575-1624) were the last German names of European note, except in the walk of scholarship; and the age of vernacular German literature had hardly begun. In *Bohemia*, where there had been a vernacular Slavonian literature, as well as much Latin learning, both had been arrested by the persecution of Protestantism.

Poland.—This Slavonian country, interesting to Europe for nearly a century as having produced Copernicus (1473-1543), had, during that century, made an extraordinary start in consequence of the intellectual stimulus of Protestantism, and produced not a few scholars, poets, mathematicians, and theologians, whose names might be better known if they were more easy to pronounce. Here, in particular, the Socinian controversy had been agitated with not unimportant results. But the "golden age" of Poland, if it had not ceased in 1572, when the native dynasty of the Jagellons became extinct, and the Poles began their system of electing kings from the highest bidders, had come to a close in the reign of the third of these elected kings, the Swedish Sigismund III. (1587-1632). Protestantism was then systematically oppressed, and Poland swarmed with Jesuits. There was also an inheritance to the present king, Ladislav VI. (1632-1640), of wars with Sweden and Russia.

The Ottoman Empire.—The confusion of the Thirty Years' War, it was supposed, might have afforded an opportunity to the Turks to recommence their assaults on Christian Europe. The wars of the Sultan Amurath IV., however (1623-1640), were almost exclusively in Asia; and, save for the appearance occasionally of Turkish corsairs in the Mediterranean in chase of Venetian or Genoese vessels, Europe heard little of the Mohammedans who had lately been her terror. The Greek lands were still included in the Turkish dominion.

Russia.—Although Russia or Muscovy had had a chaotic history of wars with the Poles, the Tartars, the Swedes, &c. extending pretty far back, it had but just taken its place as a European entity of any distinct shape, under the reigning Czar Michael

Romanoff (1613-1645), the founder of the Russian dynasty which still exists.

Denmark and Norway.—Christian IV., the well-meaning Dane who had preceded Gustavus Adolphus as the voluntary champion of continental Protestantism in the Thirty Years' War, was still governing these Scandinavian and Protestant countries (1588-1648); and the Danes were doing something in commerce, were founding excellent schools, and were showing the beginnings of a literature.

Sweden.—Ennobled at once as a European state by the heroic career of Gustavus, Sweden was still acting a first-rate part in Europe, as the chief ally of France in the continental war. Oxenstiern, governing as regent for Christina, still only in her twelfth year, was one of the wisest and most experienced of statesmen, and no unequal associate even for Richelieu. Administering the domestic affairs of Sweden with gravity and skill, sending the best generals he had to command the Swedish armies in the field, and frequently himself leaving Sweden to have diplomatic conferences with other powers, and to hold the balance even for Swedish interests, he was ready to use all available foreign talent in the Swedish service. One selection that he made of this kind is especially interesting. Poor Grotius, without a country, tossed back from Holland to Paris, had for many years been without employment, save in his books and in literary correspondence. In Paris he had plenty of admiration as a Dutch lion, and Madame Grotius had her share as the brave wife who had schemed her husband's escape from prison; but money was beginning to fail them. Richelieu, to whom Grotius had been introduced, had not found in him the sort of man that would be likely to cooperate amicably with him and Père Joseph; and, though there had been offers of professorships and the like from various countries, none had come up to the mark. Just, however, when necessity might have made him accept some such appointment, he and his wife had been invited to meet Oxenstiern at Frankfort-on-the-Main (1635). Here Oxenstiern had behaved most handsomely. Grotius had been nominated councillor to Queen Christina, and her ambassador at the court of Louis XIII. Accepting the appointment, he had written letters to Holland renouncing his Dutch citizenship; and from March 1636, when he presented his credentials to Louis XIII., Grotius had been residing in state at Paris, as Swedish ambassador, and his wife as Madame *l'Ambassadrice*.[1]

The relations of Great Britain to this motley continent, from which it was separated by a strip of sea, were by no means of a kind considered respectable then, or that even now

[1] Should this table of the state of the European nations about 1638, and the preceding textual sketch, seem unnecessarily extensive for the purposes of the present chapter, the reader will do me the favour to remember that the European connexions of the history do not end with this volume.

can be considered creditable. What was complained of was, not simply that Charles was apathetic and inactive in the European struggle, but that, following the policy of his father, he was showing a sympathy with Spain likely to become active. The war with Spain in the beginning of his reign was a by-past accident; and so also was Hamilton's expedition in aid of Gustavus Adolphus. Besides the operation of natural affinities between the home policy of "Thorough," and such a style of foreign policy as the Opposition could denounce as tantamount to a league with continental Catholicism, there were other influences more easily marked. There was the Queen, with her Catholic cabinet at Denmark House, and her correspondence, through agents, with the Roman court. There was the queen-mother, Mary de' Medici, in Brussels, plotting against Richelieu as her enemy, corresponding with her daughter, and sometimes inditing letters, with her signature in characters an inch long, addressed "*A Monsieur mon beaufilz, le Roy d'Angleterre.*"[1] To Charles's horror she was at last to come over herself (Oct. 1638), bringing with her what was called "queen-mother weather."[2] Acted upon by these influences, and by the influence of a distinctly Spanish party in the Privy Council, Charles had been parting gradually with every notion of an obligation imposed upon Britain, in her foreign relations, by her own Protestant professions. To him, as to Laud, the difference between a properly constituted Church, and the actual papacy, was not so great that it needed to be thought of in season and out of season; and, at all events, a republican and Calvinistic Holland, growing powerful in Europe, was a much more uncomfortable sight to both than a Catholic emperor gently coercing his subjects back to the papacy. Probably, the only real remaining bond between English policy and the Protestant cause abroad, was Charles's natural interest in the fortunes of his sister, the ex-queen of Bohemia,—a widow since 1632, and living in eleemosynary exile at the Hague, with no fewer than six young sons and four young daughters remaining out of a family of fourteen. Might not the restoration

[1] Several such letters are in the State Paper Office.
[2] Laud's Diary.

of the Palatinate, however, be made a matter of negotiation with the Austrian and the Spaniard? Whatever semi-Protestant hesitation on this score still remained, seemed likely to vanish when it became known (1637) that a scheme had been formed between Richelieu and the Dutch, for the partition of the Spanish Netherlands. In vain Richelieu solicited, by an envoy, at least the neutrality of England. The intimation in reply was, that if the French did attack the Flemish ports, an English fleet would be at the service of Spain. Such was the state of affairs in 1638—the balance of English policy vibrating distinctly towards the Austro-Spanish alliance; and Richelieu out of temper in consequence, and secretly vowing vengeance through the medium of the Scotch troubles.

Much of the discomfort arising from the peculiar state of the relations between England and France, fell necessarily to the share of the English ambassadors at Paris. There were then two such ambassadors—John Scudamore, Baron Dromore and Viscount Sligo in the Irish peerage; and Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester.

John, "Lord Viscount Scudamore," was of the ancient family of the Scudamores, Skidmores, or Esquidmores, of Holme-Lacy in Herefordshire,—the son of Sir James Scudamore, celebrated for his bravery in the reign of Elizabeth, and immortalised as the "Sir Scudamour" of Spenser's Faëry Queene. Born in 1600, and educated at Oxford, he succeeded to the property of Holme-Lacy on the death of his grandfather, Sir John, who had also been a man of some note, and had outlived his son. In 1621 he was made a baronet by James; and in 1628 Charles raised him to the peerage. He seems to have owed these honours partly to an intimacy with Laud, which had been begun in his early youth, and continued by visits of Laud to Holme-Lacy, while he was Bishop of St. David's (1621-1626). But Scudamore was a man of talent; he had travelled much; and he was so assiduous a collector and reader of books both at college and afterwards, that Laud had to give him the advice "not to book it too hard." Living usually on his estates in Herefordshire, he had occupied

himself much with husbandry, and had obtained a celebrity all over the cider country as the first to introduce, among other improvements in cider-making, the cultivation of the "red-streak apple" as the best for the purpose. Philips, in his poem of *Cider*, calls the red-streak apple the Scudamorean plant. From cider-growing and husbandry, however, Scudamore had been called (apparently by Laud's influence) to assume the duties of British ambassador at Paris. He delivered his credentials in 1635 ; and, from that time till the date with which we are concerned, he had resided in Paris, sending over twice or thrice every week official despatches in plain hand or in cipher, to one or other of the English secretaries of state. In matters of ecclesiastical bearing, he kept up, by agreement, a separate correspondence with Laud. It had hitherto been the part of English ambassadors to cultivate friendly relations with continental Protestantism, under whatever denomination they found it; and the ambassadors in France, in particular, had always paid French Protestantism the compliment of attending divine service in the French church at Charenton. Laud, to whom the strongly Calvinistic and Presbyterian character of French Protestantism rendered it odious, and who was busy at home in uprooting the Dutch and Walloon congregations, had resolved that this policy should be changed ; and Lord Scudamore not only discontinued attendance in the French Protestant church, and set up a chapel in his own house with "candles upon the communion-table" and other Laudian ornaments, but also "was careful to publish upon all occasions, by himself, and those who had the nearest relation to him, that the Church of England looked not on the Huguenots as a part of their communion." [1]

It was useful, however, to have as colleague to Lord Scudamore a man whose sympathies leant sufficiently the other

[1] These particulars concerning Lord Scudamore are partly from Burke's *Extinct Baronetage* (1844), and from Clarendon's History (Book VI. §§ 184, 185); but chiefly from a curious old parochial history—"*A view of the ancient and present state of the churches of Door, Home-Lacy, &c., endowed by the Right Hon. John Lord Viscount Scudamore, with some memoirs of that ancient family; by Matthew Gibson, M.A. Rector of Door,* 1727,"—and from my own readings of Scudamore's correspondence in the State Paper Office.

way to secure some remaining connexion with the French Calvinists. Such a man was Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, the second of the Sidneys in that revived earldom. He was considerably older than Lord Scudamore, and, as his superior in rank, occupied the embassy house in Paris, while Scudamore had a private mansion. He had been appointed to the embassy in 1636. He "was a man," according to Clarendon, "of great parts, very conversant in books, and much addicted to the mathematics, and, though he had been a soldier, was in truth rather a speculative than a practical man;" to which we may add, on the evidence of his letters, that he was somewhat blustering and headstrong. He and Lord Scudamore do not seem to have worked together with perfect harmony; and a certain division of their labours seems to have been arranged, so as to turn their different qualities to account. Like Lord Scudamore, the earl had his family with him—his countess, Dorothy, daughter of the Earl of Northumberland; and some sons and daughters. His third son, Algernon Sidney, afterwards famous, was now (1638) in his seventeenth year.[1]

Milton, as we are left to calculate, arrived in Paris late in April or early in May 1638.[2] Of his adventures at inns, with his man-servant, on the road from Calais to Paris, or of his first impressions of France and its people as derived from that somewhat dull and rusty portion of the French territory, no account has come down to us. Neither has he left us any account of his first impressions of Paris itself—of his wanderings through the narrow old streets about Notre Dame; of his ascents, if any, to high steeples to get a view of the city all at once; of his visits in detail to the Louvre, the Hotel de Ville, the new Palace of the Luxembourg, the Palais Royal, &c.

[1] Dugdale's Baronage; Clarendon's Hist. (Book VI. § 387); and the Earl's correspondence in the State Paper Office.

[2] Our starting-point in the itinerary is Sir Henry Wotton's letter, dated at Eton, April 13, 1638, and bearing that Milton was then about to set out. A few other points, as we shall see, are fixed; but the first positive date in Milton's journey is Sept. 10, 1638, by which time he has reached Florence. The five intermediate months have to be portioned out inferentially in stages, according to certain hints furnished by Milton in his succinct account of his travels in the *Defensio Secunda* (Works, VI. 287-289).

The only incidents of his transit through Paris which he has thought fit to record are of a special nature. After mentioning Sir Henry Wotton's "elegant epistle" of useful advices and maxims, sent to him as he was leaving England, he goes on to say:—"Introduced by others I was most courteously "received at Paris by the most noble Thomas [miswritten for "'John'] Scudamore, Viscount Sligo, ambassador of King "Charles; and was introduced by him, in his own name, and "under the charge of one and another of his people sent to "conduct me, to that most learned man, Hugo Grotius, then "ambassador from the Queen of Sweden to the French king, "whom I was desirous to visit."[1] The reason why Milton refers to these incidents in so precise a manner is that, when he wrote the passage, he was offering proofs of his respectability.

No better introduction could Milton have had to Grotius than that of Lord Scudamore. Not only were they well acquainted as members of the foreign diplomatic body in Paris; but, at this very time, there were special relations of intimacy between them. Grotius was then much occupied with a speculation which had grown up in his mind as the result of his peculiar theological position. This was a scheme for a union of all the Protestant Churches, except the Calvinistic and Presbyterian—to wit, the Swedish, the Danish, the Norwegian and the English. Oxenstiern, it seems, was giving some attention to the project of such a union, of which Grotius was by no means the only advocate or inventor. As

[1] *Defensio Secunda*, Works, VI. 287. The passage corrects a mistake of some of Milton's biographers, who make the introduction to Lord Scudamore come from Sir Henry Wotton. Wotton's introduction was to Mr. Michael Branthwait, formerly British agent at Venice, and then in Paris, "attending the young Lord S. [whoever that was] as his governor;" and the higher introduction to Lord Scudamore came "from others." Philips says "other persons of quality." I have an impression that the introduction came from the Bridgewater family or from the Bulstrodes. Both the Egertons and the Bulstrodes, at all events, had, I find, connexions with the Scudamores. Thus a "Lady Scudamore" (probably Lord Scudamore's mother) is one of the persons mentioned as having acted a part with the Countess of Derby and the others of her family in the dramatic entertainment to Queen Elizabeth, at Harefield, in 1602 (see Mr. Cunningham's account in the Shakespeare Society's Papers, II. 71); and Henry Bulstrode, of Horton, had a grand-aunt, originally a Bulstrode, who had married a Skydmore (*i.e.* Scudamore), and was alive in Sept. 1612, with the designation of "old Mrs. Skydmore of Chilton," in Bucks (see Sir James Whitlocke's Liber Famelicus, edited by Mr. Bruce, p. 27).

ambassador for Sweden, however, and a man of European celebrity, Grotius was a fit person to begin overtures on the subject. It was thought good that he should address the overtures first to Laud. For greater security he made Lord Scudamore the medium of his communications; and there are yet extant Lord Scudamore's letters to Laud, explaining the Grotian scheme and what became of it. His first letter to Laud on the subject is of date Oct. 2, 1637. He there mentions that Grotius has been with him, and reports the substance of what has passed. The Grotian idea is that if the English and Swedish Churches were to begin a union by agreeing to certain common articles, the Danish Church would follow, and that then, if there were once a Pope thoroughly Spanish, the French Catholics, in their disgust, would break with the papacy and take to an Anglican model, "there being "many very learned Bishops now living that singularly approve "the course of the English Church." Scudamore is content with reporting the words of Grotius; saying nothing himself for or against, but adding—"Certainly, my Lord, I am persuaded "that he doth unfeignedly and highly love and reverence your "person and proceedings: body and soul, he professeth him-"self to be for the Church of England, and gives this judg-"ment of it, that it is the likeliest to last of any Church this "day in being." Notwithstanding this, Laud's reception of the project is discouraging; for, in a subsequent letter of Scudamore's, dated Dec. 4, 1637, he speaks thus of the effect on Grotius of passages read to him from Laud's letter of reply:—"To deal clearly with your Grace, methought he seemed "to be surprised and quailed much in his hopes by the "reasons your letter gives of your doubtfulness whether it "will come so far as he, out of his wishes, thought it might, "when England and Sweden will have given the example to "other reformed Churches." To one of these reasons he did attempt a rejoinder, but "to the difficulties arising in regard "of government he had less to say; and the truth is, me-"thought he seemed willing to have struggled them off, but "broke forth in these words:—'Well, yet it is a contentment "'to be and to live and die in the wishes of so great a good:

"'if it may be that it pleaseth God to suffer us to see so great
"'a blessing in our days, our joy will be the greater; but, if
"'God will not permit it, yet it will be a comfort to be in
"'these wishes.'" Poor Grotius, it would seem, had never heard of the modern assertion by which he might have consoled himself, that the law of human progress is incessant differentiation, and that all such attempts at integration as he contemplated are, in their nature, ropes of sand. The matter recurs in subsequent letters of Scudamore's, but the speculation as between Grotius and Laud is virtually at an end. From these letters, however, it appears that Grotius was anxious to secure a home in England, when he should quit the Swedish service.[1]

According to Philips, "Grotius took Milton's visit kindly, and gave him entertainment suitable to his worth and the high commendations he had heard of him." Whether this means an invitation to a party at the Swedish embassy must be left to conjecture. At all events, Milton had seen and conversed with the greatest of living Dutchmen.

Milton's stay in Paris was but short. "Departing after some days (*post dies aliquot*) towards Italy," are his words in concluding his reference to Lord Scudamore's kindness, "I had letters given me by him to English merchants along my proposed route, asking them to be of use to me by any good offices in their power." Wood, without giving his authority, says that he "soon left Paris, the manners and genius of that place being not agreeable to his mind." There is reason to believe, however, that he travelled through France at some leisure, so as not to have left the French territory till after the beginning of June. The following few paragraphs of French and Parisian gossip which I have culled in the State Paper Office from the despatches sent home by Lords Scudamore and Leicester, for the months of April, May, and June 1638, may therefore have the interest of synchronism in connexion with Milton's continental journey, as well as that of novelty in themselves:—

[1] The letters quoted are given in full in Gibson's Parochial History of Door, Holme-Lacy, &c. (1727), from duplicate originals taken by Lord Scudamore and preserved in his family.

First mention of Louis XIV. in history.—In a letter dated "Paris, April $\frac{2}{12}\frac{3}{3}$," Lord Scudamore conveys to the English ministry the intelligence that there is now no doubt that the French queen is about to present the nation with a royal infant, seeing that "Madame Perome the midwife affirms that, upon Wednesday last," she became sure of the fact professionally. As the marriage of the king and queen had been childless for two and twenty years, this was important news both for France and England. For several weeks there were visits of congratulation to the queen by the ambassadors, &c. She was then at St. Germain's alone,—the king and Cardinal Richelieu having left for the camp at Compiègne, within a few days after the public announcement of the event. The English ambassadors, waiting instructions from home, were among the last to offer their congratulations; and it is not till May $\frac{1}{4}$, that Lord Leicester writes over that he and Lord Scudamore have been at St. Germain's and performed that duty. "I exceeded my commission," he says, "making a request unto the queen that the child which she carries "might be a princess, to bring as much happiness to our hopeful "prince [Charles II. then eight years of age] as it hath pleased God "by a daughter of France to bestow upon the king my master, and "his kingdoms; but she, knowing my proposition not serious, "though she avowed my reason to be just, answered cheerfully that "she desired the King of Great Britain to excuse her *pour ceste fois* "*icy*, because she hoped to have a son, and that she would have a "daughter the next time, *pour le Prince de Galles*." A son it proved on the following $\frac{1}{5}^{5}$ of September, when Louis XIV. was born. Great as was to be the scale of his future movements in the world, his existence for the present was but faintly perceptible!

The tabouret denied to Lady Scudamore.—A matter which figures much in the letters of both ambassadors during the months of May and June, and even into July 1638, is a studied slight put upon Lady Scudamore by refusing her the honour of the *tabouret*,—*i. e.* the right of being seated—on the occasion of a visit of ceremony to the French queen. The matter is first mentioned in a letter of Lord Scudamore's, of date May $\frac{2}{12}\frac{8}{8}$, from which it appears that, on the preceding Monday, as Lady Scudamore was on her way to St. Germain's to congratulate the queen on her happy condition, she was met, a league from the town, by the Count de Bruslon, "Conductor of Ambassadors," who "said he came purposely to meet her, and to "wish her to go no farther, for they would refuse her the tabouret, "in regard the tabouret is given in England to Madame de Chev-"reuse and refused to the ambassadrice of France." Lord Scudamore, who writes as quietly about the affair as could be expected, thinks it of the more importance, because of late there has been a disposition at the French court to "diminish the dignity" of ambassadors, and especially of those of England. "That the ambassadrice, "who is *d'une qualité plus relevée* than the Duchesses themselves, "should then stand,—she only of England, when Madame Grotius

"and other ambassadrices sit,—would be indeed *de très mauvaise* "*grace.*" In letter after letter this subject recurs. The ambassadors receive instructions from England how to act; they report the results; the king and Richelieu are spoken to; nay, there are communications to the French queen direct from Henrietta Maria. "The conflict, I believe, will be sharp," writes Leicester, June $\frac{18}{8}$, "for I can assure you they are much animated by the affront, as "they understand it, of giving public honours to a subject of this "king, and denying them to his ambassadrice: the issue is doubt-"ful, the consequences uncertain, and may prove of much greater im-"portance than the occasion that leads them." The French court remaining obstinate, Lord Scudamore at length solves the difficulty in the only possible manner. "The business of the tabouret," he writes to Windebank, June 29—July 9 [*i. e.* "June 29," according to the English or old style, but "July 9," according to the French or new,—the *English* date being always the *earlier*,] "will concern "the present English ambassadrice not very long; for she resolves, "about six weeks hence, to return to England, having never been "right in her health since her coming over." A contemporary slight which the same M. de Bruslon offered to Scudamore himself in his character as ambassador, and of which there are also ample detail in his letters, appears to have convinced him that there was a desire on the part of the French court, either to offend the English government through him, or to get rid of himself personally; and at length he hints that his own recall, to follow Lady Scudamore's departure for England at a convenient interval, would not be unwelcome.

Threatened rupture between France and the Papacy.—After frequent allusions in previous letters to the differences between Richelieu and the Papal court in matters relating to French bishoprics and benefices, a letter of Scudamore's of June $\frac{8}{18}$ conveys the following important intelligence:—"Upon Tuesday "last, there was an order of council with this king's declaration "brought to the Parlement, prohibiting all banquiers to send any "money to Rome for benefices, under a pain of 3,000 livres; with "commandment to bring their registers to be marked, to the end "that those businesses that are already begun may be finished; "and that no new ones may be set on foot,—the provisions of bene-"fices to be superseded till farther order be given. To obtain "which order of council, there was a petition in the names of all "those late bishops (which are about twenty) who have not yet "been able to obtain their bulls. This is the pretended motive. "Others there are, as is said, viz.: because the Pope will not admit "Cardinal Anthony into the consistory as Protector of France, being "induced to revoke his promise thereof at the instance of the Span-"ish ambassador; the refusal of the cardinal's hat to Père Joseph; "that they at Rome endeavour to supplant those whom the king "confers benefices upon, and to substitute others in their places;

"that, there being now three millions ready to be transported to "Rome, there may be at this time use of these moneys here— "it being this king's pleasure that, as the Cardinal [Richelieu] is to "dispose of all Church-preferments in this kingdom, so the moneys "likewise to be sent to Rome for benefices should be ordered by "him. But the Parlement hath not yet verified this declaration. "Upon the same grounds that this declaration was made, there was "an assembly of the Sorbonne caused to meet upon Tuesday last, to "deliberate whether a Patriarch may not be made in France. There "were different opinions and very great contestation among them. "And, besides, for above a year since there have been elected Prieurs "in convents, and bishops made on purpose to sustain this cause. Some "think that Marshal D'Estrée [the French ambassador at Rome] is "by this time come away from Rome. The Pope's nuncio would by "no means believe this [about the decree] when it was first told "him; but, since, storms mightily, and labours all he can to hinder "that the order of council be verified." Enclosed in a letter, a few days after, is a copy of the famous decree in the original French, dated "St. Germain en Laye, le 14 June, 1638," and signed "Bouthillier." The document is very emphatic, and speaks of the recent treatment of France by the papal court, as contrary to the Concordats fixing the relations of France to the papacy. The following, from a letter of Scudamore's, of date $\frac{1}{2}\frac{5}{5}$ June, shows how the crisis terminated :—"The *arrest* of council touching the affairs of Rome is "suspended, the nuncio having promised satisfaction from the pope "within six weeks or two months. It is said, that the bishops, "meeting together a few days since, upon this occasion, at the Car- "dinal Rochefoucault's house, almost all of them made great invec- "tives against the said *arrest* as tending to schism; and they signed "their opinion against it. Amongst which, there was one that in "high terms exhorted the rest of the company to remain firm in "the unity of the Church; and that he, for his part, would be the "first to shed his blood for the defence of this truth which they "had signed unto; and that resolutely they ought to oppose them- "selves against the schism. The Cardinal Rochefoucault went "afterwards to Cardinal Richelieu, and told him their and his own "opinion, and spake very boldly unto him, as being a man of great "probity, and of whom Cardinal Richelieu believes very well. So "that it is conceived, that the *arrest* hath not been so much sus- "pended for the instances made by the nuncio, as by the bruits and "murmurings of the people throughout Paris. Howsoever, perad- "venture this that hath been done will, upon the election of another "Pope, preserve France to be in some degree considerable and "regarded."

Sir Kenelm Digby making mischief. — A Catholic convert since 1635, Sir Kenelm Digby is residing in Paris, characteristically loud and braggart in all that he does. He is on friendly terms with Lord Scudamore, through whom, indeed, Laud had made the first com-

munications to him, after hearing of his defection to the Romish communion; and he and the Earl of Leicester are also in the habit of meeting, but with ill disguised mutual antipathy. Whether from personal dislike to Sir Kenelm, or from more conscientious motives in the discharge of his duty as ambassador, the earl has sent over to England, to be presented to his majesty, certain charges against Sir Kenelm's behaviour in the French capital. The charges are :— "(1.) That Sir Kenelm Digby is very busy in seducing the king's "subjects in these parts from the Church of England, and that he "brings them to that end to Friars and Jesuits. (2.) That he takes "to himself the conversion of the Lady Purbeck. (3.) That he holds "great intelligence with the Jesuits, and magnifies everywhere this "Roman persuasion to the prejudice of our Church. (4.) That he "hath caused the making and printing of a Catechism in English. "[This is probably his *Conference with a Lady on the choice of a Reli-"gion*, printed at Paris, 1638.] (5.) That he is ever falling upon "discourses of Religion; that he hath lately sent into England a "coffer of Popish books; and that he hath been very bold in re-"peating some speeches that he saith his Majesty uttered concern-"ing his opinion of the true and real presence of Christ in the "Sacrament. (6.) That he spared this repetition in no company." On these charges, of which Sir Kenelm is duly informed, and especially on that of his attributing to King Charles words implying his belief in the Popish doctrine of transubstantiation, there ensues a long correspondence, in which Laud takes part. Sir Kenelm denies the charges, or all that is important in them, and calls Leicester a Puritan; Scudamore seems to take Sir Kenelm's part; Leicester asserts again that the charges are literally true, advances confirmatory evidence, more than hints that Sir Kenelm's word is of little value, and treats the counter accusation of Puritanism as quite irrelevant. "Neither is it to this purpose material," he writes to Laud, "whether I be Jew or Gentile, Mahometan or "Calvinist; though I think it would trouble Sir Kenelm Digby to "find out, by anything he hath ever heard me say, why I am not "all as well as any one of them. So likewise, whether he be Papist, "Deist (as they call him here), or Atheist, it is nothing to me more "than in Christian charity."

Sir Kenelm Digby making more mischief.—Contemporaneously with the affair of the last paragraph was another, which I digest from the letters of the ambassadors as follows :—In the course of the spring there had come over to Paris "with Mr. Charles Cavendish, to accompany him in his travels," "a Scotch gentleman" named Brisbane. A fellow-countryman of his, Mr. Buchanan, who resides in London, sends letters after him giving him the home news; and these letters are shown, or their contents communicated, by Brisbane to other Scots in Paris,—a "Mr. William Oliver, gent.," "a Mr. Annan, *Exempt des Gardes*," &c. Suddenly Sir Kenelm Digby goes to Lord Scudamore, with a story that letters

are being shown about among the Scots in Paris, to the effect that 30,000 men are up in arms in Scotland, and that 25,000 men in England are ready to join them. When traced out, the origin of the story is found to be, that Sir Kenelm and a M. du Bosc, being together at Royaumond on the $\frac{2}{12}$th of April last, had there heard Abbé Chambers (also a Scotchman and chaplain to Richelieu) give an account, half jestingly, of his having been sent for mysteriously to a tavern to receive some important intelligence from one of his countrymen. On going, somewhat reluctantly, to the tavern, he had been met "below stairs" by Mr. Annan, who told him the above story of the rising of the Scotch. Chambers, as he said, had laughed the matter off, and declined Annan's invitation to accompany him upstairs, where Mr. Oliver, who had seen a letter from Scotland giving the news, was ready to confirm it. To arrive at all this had cost Lord Scudamore and the Earl of Leicester a great deal of trouble; including examinations of Sir Kenelm, M. du Bosc, Mr. Oliver and Mr. Brisbane himself. Brisbane's examination was before Lord Scudamore, whose summons to attend him in the king's name he had immediately obeyed; but the full account of what passed is from a letter of the Earl of Leicester, dated June $\frac{15}{25}$. According to this letter, Mr. Brisbane having been confronted with Sir Kenelm Digby as his accuser, and having made his denial to Sir Kenelm's face, Lord Scudamore had "commanded him to tell no creature living of what had passed." To this Brisbane will not absolutely consent. "'My Lord,' said Brisbane, 'you may be assured that I "'will not be forward to talk of this matter, but I purpose to "'acquaint such a one with it (naming me).' My Lord Scudamore "asked him why he should do him that wrong; Brisbane replied :— "'My Lord, I conceive my duty obliges me unto it; and I hope you "'will not think it a wrong unto you, if I make him acquainted "'with it who hath the honour to be the king's ambassador as well "'as you.' 'Well,' said my Lord Scudamore, 'since he is the king's "'ambassador, you may tell it him.'" Brisbane forthwith does go with the story to the Earl of Leicester; who, though desirous, as he says, to keep out of an affair in which Sir Kenelm Digby was concerned, could not refuse to take it up at this point. Accordingly, Sir Kenelm is summoned to meet Mr. Brisbane again in Leicester's house. Sir Kenelm comes, but carries himself haughtily, and hints that, if Mr. Brisbane is aggrieved, he may follow him to England, where he is going soon, and there have satisfaction. Beyond this, he declines discussing the affair before the Earl of Leicester. The earl asks if he does so in consequence of any order from the king to discuss it only with Lord Scudamore. Sir Kenelm signifies that such is the case; whereupon the earl, bowing to that intimation as final, administers a knock-down blow which he has kept in reserve. "'Well, Sir Kenelm,' I said, 'since you are so reserved concerning "'others, give me leave to ask you a question which concerns "'yourself, and hath some resemblance with the other: Did *you*

"'never say to anybody in this town that the Scots were up in "'arms, that my Lord Hume and others were proclaimed rebels, "'and that the King was raising 6000 men for the present to go "'against them, as it was thought, in person.'" Sir Kenelm denies the fact *in toto;* whereupon the earl resumes, "'You "'shall know my author: it is Father Talbot, a great and familiar "'acquaintance of yours; who told me that you had said this to "'him in your chamber, and had offered to show him the letters "'which lay upon your table, wherein you had lately received that "'advertisement. When you see Father Talbot, who, they say, is "'in England, you may tell him what I have said.'" Apparently, Leicester's continued charges against Sir Kenelm were not very favourably received at home; for, in a subsequent letter dated "June 22—July 2," addressed to Laud, he signifies that, for the future, unless anything new occurs, Sir Kenelm shall have no more notice from him. In the same letter he solicits Laud's patronage for a book against the Papacy by "Mr. Blondel," a French Protestant minister, highly recommended by Grotius.

Coming in contact with the beginnings of such incidents and matters of gossip as he passes through Paris, and leaving the rest behind him, Milton continues his leisurely journey through southern France towards Italy. His route was most probably by Lyons and the Rhone, and through Provence. Arrived in Provence, he did not, as Sir Henry Wotton had advised, take ship from Marseilles to Genoa, but entered Italy by its land-frontier at Nice.

His long-cherished wish was now gratified. Now at last he stood on the shore of the great Mediterranean, over one bay of which he could gaze as far as the eye could reach, while to the right and to the left, and straight southwards far beyond the extreme horizon, he could imagine the rest of its blue expanse fringed irregularly round by that wide-extending margin of coasts, peninsulas, and promontories which, together with the numberless islands beside and intervening, had formed, once upon a time, the whole regarded world of mankind, and the sole theatre of remembered human action. Not over the whole of this renowned margin could he hope then or ever to range—its Asiatic portion far to the East, over whose sacred lands still lingered the glow of primeval history and legend; its opposite African shore, strewn with the wrecks of the Egyptian, the Carthaginian, and the Libyan, though now

possessed by the Moor; its westernmost peninsula of Spain, where Europe and Africa met at the pillars of Hercules, and the Goth and the Moor together had superseded the Romanized Iberian. It was doubtful even whether his travels would extend themselves to Greece. Already, however, his foot was within the precincts of the one land of his dreams, which had mainly solicited him hither—this fair and classic Italy, round which the other Mediterranean regions seemed but to group themselves, and which had once, under the Roman, held them all within the grasp of its empire, and again, a second time, been the centre of an organization including their European half and more, till farther and less genial lands had learnt to assert their right, and the immemorial link was burst that had bound man with the Mediterranean. Over this fair peninsula, at least, he was now to wander at will. The "soft wind blowing from the blue heaven" already fanned his cheek; and, with the variation of the hotter sun and the more fervid air, as he advanced southwards from city to city along the peninsula's length, he was to be accompanied with the same sight of the blue Mediterranean on one side, and of the plains and terraces extending thence, rich with corn and wine, or faint with olive-groves, or picturesque with garden and villa, to the bounding clefts and peaks of the approaching or receding Apennines. Here was Italian nature much as it had ever been—the physical Italy of the sensuous poets, with fancies or recollections of which they interweave their most passionate dreams and their lays of love and its longings. But in Milton the sensuous poet was merged in the poet of larger cares; nor did the poet in him, all in all, exclude the historian and the scholar. The Italy of his expectations was more than the land of blue skies and refreshing breezes, of the citron golden amid its foliage, of the pale grey olives on the hills, of the oxen steaming in the field, of the glittering fireflies and shrill cicalas, and the green lizards scudding among the rocks. Of equal or of greater interest to him were the relics and monuments of past humanity which covered this beautiful land. There were, first, those of Italy's earlier supremacy, when Rome was mistress of the world—the sites of ancient cities

marked by their mounds and ruins, the remains of villas and baths, the painted sepulchral vases, and the statues and fragments of statues dug out of the preserving earth and arranged for view in galleries and museums. There were, besides, mingled with these, the fresher relics of Italy's second and so different empire—the castles and convents on the coasts and among the Apennines, the mediæval palaces and churches, the statues and paintings of the grand race of Italy's recent artists, the libraries in which the learned had walked, the streets in which famous poets had lived, the tombs of many of these illustrious dead, the living legends of their acts and the floating fame of their memories. Nor was the actual Italy of the present without claims on the traveller, besides those of its rich inheritance. Moving over the peninsula, one could at least hear the true Italian speech, though broken into its different dialects; one could mark, whether amid the peasantry or in the crowds in city squares, the Italian eyes and faces and the flashing Italian characteristics; one could see the monks and the religious processions threading their way everywhere through the quick-witted population, and, noting at once the sarcasms and the submission, study Catholicism near its centre. Perchance, too, both among the clergy and among the laity, there might be men individually remarkable, whom it would be a benefit for a stranger to know and an honour afterwards to remember.

In this last particular, as Milton well knew, the prospect was not so hopeful as it would have been a generation or two earlier. As Italy had preceded the other countries of modern Europe in the career of arts and letters, and had already exulted in her series of great classic writers and of great national artists in times when other countries could exhibit but the rudiments of any corresponding excellence, so, in the very age when these other countries had consciously started forward to make up their distance, Italy, whether because enfeebled by time, or because the conditions of her collective life under the Spaniard and the Inquisition were such as to repress and kill in her all nobleness of thought, had visibly fallen behind and begun to confess her exhaustion. The term

Seicentisti, by which the Italians themselves designate collectively all the writers of their nation belonging to the seventeenth century, is, with them, a term of low regard, of the significance of which it is difficult for Englishmen, recollecting the character of that century in their own history, to form an adequate conception. But, if during the whole of the seventeenth century the level was low, there was perhaps no point in the century when it was lower than in and about the year 1638. After Tasso, as the last of the great ones (1544-1595), there had been a few poets, who, though reckoned among the Seicentisti in virtue of portions of their lives, and because they contributed by their influence to the increase of the "*reo gusto*" under which the succeeding Seicentisti were to be lost, were yet men of undoubted genius. Such were Chiabrera (1552-1637), Tassoni (1565-1635), and Marini (1569-1625). But these men were now gone; and there remained over Italy, as representatives of poesy and the "*belle lettere*" generally, a host of men learned and sufficiently productive in their kinds, but of diminished magnitude individually. Under a few seniors, such as the poets Bracciolini and Testi, the antiquarian Pellegrini, and the historians Strada and Bentivoglio, sufficiently remarkable in their departments to be named individually in the crowd, all educated young Italy, from the Alps to Sicily, was in that peculiar intellectual condition, compounded of epidemic affection for literature and its forms as bequeathed to them from the past and incessant small practice in it on their own account, which is still best described by the Italian word *dilettantismo*. In prose, the dilettantism had taken the form of memoirs of the old poets, commentaries on passages of their works, comparisons between them and the ancients, essays on questions of style, &c. raised by them, and, in short, of that species of historical and critical stock-taking, the excess of which at any time in the literature of a nation augurs ill for the continuance of the business. In verse, the results of the same dilettantism were daily or weekly crops, in all the Italian cities, of sonnets, canzoni, panegyrics, epigrams, and small dramas, conceived after the most recent models, and florid with those conceits and Asiatic

extravagances of metaphor, the taste for which had been flooded over Italy in the soft poetry of Marini.[1]

In the arts the decline was scarcely less manifest than in literature. In painting, there were still some considerable successors of the great race of older masters—Guido Reni, Domenichino and Guercino, of the Bolognese school of the Caracci; Turchi, of the Venetian school; Pietro da Cortona, of the Florentine; and Spagnoletto and Salvator Rosa of the Neapolitan. With the exception of the last three, these painters were in advanced years. Most of them were living in Naples or in Rome; in which last city also lived, under the patronage of Pope Urban, the architect Boromini, and the sculptors Algardi of Bologna, and Bernini of Naples. In music, the report is much more favourable. More especially in Venice and in Naples, there were composers of no small fame; and, in the decay of the drama proper, there were already, in these and other towns, beginnings of the opera.

In nothing was the peculiar intellectual condition of Italy, in and about the year 1638, more characteristically represented than in the unusual number, and the unusual social influence, at that time, of her so-called "Academies." The Italian Academies (*Accademie*) were institutions distinct from the universities and public schools, established from of old in all the chief cities, and also from the great museums and libraries. They corresponded more to what are now called clubs, or to our literary and philosophical societies, holding periodical meetings. They took their rise in the fifteenth century, when the "Platonic Academy" was founded in Florence, under the auspices of Cosimo de' Medici, for the purpose of reading and discussing the writings of Plato, and when also associations were formed, under the same name of "Academies," in Rome, Naples, and Venice respectively, that the learned in these cities might read the classic authors

[1] Tiraboschi, tom VIII. *passim*; but for different views of the Seicentisti, see also Hallam and Sismondi. My own knowledge does not enable me to do more than express the views of such authorities as fairly as I can; and the reader must not accept the account in the text as more than a report of what good authorities say, nor credit me with a personal knowledge of the Seicentisti who are named.

together, compare manuscripts, and exchange their ideas and information. These original institutions had died out or been suppressed; but, the fashion having been set, they were succeeded, in the sixteenth century, by many institutions of the same kind, in the same and in other towns. In the seventeenth century so many fresh ones sprang up, that a list has been drawn up of more than 500 academies in all, known to have existed in Italy prior to the year 1729.[1] These academies distribute themselves among no fewer than 133 separate towns—Bologna, which stands at the head of the list, counting as many as 70; Rome, which comes next, counting 56; Venice, 43; Naples, 29; Florence, 20; and so on, down to small towns and mere villages, counting two or three each. This is for the whole period between 1500, or thereby, and 1729; but the fashion, if not at its height in 1638, was then approaching its height. There was then no town of any consequence which had not its three, or four, or five academies, whether recently formed or of old standing. Some were mere fraternities of young men, dubbing themselves collectively by some fantastic or humorous designation, and meeting in each other's rooms, or in gardens, to recite Latin and Italian poems, read essays, debate questions, and while away the time. Others, with names either grave or fantastic, had, by length of time, and a succession of eminent members, become public, and, in a sense, national institutes, holding their reunions either in spacious buildings of their own, or in the mansions of princes, cardinals, and other noble persons. The most illustrious at the time of which we write were—in Florence, the *Accademia Fiorentina*, or Florentine Academy, founded in 1540, and the *Accademia della Crusca* (Academy of the Bran), founded later in the same century by seceders from the Florentine; in Rome, the three academies of the *Umoristi* or Humorists, the *Ordinati* or Moderates, and the *Lincei* or Lynxes, all founded since the beginning of the seventeenth century; and in Bologna, the Academy of the *Gelati* or Frozens, which had existed

[1] An "Index Academiarum Italiæ omnium" is given in "M. Joannis Jarkii Specimen Historiæ Academiarum Eruditarum Italiæ: Lipsiæ, 1729." The list is corrected and enlarged by Fabricius, in his "Conspectus Thesauri Litterarii Italiæ: Hamburgi, 1749."

since 1588. With the exception of the *Lincei*, who devoted themselves chiefly to mathematical and physical researches, all these academies were, in the main, centres of that dilettantism in poetry and the arts which overspread Italy. One of them—that of the Della Crusca—had recently distinguished itself by the publication of a dictionary of the Italian language, the design of which was to fix the language authoritatively for all time to come, by determining what words were classic according to the best Tuscan usage. The first edition of this *Vocabolario degli Accademici della Crusca* had been published in 1612; a second in 1623.[1]

In calling themselves "the Lynxes," the mathematicians and physical philosophers of Italy had selected a happy symbol. It was as if they proclaimed that it was in *their* constitution still to see when it might be dark to others, and that *their* occupation of penetrating the recesses of nature, seizing facts that eluded the common search, and holding them as if in permanent excruciation within the fangs of their definite relations of magnitude, weight, and number, might be carried on when poets were asleep, metaphysicians jaded, painters poor and meretricious, and orators without employment. The first age of the Seicentisti, at all events, was the age of an extraordinary outburst of the scientific genius in Italy. It was in this age, above all, that, eclipsing the series of his Italian predecessors in geometry and physics, there had arisen the great Galileo.

Born in Pisa in 1564 (Shakespeare's birth-year), and from his earliest youth a poet, a scholar, and a musician, he had chosen science as the occupation of his life. After holding for eighteen years (1592-1610) a professorship in the University of Padua, whither the fame of his lectures in mechanics drew students from all parts, he had been recalled to his native Tuscany to live there during the rest of his life, with certain honorary titles, as Philosopher to the Grand-Duke, Principal Mathematician for the University of Pisa, and the like, but

[1] This account of the Academies is from Jarkius and Fabricius, as above cited; from Tiraboschi, tom. VIII. lib. i. cap. 3; and from sketches in Salvini's "Fasti Consolari dell' Accademia Fiorentina: Firenze, 1717."

without any official duties except such as he might himself undertake. Living usually in Florence, or in some villa in its neighbourhood, he had here, with telescopes constructed by his own hands, made or confirmed most of his great discoveries in astronomy; and here also he had carried on those geometrical and mechanical speculations which fill out the rest of his fame. From the publication of his first telescopic revelations in 1610, it had been apparent that his views embraced the Copernican heresy; and, the heresy spreading, through him, among the Lincei of Rome, who had elected him a member, he had incurred in 1616 his first sentence, and the condemnation of his writings by the Inquisition. From that date, strong in the favour of the Grand Duke Cosimo II. and his successor Ferdinand, and also in the respect of pupils and admirers all over Italy, he had continued his labours and speculations till, in 1632, his famous "Dialogues concerning the Ptolemaic and Copernican Systems" had occasioned his second summons to Rome, and his second condemnation and imprisonment. Even while punishing him, the Inquisition had acknowledged, by all outward respect in the manner of the punishment, the unusual merits of the culprit. After his liberation at the age of seventy, he had returned to Tuscany (Dec. 1633), still under certain restrictions imposed by the Holy Office, and therefore still in a manner a prisoner; and the last years of his life, on to his death in January 1641, were spent at the Villa d'Arcetri, a little way out of Florence on the south side; where, to this day, they point out an old tower which was Galileo's observatory, and a house which was his residence. Here, surrounded by a knot of pupils who believed in him with adoration, and tended him faithfully to the last, he received the visits of courtesy which his ducal patrons continued to pay to him, though they had not been able to defend him, and visits also from all the learned of Florence, and from foreigners of rank and distinction, anxious to behold his living face. Here, in a select circle, when graver subjects were not on hand, his strong old face would relax, and he would be as charming as a child. On such occasions he

would recite poems of his own which were asked for, or play his own music, or descant on the Latin and Italian poets, and especially on his favourite Ariosto, not failing to produce for his guests some of the choice varieties of wine of which he was continually receiving presents, and in which, as in all matters of the sort, his taste was exquisitely fastidious. On fine evenings he would still be in his observatory using his telescope. At last, in 1637, when he was in his seventy-fourth year, blindness came suddenly over him, and the eyes that had so long scanned the heavens could see their orbs no more. Precisely at the time when Milton arrived in Italy, Galileo's blindness had become total.[1]

Galileo was but the glorious centre of a group of Italians, most of them younger than himself, and most of them directly or indirectly his pupils, who were cultivating with success the mathematical and physical sciences in the different Italian cities, and leading the scientific movement towards its organization in the Academy del Cimento. There was Cavalieri the Milanese; there were Baliani and Renieri of Genoa; there were Castelli the Brescian and Borelli the Neapolitan. Torricelli (born in 1608, and therefore exactly Milton's coeval, as Galileo was exactly Shakespeare's) was already known, and was either now residing with Galileo at Arcetri or was shortly about to do so. Viviani, who was to boast himself Galileo's last pupil, the Benjamin of his personal school, was in his seventeenth year; Cassini was in his fourteenth; Malpighi in his tenth.

Unusually well informed respecting the geography, the history, and the entire social condition of Italy beforehand, and with an unusually good knowledge of Italian to carry them through, Milton passes southwards, by a few rapid stages, to reach the central and more interesting parts.

From Nice, his first station, the coasting packet carries him to Genoa. This city, the superb appearance of which from the sea was then, as now, the admiration of tourists, occupied

[1] Life of Galileo, by his pupil Viviani, written in 1654, inserted in Salvini's Memoir of Galileo, in his *Fasti Consolari*, under the year 1622, when Galileo held the consulship of the Florentine Academy.

him apparently but a few days. He may have had time, however, to note some of its characteristics, including "the proud palaces in and about, whereof," according to Howell, "there are 200 within two miles of the town, and not one of them of the same form of building." From Genoa he takes packet again for Leghorn—also a trading port, and with none of Genoa's pretensions to beauty, but interesting as being the rising maritime town of Tuscany, and the access to the Tuscan interior.

Having walked along the mole and the canals of Leghorn, and visited possibly some of the English merchants, and received remittances from home, Milton makes his first journey inland to Pisa, about fourteen miles distant from Leghorn, but only four miles from the coast. In this ancient and famous city, formerly the fierce rival of Florence, and great in the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, but since 1509 subject to Florence, Milton might have spent many days without exhausting its sources of interest. There were the bridges over the Arno, and the many ancient streets; there was the great Duomo or Cathedral, begun in 1068 and finished in 1118, with its exterior of glowing marbles, and its interior cool and gorgeous with painted windows, granite columns, marble pavement, and statues, and carvings; there was the Baptistery, built between 1152 and 1160, with its pulpit by Nicolò Pisano and its other gems of Pisan art; there was the renowned Belfry or Leaning Tower, from the top of which the traveller, dizzied with an unusual sensation, might have a view of the wide country round, and far out over the Tuscan Sea; there was the Campo Santo or Cemetery, dating from the thirteenth century, with its tombs, its ancient marbles, and its frescoes, by Giotto, Orcagna, and Memmi; and besides these there were towers and churches, older and newer, each with its own beauties and peculiar associations. Not unvisited, we may be sure, whatever else was unvisited, was the ruined Torre della Fame or Tower of Hunger, famous for the deaths of Ugolino and his sons, told so terribly by Dante. As a university town, and as the birthplace of Galileo, Pisa had, of course, its one or two academies; but whether Milton

stayed long enough to form any acquaintance with them or their members, he does not inform us. He had but taken Pisa on his way to Florence, forty-five miles farther inland, up the course of the Arno.

In Florence, as the city of Italy which had always been chiefly interesting to him, Milton "remained," as he tells us, "two months."[1] As we are left to calculate, they were the months of August and September, 1638. He was certainly in Florence, as we shall find, till the 10th of September.

During these two months, the city, long imagined, becomes gradually familiar to him. Presenting itself to him, first, as a city of sober and massive construction, walled in from the bright country around, and divided into two unequal parts by the Arno—shallow and sluggish, perhaps, as he now sees it, but often, he is told, rushing swift and yellow with the loosened waters from the mountains—it is not long before, by his walks through its streets, and his crossings and recrossings of the bridges, he has arranged it mentally in the order of its history. In the centre, on the northern side of the river, is the oldest part of all—a mass of narrow and dense streets and alleys, within which the ancient Florentines had been penned up in days that were legendary even to Dante; and round this, in widening circle on both sides of the river, and gradually more and more open to the sky, till the circuit of the walls is reached, is the Florence of later growth, as formed in the strict era of the republic, and extended and adorned by the series of the Medici. And then in each part what objects for daily visit—the Duomo, with the Campanile and the Battisterio; the churches of Santa Croce, San Michele, Santa Maria Novella, San Lorenzo, San Marco, and many more; the Palazzo Vecchio, or old palace of the republic; the Uffizii or public offices of the Medici; the Grand Ducal palace and gardens of the Pitti, on the southern side of the river; the Palazzo Strozzi, the Palazzo Riccardi, and others of more private note. If even to the student at a distance these names represent, by the vague visions which they call up, the richness of

[1] Def. Sec.; Works, VI.

Italian art, and much of all that was Italian, from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century, what a world of sensation in them to him who actually moves and lingers amid them! In the very edifices themselves there rise up before him, phantoms no longer, the series of the Tuscan architects, from Arnolfo di Lapo, who planned the Duomo, on to Brunelleschi, who all but refounded Florence, and so to Michel Angelo, as the last; while, in like manner, out of the bewildering wealth of statues, and paintings, and carvings, and bronzes, filling the edifices within, or set up near them without, there emerge, in something like living succession, the figures of Cimabue, and Giotto, and Orcagna, and Donatello, and Ghiberti, and Masaccio, and Fra Angelico, and Fra Lippo Lippi, and, Ghirlandaio, and Michel Angelo once more, and Bandinelli and Cellini. Nor is it with the artists of Florence alone that these palaces, and churches, and monuments, preserve associations. Here, in the Laurentian Library, are the collections of manuscripts, begun by the princely Medici when they led in Europe the revival of learning, and containing many curiosities. There, in the Baptistery, one may see where Dante broke the carved font in his haste to save the drowning child; here, in San Marco, is the cell of Savonarola. Santa Croce is full of tombs; and in the crypts of San Lorenzo lie all the Medici. The streets themselves have their antiquities and legends. In one they show the house of Dante; in another that of Guicciardini, with that of Machiavelli nearly opposite; in another that of Amerigo Vespucci; in another the Casa Buonnaroti, still possessed by the family of the artist. Little wonder that, exploring such a city day after day, the stranger from the north learns to love it; and that, as the place grows familiar to him, and the charm of the climate steals over him, and his habits arrange themselves in daily order, so as to meet the morning sunrise, and avoid the mid-day glare, and leave the evenings for the pure moonlight by the Arno, the mistier north is forgotten, and he longs to make Florence his home. Where this is impossible, there will at least be the accustomed excursion to some height beyond the walls, whence the city and its surrounding scenery may be seen in admiring farewell

—whether to the Villa di Bellosguardo on one side, or on the other along the lovely winding road that ascends to the ancient Fiesole, and so to the famous summit whence Lorenzo the Magnificent looked down on dome, and tower, and vineyard, and valley, and knew it all his own.

But the living society of a place is also somewhat; and, in this respect, the Florence of 1638 seems to have been all that a visitor could desire. "It is to be confessed," writes the Dutch scholar and poet, Nicolas Heinsius, acknowledging in 1653, to a Florentine friend, his pleasant recollections of Florentine hospitality as experienced in two visits to Italy, the first in 1646, "it is to be confessed that by none of the "Italian cities is the palm of learning and genius at present "taken from yours, although it is now peopled by a far less "crowd of inhabitants than formerly. So much is it so, "indeed, that you seem to be avenging with anxious effort "this signal injury of the fates, and to be in a manner "triumphing over your privation and solitude; and, the more "the number of your citizens daily decreases and perishes, "the more constantly you struggle through those straits of "your losses by your continued productiveness in intellects; "and, among the total few, there are many of you that stand "forth as men to be spoken of for their excellent gifts by "more than one generation of posterity. But, seeing that the "sciences were first established through Tuscany under the "immortal auspices of the Medicean name, what wonder that, "under the same, they now extend their limits and domain? "In the two journeys which I made in Italy, much taken as "I was with the agreeableness and the genius of the country, "there was still no district there to the exploring of which "I gave more time, or which affected me with more pleasure "than yours. If I were to relate what benevolence, what "courtesy I experienced among you, it would be a discourse "for another place than this, and would grow to something "huge in dimensions; nor can the kind offices done to me by "each one individually be here commemorated and reckoned "up in order. Not as a stranger lodging among you, or as a "foreigner, did you regard me; but—admitting me into the

"sacred and innermost recesses of both your Academies [*i.e.* "the Florentine and the Della Crusca], and so bestowing on "me, if I may so say, the freedom of both, nay, enrolling me "also in a most glorious list, and enriching and adorning me "with the title of one of the *Apatisti* [a third Florentine "academy, to be spoken of presently]—you not only enter- "tained me most handsomely, but as often as I chose to address "you, received my trifling dissertations with attentive ears." Heinsius then goes on to mention by name the Florentine friends who had been conspicuous in their politeness to him, and to acknowledge in particular the kindness of his correspondent.[1]

Exactly as Heinsius was received in his first visit to Florence, and by the very same persons whom he goes on to mention, had Milton been received a year or two before him. Introduced to one or more of them, or sought out by them in his lodgings, he has been in the middle of the best society in Florence almost from the day of his arrival. "There imme- "diately (*statim*)," he says, "I contracted the acquaintance "of many truly noble and learned men; whose private "academies also (which are an institution there of most praise- "worthy effect, both for the cultivation of polite letters and the "keeping up of friendships,) I assiduously attended. The memory "of you, Jacopo Gaddi, of you, Carlo Dati, of you, Frescobaldi, "Coltellini, Bonmattei, Chimentelli, Francini, and of not a "few others, always delightful and pleasant as it is to me, "time shall never destroy."[2] To this list of Milton's Florentine friends may be added, on the authority of an allusion in one of Milton's letters, and on other authority besides, the name of Antonio Malatesti. It may make the group more interesting if we collect a few particulars respecting each separately.

Jacopo Gaddi, whom Milton names first, was a Florentine of patrician family and of good fortune, still apparently

[1] The passage in the text is translated from the *Epistola Dedicatoria* to Carlo Dati of Florence, prefixed to the Third Book of Elegies, forming part of the tiny volume of "*Nicolai Heinsii Poemata*," published at Leyden, 1653. Nicolas Heinsius, the son of Daniel, was born at Leyden in 1620.

[2] Def. Sec.; Works, VI. 288.

under forty years of age, but of established literary influence in Florence. This he owed partly to the reputation obtained by some publications of his own—including a volume of Latin *Poemata*, published in 1628, and three distinct volumes of *Elogia*, *Adlocutiones*, short historical essays, occasional poems &c. in Latin and in Italian, all published in 1636 and 1637; but chiefly, it would seem, to his extreme sociability, and his generous habits in his intercourse with men of letters. He had a wide circle of correspondents out of Florence, including several eminent cardinals and prelates; and in Florence he knew and was known by everybody. Besides being a member of the Florentine Academy and of other similar associations in the city, he was the centre and chief of an academy kept up by himself—that of the so-called *Svogliati* or "Disgusted." This club, which seems to have been of a somewhat private character, held its meetings in Gaddi's house, in the Piazza Madonna, where there was a good library and a picture-gallery. It included all the best wits in Florence, and it was Gaddi's habit to secure for its reunions every stranger of any likelihood that was staying in the town. "His courtesy was such," according to one authority, "as to render his acquaintance one of the first objects of desire to foreigners from far countries passing through Florence." These habits he was to keep up for many years beyond our present date, during which time he was somewhat to increase his reputation as an author by the publication of new collections of poems and papers of literary biography which he had read in his own or in other academies, and also by a work of greater magnitude, entitled *De Scriptoribus non-Ecclesiasticis, Græcis, Latinis, Italicis*, printed in two folio volumes, in 1648 and 1649. Gaddi's club of the Svogliati seems to have been in its most flourishing condition in and about 1638.[1]

[1] Tiraboschi has not much about Gaddi; and the particulars in the text are derived from a sketch in Negri's "Istoria degli Scrittori Fiorentini" (Ferrara, 1722); from an incidental notice in Mazzuchelli's "Scrittori d' Italia" (Brescia, 1769), vol. II. pp. 2404-5; from Rolli's Italian Memoir of Milton, prefixed to a translation of Paradise Lost, in 1735; and from a glance at Gaddi's own works.

Carlo Dati, or, more fully, Carlo Ruberto Dati, who comes next in Milton's list, has left a more distinguished name among the Seicentisti than is now reserved for Gaddi. His "*Vite de' Pittori Antichi*," or "Lives of the Ancient Painters," published in 1667, are included to this day in collective editions of the Italian authors; and he is also remembered as the editor of selections from previous Tuscan prose writers, and the author of Panegyrics addressed to Louis XIV. and other sovereigns, and of several mathematical, antiquarian and philological tracts. In his case, too, however, the amount of surviving reputation seems by no means proportionate to the place he held while alive. For some thirty years or more prior to his death in 1675, there was not a more popular name than his among the Tuscans, and there were not, perhaps, many Italian names better known among contemporary French and German scholars. He was a leading member of every academy in Florence; was known in that of the Della Crusca, where he was secretary from 1640 onwards, by the adopted name of "*Smarrito*" or "The Bewildered;" held in the Florentine for many years the honorary post of Greek and Humanity Professor; and, in 1649, was elected in the same to the annual dignity of the presidency or consulship. Latterly he had a pension from Louis XIV., and, had he chosen to quit Florence, he might have gone to Paris on his own terms. All this by way of anticipation. In 1638 he was only in his nineteenth year (born Oct. 2, 1619), one of the youngest members of the Della Crusca, if already belonging to it, but there and in other more private academies, such as the Svogliati, astonishing by his premature acquisitions in science, and drawing down bursts of applause by his eloquence. In this last gift, says one, and especially in Tuscan eloquence, he had, even in his youth, "no rival;" and to the same effect is the epithet applied to him by one of his friends, "our city's pure flower, and the marrow of Tuscan oratory." A certain enthusiasm of disposition made him as eager as Gaddi to cultivate the acquaintance of strangers who arrived in Florence; and scarcely was any such stranger settled in his inn or his lodging, when Dati's bright face was sure to burst in upon

him with welcome in its looks, invitations to mutual communicativeness, and offers of service. Besides catering for the Svogliati and his friend Gaddi, he had a house of his own where he received visitors on his own account, and which became, in time, "the resort of the literati, and particularly of Ultramontane scholars." It is to Dati that Nicolas Heinsius addresses the letter from which we have quoted, testifying his pleasant recollections of Florentine hospitality in 1646; and in that letter he distinctly thanks Dati as having been the means of his introduction to the *élite* of his native city. Of all the Florentines that Milton names, none seems to have formed a stronger attachment to him than this ardent young Italian, scarce out of his boyhood. Milton, as we shall find, carried away, like Heinsius afterwards, a real affection for Dati.[1]

The fourth name in Milton's list is that of Agostino Coltellini. He was now about twenty-five years of age, having been born in 1613, a Florentine of Bolognese descent; he had studied in Florence, and afterwards attended the classes of law with high reputation at Pisa; and he was now settled as an Advocate in Florence. Being of weak health, and of extremely small stature (*piccolissima statura*), he had given up the public and more laborious parts of his profession; and he seems to have been in circumstances to be independent of it. Several years before the date of the present story, he had made a great hit in life, by founding a new Academy under the name of the *Apatisti*, or "the Indifferents." The academy had grown out of meetings held by him and his young companions in his lodgings in the Via dell'Oriuolo, during and immediately after the plague of 1630-1, for the purpose of mutual assistance and encouragement in their studies. These conversazioni had succeeded so well, and had been found to supply certain peculiar wants

[1] Salvini's "Fasti Consolari dell' Accademia Fiorentina" (Florence, 1717), *sub anno* 1649; also Tiraboschi, tom. VIII. pp. 412-13; Negri, as above, pp. 116, 117; and *Bibliotheca Aprosiana* (Hamburg, 1734), pp. 185-188, where, however, the information consists chiefly of extracts from Heinsius. There are many scattered references to Dati in contemporary letters, verses, &c.; besides memoirs of him.

so much better than the two old academies, and than others already existing, that, about 1633, they had taken development into a society of virtuosi, which again had divided itself into a so-called "University," for grave scientific studies, and a so-called "Academy," for the cultivation of Latin and Tuscan literature, both under the name of the *Apatisti*, and with a common or at least a connecting organization. By the year 1638, the Academy had been fully established, with its laws, its office-bearers, its patrons among the saints, its "protector" among the princes of the Grand Ducal house, its device for its seal, and its motto from Dante. One of its rules (and there was a similar custom in most of the Italian academies) was that every member should, in his academic connexions, be known not by his own name but by some anagram or pseudonym. Coltellini's Apatistic name was the somewhat clumsy one of "Ostilio Contalgeni." Under this name, as an alternative for his own, he was to live fifty-five years beyond our present date, dying in 1693, at the age of eighty. In the course of this long life he was to attain many distinctions. He was to be a member of the Della Crusca; he was to fill no fewer than four times, between 1659 and his death, the presidency or consulship of the Florentine; and he was to publish a series of petty compositions in prose and in verse, the titles of which make a considerable list. But the chief distinction of his life, and that into which most of the others in reality resolved themselves, was his having founded the Apatisti. Such were the attractions of this academy, and so energetic was Coltellini in its behalf, that within ten or twenty years after its foundation, it had a fame among the Italian academies equal, in some respects, to that of the first and oldest, and counted among its members not only all the eminent Florentines, but most of the distinguished *literati* of Italy, besides cardinals, Italian princes and dukes, many foreign nobles and scholars, and at least one pope. We have seen in what terms Heinsius writes in 1653, of his recollections of it in 1646. At *our* date it had not yet attained such wide dimensions; but it already included among its members not only Coltellini's original companions, but also many of

the seniors of the Florentine and the Della Crusca, and probably also of the Svogliati. In 1638 (which seems to have been the first year of its complete organization) the President, or *Apatista Reggente*, was not Coltellini, but a much older personage,—Benedetto Fioretti, *alias* "Udeno Nisielli," (1579—1642), of some repute yet as a grammarian, critic of poetry, and theological writer. The meetings, however, were still held in Coltellini's house; and Coltellini was to take the next turn in the presidency. Young Dati was of course a member; his anagram was "Currado Bartoletti." Nay more, he was secretary of the society under Fioretti's presidency, and so, in that year, the very man to bring strangers to the society's meetings.[1]

One of the senior members of the new society of Apatisti, and also an eminent member of the Florentine, the Della Crusca and the Svogliati, and an associate of other academies in other Italian cities, was Benedetto Bonmattei, or Buommattei, born in Florence in 1581, and now accordingly in his fifty-eighth year. He was a priest by profession, and in that capacity "most religious;" but, after having filled parochial or other clerical charges in Rome, Venice and Padua, he had returned to Tuscany, where, since 1626, he had held a succession of scholastic and professorial posts. Among his titles since 1632, were those of *Lettore di Lingua Toscana*, and *Lettore del Collegio Ferdinando* in Pisa, both conferred on him by the Grand Duke; but, about the year 1638, Florence seems to have been his habitual place of residence. He had first appeared as an author as early as 1609, when he published an oration on the death of the Grand Duke Ferdinando I.; this had been followed by a few other works—one or two of them on sacerdotal topics, one of them a commentary on

[1] Tiraboschi, tom. VIII. p. 48 and p. 407; Negri, pp. 3-5; Bibliotheca Aprosiana, pp. 6-17 and p. 114; Rilli's "Notizie dell' Accademia Fiorentina" (Florence, 1760), pp. 364-5; and Salvini's "Fasti Consolari," under four separate years—1660, 1664, 1672, and another. The four notices in Salvini amount in all to a detailed biography. In the British Museum Library there is a volume containing a series of sonnets and some other early trifles, in prose and verse, from Coltellini's pen, published in two separate parts at Florence in 1641 and 1652—both under the title of "*Endecasillabi*," and under the author's pseudonym as "Ostilio Contalgeni, Accademico Apatista." The allusions to other Apatisti in some of the pieces in this volume have furnished me with a few particulars.

parts of Dante, and two of them on Tuscan grammar. Of these the last were the most valued; and, with the reputation of being perhaps the first authority in all matters relating to the Tuscan language, Buommattei was now engaged on a systematic treatise on Tuscan grammar, which was to supersede and include his former works on the subject. The treatise, still accounted one of standard merit, was published at Florence in 1643, under the title of *Della Lingua Toscana: Libri due;* but already, in 1638, his friends were expecting it, and were urging its progress. Partly on the faith of it, partly from his general erudition, and his weight in discourse, he was at this time a chief pillar in all the academies. In that of the Svogliati he held the office of "censor;" in that of the Apatisti, where his anagram was "Boemonte Battidente," he was to be President, in 1640, immediately after Fioretti and Coltellini; in the same year, 1640, he was to be elected secretary of the Della Crusca, his pseudonym as a member of which was "Benduccio Riboboli;" and in 1641 he was to be "censor" of the Florentine. He was to survive till 1647, and to add other publications to his *Lingua Toscana,* none of which, however, are so well remembered.[1]

Respecting Valerio Chimentelli, Pietro Frescobaldi, and Antonio Francini — the three others of the seven, whom Milton mentions specially—our information is more scanty than respecting the preceding four. Chimentelli was a priest, like Buommattei. He is heard of afterwards chiefly in connexion with Pisa, where he was Professor, first of Greek, and then of Eloquence and Politics. Heinsius, who visited him there along with Dati, speaks of him as a man "omni litteratura perpolitus." He was of very infirm health, and, when he died in or about 1670, left nothing of consequence in print, except an archæological work entitled, "Marmor Pisanum." At the time of Milton's visit, he seems to have been a young man, moving in the Coltellini and Gaddi and Dati set,

[1] Tiraboschi, tom. VIII. p. 409; Negri, pp. 91, 92; Rilli, pp. 319-330; and a more detailed and exact memoir in Mazzuchelli, "Scrittori d'Italia," vol. II. pp. 2404-5. But notices of Buommattei are numerous.

and a member of the junior academies to which they belonged.[1] The same may be said of Frescobaldi, of whom less is known. He was of an old family; was one of Coltellini's original companions, before the Academy of the Apatisti was founded, and is addressed by Coltellini in a letter, of date 1631, as "*Patritio solertissimo et studiosissimo adolescenti;*" was a member of the Apatistic Academy, with the anagram "Bali Scoprifode;" and is honourably mentioned by Heinsius among his Florentine friends in 1646.[2] Francini also was of ancient Florentine descent, and seemingly not older than Coltellini and Frescobaldi. In the academies his reputation was chiefly in Italian poetry. He is said to have left many poems in manuscript; and a sonnet and madrigal of his were printed in 1638, at the end of an oration of Coltellini's, delivered before the Apatisti on the death of a hopeful young member of their body named Raffaelle Gherardi.[3]

That Milton should have omitted to mention Antonio Malatesti in his list is the more curious, because at the time when the list was penned Malatesti was in considerable repute as a poet. In virtue of his "Sfinge," a collection of poetical enigmas, published first in 1641, and enlarged and reprinted before the author's death, in 1672, and in virtue also of his "*I Brindisi de' Ciclopi,*" and other poems, chiefly Anacreontic, Malatesti has even now a place among the minor Seicentisti. These had not been published when Milton was in Italy; but the young author was then one of the most sprightly wits of Florence (*prontissimo ingegno e vivacissimo spirito,* says Negri) —circulating his poems in manuscript, delighting the Apatisti and other academies with his talent in improvisation, well accomplished in mathematics, and more than an amateur in painting. A sonnet of his accompanied Francini's verses in the obituary volume on the youth Gherardi. Dati, Coltellini,

[1] Negri, pp. 516-517; Tiraboschi, tom. VIII. p. 350; Nicolas Heinsius, *Epistola Dedicatoria* to 3d Book of Elegies; and Coltellini's (Contalgeni's) *Endecasillabi,* where he inscribes (1652) a whimsical piece, entitled "Gynerotimania seu Mulieromorodeliramento, &c." to "Sig. Valerio Chimentellio polymathissimo Professor della Greca Lingua nel Pisano Lyceo." In his "Marmor Pisanum" (1666), Chimentelli describes himself in the title-page as "In Pisano Lyceo Eloq. et Politic. Professor."

[2] Heinsius and Coltellini, *ut supra.*

[3] Negri, p. 60.

and Chimentelli were his intimate friends; and, when he published his "Sfinge," each of them contributed something by way of recommendation of the volume—Dati a letter in prose, and Coltellini and Chimentelli complimentary verses. Galileo, also, though there was probably none of the group that was not well known to him, and in the habit of visiting him, seems to have had a special kindness for Malatesti. It is surmised that Malatesti may have been Galileo's pupil in astronomy; and, at all events, the philosopher did him the honour not only to glance over the first part of his "Enigmas," in MS., but also to write a sonnet to be prefixed to the volume. This sonnet, as it must have been written before 1638, Milton may have seen in Galileo's handwriting.[1]

Carrying off Milton and his man almost from the first day of their arrival in Florence, these seven or eight Florentines of different ages vie with each other in showing them hospitality. The man is handed over to his brothers in degree, who entertain him as they best can in his dumb condition; while the master is led the round of Florence, petted everywhere, and lionized. Finding out gradually what he is, the kindly Florentines talk freely in his presence, and allow him to talk freely in turn. On the one hand, he makes no secret of his own religion, when that matter is broached; and they, "with singular politeness," as he afterwards acknowledges, concede him full liberty of speech on that delicate subject.[2] On the other, they do not conceal from him sentiments which, as Italians, they all shared, but which there might have been danger in expressing to an unknown person. "I could recount," he says, when deprecating a censorship of the Press in England six years afterwards (1644), "what I have seen and heard in other countries, "where this kind of inquisition tyrannises; when I have "sat among their learned men (for that honour I had) and "been counted happy to be born in such a place of philoso-

[1] Tiraboschi, tom. VIII. p. 370; Negri, pp. 63, 64; "La Sfinge: Enimmi del Sig. Antonio Malatesti: 3d edit.: Florence, 1683;" Gamba's "Serie dei testi di lingua e di altre opere importanti nella Italiana Letteratura" (4th edit.; Venice, 1837); but chiefly three interesting communications to *Notes and Queries* (II. 146-7, VIII. 237-8, and VIII. 295-6), by Mr. S. W. Singer and Mr. Bolton Corney. To these communications I owe the reference to Gamba's work. Mr. Singer quotes Galileo's sonnet.

[2] Epist. Fam. 10.

"phic freedom as they supposed England was, while them-
"selves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into
"which learning amongst them was brought—that this was it
"which had dampt the glory of Italian wits, that nothing
"had been written there now these many years but flattery
"and fustian."[1] The context shows that it was chiefly in Florence that he heard these complaints.

While not neglecting the Florentine and the Della Crusca, Milton's pleasantest hours seem to have been among Gaddi's Svogliati, and Coltellini's Apatisti. They will not allow him to be merely a listener; they compel him to take part. "In "the private academies of Italy," he says, "whither I was "favoured to resort, some trifles which I had in memory com-
"posed, at under twenty or thereabout (for the manner is that
"every one must give some proof of his wit or reading there)
"met with acceptance above what was looked for; and other
"things which I had shifted, in scarcity of books and conveni-
"ences, to patch up amongst them, were received with written
"encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men
"of this side the Alps."[2] The "trifles," recited from memory, were, doubtless, some of his Latin compositions in prose and verse already known to the reader. Among the poems, the "*In Adventum Veris*," the "*Nondum blanda tuas*," the "*Naturam non pati senium*," and the "*De Ideâ Platonicâ*," would be exactly suitable; but perhaps one or two of the prose academic Prolusions, or such passages of them as could be recollected, may also have served the turn—more especially the Prolusion, *De Sphærarum Concentu*, so characteristic both in topic and in style. If any of the English poems were recited, it can have been but by way of curiosity to Italian ears. But, besides what he could so recollect from the old stock, Milton contrived, it seems, to "patch up" some new pieces for immediate purposes. As this is said with reference to the whole time of his Italian tour, it is not necessary to suppose that he wrote such new pieces in every city where he stayed. He was as likely, however, to write such in Florence as anywhere;

[1] Areopagitica: Works, IV. 428.
[2] Reason of Church Government (1641): Works, III. 144.

and it is possible that among the archives of the Florentine academies there may at one time have been, if even now there are not, traces of such compositions.[1]

Whatever specimens of his powers were presented by Milton to the Florentine scholars, the result was that they thought him a prodigy. With all allowance for politeness to a stranger, and for the Italian tendency to the language of compliment, no other conclusion can be formed from two of the "written encomiums" of which Milton speaks, both furnished him while in Florence. The one is an Italian ode in fourteen stanzas by Francini; the other, a Latin letter by young Carlo Dati. Both are worth translating:—

"To Signor Giovanni Milton, a noble Englishman.

AN ODE.

"Raise me to the ether, O Clio, for of stars I will weave a coronet. No longer suffice the leaves of the Fair-haired God, eternal on Pindus and on Helicon; for greater merit the honours must be greater; for celestial virtue the rewards must be celestial.

"Worth, eternal and lofty, cannot remain a prey to corroding time; rapacious oblivion cannot rob its memory of exalted honour; to the bow of my lyre let Virtue fit me a strong dart, and I therewith shall strike down Death.

"Cinctured by the ample surges of the deep ocean lies England, separated from the world because her worth exceeds the human. This fruitful land knows how to produce heroes, who among us are justly accounted superhuman.

"To exiled virtue they give in their breasts a faithful reception; this to them is alone grateful, because in it they can find joy and delight. Repeat it, Giovanni, and show now with thy true virtue how true is my song.

"Far from his native shore the ardent artistic wish urged Zeuxis, when he heard Fame, with her golden trump, resound the rumour

[1] The archives of the Florentine academies have, I believe, been once or twice searched for traces of Milton (how perseveringly I know not) without result. It is hardly possible, I think, that, if there had been any MSS. of Milton, or references to such, among the archives of the Florentine Academy, they could have escaped the minute researches of Rilli (aided by Magliabecchi) for his *Notizie* (1700), or the still minuter researches of Salvini for his *Fasti Consolari* (1717). Whether as much may be said in respect to the remaining chances among records of the other academies, I do not know; but, as Milton seems to have destroyed little of what he wrote, I should not wonder if we have now among his works nearly every scrap of what he "patched up" in Italy. So long as there is a chance to the contrary, however, continued search by any one on the spot, who might have opportunity, would be a good expenditure of leisure.

of Helen; and, that he might depict her equal to the reality, he drew from the most beautiful images what in each was rarest.

"So the ingenious bee draws with labour the precious liquor from the lily, and from the rose, and from as many lovely flowers as adorn the meadow; so diverse chords make one sweet sound, and various voices make melodious concord.

"Of beautiful glory a lover, thou, Milton, through various regions, far from thy native heaven, bendest thy pilgrim steps to seek for sciences and arts. Of the kingly Gaul thou hast seen the kingdoms; of Italy, also, her most worthy heroes.

"A workman almost divine, tracing virtue alone, thy thought sees in every confine those who tread the path of noble worth; then of the best thou selectest yet the best, to form the idea of all virtue.

"As many soever as were born in Florence, or learnt in her the art of the Tuscan speech, the memory of whom, made eternal in learned pages, the world still honours, of these thou wouldst possess thyself for thy own treasure, and thou speakest with them in their own works.

"In vain for thee did Jove confuse speech in high-built Babel, which, through variety of tongues, fell to the ground, a monument of its own ruin; for from thee, Spain, France, Tuscany, and Greece and Rome, hear, each its worthiest idiom, in addition to England.

"The profoundest secrets which nature hides both in heaven and in earth, and which sometimes too greedily she shuts and conceals from intellects superhuman, these thou clearly knowest; and, to crown all, thou reachest the great boundary of moral virtue.

"For thee let Time beat not his wings; motionless let him stand, and let the years, that run on too injurious and damaging to immortal virtue, stop themselves the while; seeing that, whatever deeds worthy of poem and history have yet been, these thou hast present to thy memory.

"Give me thy own sweet lyre if thou wouldst that I should speak of thy sweet gift of song, which, exalting thee to the heaven, obtains for thee the praise of making thee celestial. The Thames may bear witness to this, to which, owing to thee, its swan, it is granted to rival Parnassus.

"I, who on the banks of Arno try to declare thy high and illustrious merit, know that I labour in vain, and learn only to admire, not to praise it; therefore I restrain my tongue and listen to my heart, which undertakes to praise thee with its silent wonder."

"From Signor ANTONIO FRANCINI,
"A Florentine gentleman."[1]

[1] In this poem of Francini's, the "*reo gusto*," as the Italians call it, of the "*stil Marinesco*," is quite discernible, as in the conceit of the lyre turned into a bow and shooting a dart. But there is a fine truth of feeling in it; and the lyric rhythm of the original delivers the high-flown phraseology with a certain real earnestness which escapes in prose. We have also from Francini the fact that Milton at this time knew Spanish. The ode is wretchedly printed

"To John Milton of London.

"A youth, illustrious by his country and by his virtues:

"A man, who has beheld by his travel many places of the world, and, by his study, all; that, like a new Ulysses, he might everywhere from all learn all things:

"A Polyglott, in whose mouth tongues now lost so live afresh, that all their idioms are poor in his praises; and who, by right, knows them to perfection, that he may understand the admiration and applauses of nations which his own wisdom excites:

"Him, whose gifts of mind and body move the senses to admiration, and by that admiration take the power of motion from every one; whose works stimulate to applauses, but by their beauty deprive of voice those bent on praising them:

"In whose memory is the whole world; in whose intellect wisdom; in whose will the ardent quest of glory; in whose mouth eloquence; who, with Astronomy as guide, hears the harmonious sounds of the celestial spheres;[1] who, with Philosophy as master, reads the characters of nature's marvels, by which the greatness of God is expressed; who, with assiduous reading of authors as his companions, 'explores, restores, traverses' the secrets of antiquity, the ruins of age, the labyrinths of learning:

"At cur nitor in arduum?

"To him, for proclaiming whose virtues the mouths of Fame would not suffice, nor is the amazement of men in praising them enough, in token of reverence and love, this tribute of admiration due to his merits is offered by

"Carlo Dati, Patrician of Florence,

"Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator."[2]

Besides these "written encomiums,"[3] there is authentic record of another testimonial of a peculiar kind, presented to him by one of his Florentine admirers. In the previous autumn, it seems, Malatesti, in his Villa di Taiano, had amused himself with writing a series of fifty sonnets to a rustic mistress, real or imaginary, whom he calls by the pet name of Tina; the notion being that each of the sonnets should contain, under its apparent meaning, some improper *équivoque*. The sonnets had perhaps been shown about

in Todd, and in all the editions of Milton—commas where there should be none, no points at all where there should be periods, words mis-spelt, &c.!

[1] Is this an allusion to the "*De Sphærarum Concentu*"?

[2] Surely the enthusiastic Dati sent this letter as a companion to some gift—inscribed, say, on the blank page of a valuable folio! Such an epistle *alone*, from so young a man, even if on vellum and in gold letters, would hardly have justified itself. Moreover, Milton seems to allude to certain pretty gifts from his Florentine friends—*fiscellæ, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutæ*—as still in his possession after his return to England (Epitaph. Damon. line 135).

[3] Prefixed by Milton to his Latin poems in the volume of 1645.

among his laughing Florentine friends before Milton's arrival; and Malatesti, either less capable than Francini and Dati of perceiving the character of the young Englishman, or risking a joke in the manner of a compliment meant to be real in itself, takes it into his head to dedicate the series to *him*. Accordingly Milton receives a manuscript copy of the sonnets, with this title :—

"La Tina : Equivoci Rusticali di Antonio Malatesti, cōposti nella sua Villa di Taiano il Settembre dell anno 1637 : Sonetti Cinquanta : Dedicati all' Ill^mo. Signore et Padrone Oss^mo Signor Giovanni Milton, nobile Inghlese."

This manuscript Milton actually took back with him to England. It must have lain among his papers all his life—turned up now and then with a grim smile of recognition when he was looking for something else ; and it was not till eighty years after his death that accident brought it to light, and the sonnets, on which Malatesti had bestowed so much pains, were recovered for the curious.[1]

[1] The story of Malatesti's MS. is not so clear and coherent as might be wished ; but the following are the facts as far as known :—About the middle of last century, Mr. Brand picked up the original MS., with the title and dedication as in the text, at an old book-stall in London. He presented the MS. to his friend, Mr. Thomas Hollis, who valued all such curiosities extremely. Mr. Hollis, when sending to the Della Crusca Academy of Florence, in September 1758, a gift of a copy of Milton's Works, and of Toland's Life of Milton, added *a copy* of the MS. of Malatesti—judging that a work of the Florentine poet, the existence of which was till then unknown, would be interesting to the *literati* of that city. In later versions of the story, it is assumed that Mr. Hollis sent the original MS., and Warton regrets this, as the MS. would have been a greater curiosity in England ; but in vol. I. p. 167 of the Memoirs of Mr. Hollis, published in 1780, it is distinctly stated that he sent only "a copy." Nothing more is heard in England of the MS. or the copy till the publication of the last edition of Todd's Life, in 1826, when, to the slight notice of the matter given in the former edition of 1809, he adds (pp. 33, 34) that he has learnt that the MS. "had found its way back to this country, and had become the property of a gentleman whose books were not long since sold by Mr. Evans, of Pall Mall." (The MS. was, I suppose, the original, which had never left England, and not the Florentine MS. mysteriously brought back, as Todd implies.) This, I believe, is all, till the publication of a very interesting communication from Mr. S. W. Singer in the *Notes and Queries*, in July 1850 (Vol. II. 146, 147). Mr. Singer had seen the MS. when on sale, and had copied some of the sonnets, and he there gives an account of them, accompanied by one or two specimens. His description of them is, that they are "such as we could not imagine would have given pleasure to the chaste mind of Milton, each of them containing, as the title indicates, an equivoque, which would bear an obscene sense, yet very ingeniously wrapped up." Three years after Mr. Singer's communication, there appeared in the same periodical (vol. VIII. 237, 238 ; date Sept. 10, 1853) another on the same subject, from Mr. Bolton Corney, containing the information that Malatesti's sonnets had actually been printed, and citing as his authority the Italian bibliographer, Gamba, in the fourth edition (Venice, 1837) of whose "*Serie dei Testi di Lingua e di altre opere importanti nella Italiana Letteratura*," the Sonnets are

Although, from the special mention which Milton makes afterwards of Gaddi, Dati, Frescobaldi, Coltellini, Buommattei, Chimentelli, Francini, and Malatesti, it is to be inferred that these eight persons were his chief acquaintances in Florence, he must have been introduced through them to many others moving in the same circle. Among the most notable of the residents in Florence at the time were these:—Alessandro Adimari (1579-1649), minor poet and translator of Pindar; Lorenzo Lippi, poet-painter, and friend of Malatesti (1606-1664); Michel Angelo Buonnaroti the younger, nephew of the great artist, one of the wealthiest citizens, a munificent patron of art and letters, and himself a dramatic author; Fioretti, already mentioned as first president of the Apatisti; and Vincenzo Capponi, Filippo Pandolfini, and Lorenzo Libri, consuls of the Florentine successively in 1638, 1639, and 1640.[1] Coming and going among these men were the princes of the ruling house, doing their best, by familiar courtesy and by more substantial encouragement, to maintain in Florence the reputation which it had so long sustained under the former Medici.

Amid many rencontres of Milton with Florentine celebrities which must be left conjectural, he has himself recorded one, the most interesting of all. "There it was," he says, "that I "found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner "to the Inquisition, for thinking in Astronomy otherwise than "the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought."[2] The words imply an excursion (perhaps more than one) to Galileo's villa

added to Malatesti's previously known writings, with this title:—"*Malatesti Antonio: La Tina: Equivoci Rusticali* (*in* 50 *Sonetti*)*: Londra: Tommaso Edlin*, 1757, *in* 8°." This title, however, Gamba informs the reader, is misleading, as the book bearing it had really been published, not in London in 1757, but in Venice, as a bibliographical curiosity, nearly eighty years later (*i.e.* about 1837, when Gamba's own fourth edition of his work appeared). There had been printed fifty copies in *carta velina*, two copies on large English drawing paper, and one unique copy on vellum; the copy which served for the printer having been one in MS. which "Signor Brand" had presented in 1757 to Giovanni Marsili, of the University of Padua, then on a visit to London. The title on Marsili's MS. had been retained by the Venetian editor, *i.e.* as Mr. Bolton Corney shows, by Gamba himself, who seems to have a fondness for Malatesti. There is a third communication on the subject in *Notes and Queries* (Sept. 24, 1853) by Mr. Singer, containing additional particulars about Malatesti.

[1] Tiraboschi: tom. VIII. and Salvini: *Fasti Consolari*.

[2] Areopagitica (1644): Works, IV. 428.

at Arcetri, a little way out of Florence; an introduction to the blind sage by Malatesti, or Gaddi, or Buommattei, or some one else of the Florentine group; a cordial reception by the sage, according to his wont in such cases; a stroll perhaps, under the guidance of one of the disciples in attendance, to the adjacent observatory, to see and handle the telescopes; a conversation, perhaps, on returning, with the assembled little party, over some of the fine wines produced in welcome; and all the while, surely, a reverent attention by the visitor to the features and the mien of Italy's most famous son, judging reciprocally of *him* through courteous old mind and ear, but unable to return his visual glance. I know not whether the reader has observed, with me, in Milton's writings hitherto, a certain fascination of the fancy, as if by unconscious presentiment, on the topic of blindness. How in men like Homer and Tiresias a higher and more prophetic vision had come when terrestrial vision was denied, and the eyes had to roll in a less bounded world within, was an idea, I think, vivid with Milton from the first, and cherished imaginatively by verbal repetitions. Be this as it may, the sight of Galileo, frail and blind, was one which he never forgot; and long afterwards, when his minor recollections of Florence and Tuscany had grown dim in the distance, it was with this central recollection of Galileo, as the great Tuscan, that he associated whatever remained. Thus, of Satan's shield:—

> "The broad circumference
> Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
> Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views,
> At evening from the top of Fesole,
> Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
> Rivers and mountains in her spotty globe." [1]

Florence and its neighbourhood are here, as but accessories to Galileo; and, in what follows, there is but a wider range of the memory over the scenery so recalled:—

> "On the beach
> Of that inflamed sea he stood and called

[1] Paradise Lost: I. 287-291. There is another allusion in the poem (V. 262) to Galileo by name.

His legions, Angel forms, who lay entranced,
Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,
High-overarched, embower." [1]

Among the documents relating to Milton's stay in Florence, the following interesting letter of his, addressed to Buommattei, on the subject of his treatise on Tuscan grammar, then in progress, will come appropriately last. The original is in Latin :—

"To Benedetto Bonmattei of Florence.

"In adorning afresh, as you are doing, Benedetto Bonmattei, the institutes of your native tongue, now also about to place the keystone on your work, you are both entering on a path to glory common to some intellects of the highest order, and have also, as I see, raised a hope and an opinion of yourself among your fellow-citizens, as of one that is to confer, by his own easy effort, either lucidity or richness, or, at least, polish and order, on what has been handed down by others. How by this you have in no usual degree bound your countrymen in obligation to you, truly they must themselves be ungrateful if they do not perceive. For whoever in a state knows how wisely to form the manners of men and to rule them at home and in war with excellent institutes, him in the first place, above others, I should esteem worthy of all honour ; but next to him the man who strives to establish in maxims and rules the method and habit of speaking and writing received from a good age of the nation, and, as it were, to fortify the same round with a kind of wall, the daring to overleap which let a law only short of that of Romulus be used to prevent. Should we choose to compare the two in respect of utility, it is the former alone that can make the social existence of the citizens just and holy ; but it is the latter that makes it splendid and beautiful, which is the next thing that is desired. The one, as I believe, supplies a noble courage and intrepid counsels against an enemy invading the territory ; the other takes to himself the task of extirpating and defeating, by means of a learned detective police of ears (*doctâ aurium censurâ*), and a light band of good authors, that barbarism which makes large inroads upon the minds of men, and is a destructive intestine

[1] Vallombrosa is about eighteen miles from Florence.

enemy to genius. Nor is it to be considered of small consequence what language, pure or corrupt, a people has, or what is their customary degree of propriety in speaking it—a matter which oftener than once was the salvation of Athens ; nay, as it is Plato's opinion that by a change in the manner and habit of dressing serious commotions and mutations are portended in a Commonwealth, I, for my part, would rather believe that the fall of that city and its low and obscure condition followed on the general vitiation of its usage in the matter of speech ; for, let the words of a country be in part unhandsome and offensive in themselves, in part debased by wear and wrongly uttered, and what do they declare, but, by no light indication, that the inhabitants of that country are an indolent, idly-yawning race, with minds already long prepared for any amount of servility ? On the other hand, we have never heard that any empire, any state, did not at least flourish in a middling degree as long as its own liking and care for its language lasted. Therefore, Benedetto, if only you proceed to perform vigorously this labour of yours for your Republic, behold clearly, even from this, what a fair and solid affection you will necessarily win from your countrymen. All which is here said by me, not because I suppose you to be ignorant of any of it, but because I persuade myself that you are much more intent on the consideration of what you yourself can do for your country, than of what your country will, by the best right, owe to you. I will now speak concerning foreigners ; for obliging whom, if that is at your heart, most certainly at present an ample opportunity is offered—seeing that who among them is there that, happening to be more blooming than the rest in genius or in pleasing and elegant manners, counts the Tuscan tongue among his chief delights, and does not also consider that it ought to have a place for him in the solid part of his learning, especially if he has imbibed Greek and Latin either in moderate tincture or not at all ? I, certainly, who have not wet merely the tips of my lips with both these tongues, but have, as much as any, to the full allowance of my years, drained their deeper draughts, can yet sometimes willingly and eagerly go for a feast to that Dante of yours, and to Petrarch and a good few more ; nor has the Attic Athens itself, with its pellucid Ilissus, nor that old Rome with its bank of the Tiber, been able so to hold me but that I love often to visit your Arno and these hills of Fæsule. See now, I entreat, whether the reason has been sufficient that has given me to you, for these

some days your latest guest from the ocean, and so great a lover of your nation that, as I think, there is no other more so. On which account you may, with more reason, remember what I am wont so earnestly to request of you—to wit, that to your work already begun, and in greater part finished, you would, to the utmost extent that the case will permit, add yet, in behalf of us foreigners, a certain little somewhat more concerning the right pronunciation of the language. For, with other authorities in your tongue to this day, the intention seems to have been to satisfy only their own countrymen, caring nothing for us. Although, in my opinion, these would have consulted not a little more certainly both their own fame and the glory of the Italian tongue, if they had so delivered their precepts as if it concerned all mankind to acquire the knowledge of that language, yet, in as far as depended on them, you might seem, you Italians, to recognise no space save within the Alps. This praise, therefore, untasted by any one before you, will be wholly your own, is kept till now untouched and entire for you; nor that other less, if, in so great a crowd of writers, you should not consider it too much trouble to give information separately on such points as these—who can justly claim for himself the second place, next after the universally celebrated authors of the Florentine tongue; who is illustrious in Tragedy; who happy and sprightly in Comedy; who smart or weighty in Epistles or Dialogues; who noble in History: by which means it would not be difficult, for a student wishing it, to select one of superior merit, and, as often as he chose to range more widely, there would be ground on which he could step intrepidly. In this matter you will have, among the ancients, Cicero and Fabius to imitate; but, of your own men, I know not whether any. And, although I seem already (unless my memory deceive me) to have made this demand of you as often as we have fallen on the mention of that affair, (such is your politeness and kindly disposition!) I am unwilling that that should be in the way of my considering that I ought to entreat the same in set phrase, so to speak, and in an express manner. For, whereas your virtue and candour assign the lowest value and the lowest estimation to your own labours, I, for my part, would desire that, as their inherent dignity, so also my respect should set a just and exact value upon them; and certainly this is but fair everywhere, that, the more easily one yields himself to a request, the less defect should there be of due honour to his compliance. For the rest, should you perchance

wonder why, in this argument, I use the Latin rather than your tongue, this is that you may understand that, in this tongue which I am desirous to have cleared up for me in precepts by you, I do plainly confess in Latin my poverty and want of skill; and by this very method I have hoped to prevail more with you,—besides that, by bringing with me that hoary and venerable mother from Latium as my helper in her daughter's cause, I believed that there would be nothing that you would deny to her authority and reverend character and majesty august through so many ages. Farewell.

"*At Florence, Septemb.* 10, 1638."[1]

Not very many days after this letter was written, Milton leaves Florence and sets out on his journey farther south. Taking what was then the usual way, by Siena (where he may have stayed a few days, and thought of Sir Henry Wotton's friend, Alberto Scipioni), he reached Rome, probably about the end of September or the beginning of October, when the unhealthy season of the Campagna was fairly over.

At Rome he remained, he says, "nearly two months" (*ad bimestre ferè spatium*), detained that time by "the antiquity and ancient renown of the city."[2] In other words, his chief occupation, during the month of October and part of November, was in visiting and studying "the antiquities." To tell over that story in his case is needless. It was the usual round of the Pantheon and the Coliseum, the Capitol and the Tarpeian Rock, the Baths, the Temples, the ancient gates, the arches, the columns, the aqueducts, and the tombs. Scholar as he was, we need not doubt that the labour was gone through steadily and systematically; and that, ere he quitted the city, the seven hills were traced out by him as distinctly as change and ruin would permit, and old Rome reconstructed on them with tolerable clearness in its later imperial extent, when the space of the monuments was wholly covered, and so backward, by gradual diminution, through the less monumental era of the Republic and the Consuls, and up to the mythic reigns of the Latin-Etruscan kings. Two months by

[1] *Epist. Fam.* VIII. [2] *Def. Sec.*: Works, VI. 288.

the Tiber, varied by excursions around, would enable him to carry away such a picture of ancient Latium as would illustrate his readings in Virgil, Horace, and Livy, to his life's end.

Still, though the Rome of the past might solicit the attention more immediately, the shrunken Rome of the present was not without its features of Italian interest, more metropolitan than those of Florence. St. Peter's was then but recently completed and dedicated, after the labours of 176 years; and, after the eye was satiated with its vastness, and with the grandeurs of the adjacent Vatican, there were the hundreds of other churches and palaces throughout the city, each with its statues and carvings and paintings, till the succession wearied by its detail, and one ended where one began, contrasting Raphael and Michel Angelo in St. Peter's and the Vatican. Of strictly mediæval monuments there were not many, but enough to remind one of the earlier and nobler popes, and of the days of Rienzi, and the Schism. Through the streets, too, there bustled a living population of 110,000 souls, presenting many characteristics which could be distinguished as peculiarly Roman, and this characteristic the most peculiar of all—that, wherever one went, the paramount ecclesiastical organization of the city was indicated to the eye by the amazing per centage of priests. By way of a secular aristocracy there were a hundred families retaining the names and some of the rights of the ancient noble houses of Rome—the Orsini, the Colonna, the Savelli, the Conti, the Gaetani, &c.[1]—side by side with whom, and intermarried with them, were more recent families, also of wealth and distinction—Peretti, Aldobrandini, Borghese, &c.—imported into Rome from Florence, Genoa, Parma, Bologna, and other Italian cities, and even from France and from Portugal, in the train of previous popes. But the connexions and the traditions of these families were really ecclesiastical; and all was topped by the cardinals and the pope.

As really the capital of Italy, Rome had still the right to aggregate towards itself whatever was characteristic over the

[1] Ranke: Eng. Trans. (1850), II. pp. 338-343; and pp. 304-306.

whole peninsula. For more than a century, indeed, despite the subdivision of Italy, and despite the competition of other cities with Rome, this had been the case. Hence, in the arrangements of the city, an unusual number of posts and places, ecclesiastical, educational, and diplomatic, not only affording provision for native talent, but attracting and detaining talent immigrant from other parts of Italy, and from all the countries of Europe. From the necessities of their position as the heads of such a community, the popes and the cardinals had come to regard the patronage of learning and the arts as a part of their official duties. To build new edifices, surround them with gardens and fountains, and adorn them with sculptures and paintings; to preside at meetings of the academies, and to hold large reunions in their own palaces, at which all the learned were assembled, and at which the best singing in Italy was to be heard; to collect books and manuscripts, and to employ librarians to catalogue and keep them—such were the occupations of the resident Roman cardinals, in addition to their ordinary business as governors of the provinces of the papal territory, and to their efforts, in Consistory or individually, to make the papacy still perceptibly galvanic in the politics of the world. What the cardinals did, was done also by the secular Romans of rank; and there were few palaces without their galleries and their libraries, large or small.

During the unusually long pontificate of Urban VIII. (1623-1644) the aggregation of Catholic talent in Rome was probably as great as in any other pontificate in the same century. Not that this pope was personally so active a Mæcenas as some of his predecessors had been. He belonged himself, indeed, to the class of dilettanti—having, as Cardinal Maffeo Barberini, written many Latin, Greek, and Italian poems, which, when they were published collectively in a superb folio volume at Paris in 1642, were accounted highly creditable to the head of Christendom. But, as pope, he occupied himself chiefly in capricious interferences in the Thirty Years' War, which satisfied neither the French nor the Spaniard, and, as regarded Rome itself, in fortifications and other military

repairs, and in the creation of new cardinals. No fewer than seventy-four cardinals were made by him; and, in his zeal for the honour of the office, he first conferred on the cardinals the title of "Eminency," since borne by them. Among these cardinals were three of his own relatives, of the Florentine house of Barberini—his younger brother Antonio Barberini, and his two nephews, Francesco Barberini and Antonio Barberini the younger, both sons of his elder brother, Carlo. The three had been cardinals since the first year of his pontificate; since which time also Carlo Barberini and another of his sons, Don Taddeo, had held the highest secular offices in the gift of the papacy. Such was the accumulation of rich posts and principalities among these members of the Pope's family, that, even after the precedents of former pontificates, Urban's nepotism seemed outrageous. Rome all but belonged to the Barberini, whose family symbol of the bees met the eye on all the public buildings, and on their carriages in the public drives. Urban's care of his relatives, however, did not prevent him from being generous and friendly to the other resident cardinals. Moreover, the Barberini were unexceptionably respectable in their conduct; and what the pope did not do directly in the patronage of Roman art and letters, was done in competent degree by them as his deputies. Urban himself had decorated the Lateran and greatly increased the Vatican library; and the other Barberini vied with the most munificent of the cardinals, such as Cesarini and the learned Bentivoglio, in the intellectual cast of their hospitalities and pleasures.[1]

In Rome, as in Florence, the organization of educated society, apart from the university and the schools, was in the Academies. Of some fifteen or perhaps twenty Roman academies, existing in 1638, the most celebrated were the *Umoristi* (Humorists), the *Ordinati* (Orderlies), the *Lincei* (Lynxes), the *Fantastici* (Fantastics), the *Negletti* (Neglected), the *Malinconici* (Melancholics), the *Partenii* (Parthenians), the

[1] Ranke, II. 307-310, and the Lives of Urban and the three Barberini Cardinals, in the *Pontificium Doctum* of George Joseph Eggs, and the *Purpura Docta* of the same author.

Delfici (Delphics), and the *Intricati* (Disordered).[1] With the exception of the Lincei, of which Galileo was the most illustrious member, all were devoted to eloquence and literature, and chiefly to verse-making and literary archæology, though some tended to theatricals, and some to music. To one or another everybody of account in Rome belonged; many belonged to several; and some perhaps to all. What an amount of resident scholarship and authorship there was, to be so accommodated and distributed, may be inferred from two facts. In a curious bibliographical volume of the time, prepared, in compliment to the Barberini, under the title of "*Apes Romanæ*," or "The Bees of Rome," there is an exact list, with brief appended accounts, of all the persons, native or foreign, resident in Rome during the two years 1631 and 1632, who either during these two years gave anything to the press, or had in their previous lives published anything.[2] I have counted the index of names, and found that there must have been upwards of 450 known authors then resident in Rome in a total population of 110,000 souls—450 bees of the Barberini, of different sizes and breeds, humming as well as honey-making throughout the papal city. Of these, some, more conspicuous than the rest, had died or departed elsewhither in the interval between 1632 and 1638; but that the swarm was kept up, by additions, to its full number, seems evident from the fact that, in a volume of poetry issued in 1637 by the single academy of the Fantastici, there are contributions, in the one article of vernacular verse, chiefly sonnets and canzoni, from fifty-one different poets, members of that academy.[3] A very large proportion of the resident *literati* were priests; and, among these, the Jesuits had indubitably the pre-eminence. Some were historians, some jurisconsults, some geographers, some antiquarians; many were theologians; and there was one worthy man whose achievement was a Malay Dictionary. Throwing the scholars,

[1] Fabricii Conspectus, &c. (1749), already referred to.

[2] "Leonis Allatii Apes Romanæ; sive De Viris Illustribus qui ab anno 1630 per totum 1632 Romæ adfuerunt ac typis aliquid evulgarunt." Edition by Fabricius, Hamburg, 1711.

[3] "Poesie de' signori Accademici Fantastici; Roma, 1637," dedicated to Cardinal Cesarini, Protector of the Academy.

the men of science, &c. together into one miscellaneous body as prose writers, we may mention, as perhaps of greatest consideration among them, the Jesuit historian and critic Strada, a Roman native (1572-1649); his rival in history, Cardinal Bentivoglio, a Ferrarese (1579-1644); the Roman Sforza Pallavicini (1607-1667), whose reputation, however, was mainly earned in his later life, after he was a cardinal; the numismatist Angeloni, secretary to one of the cardinals; the mathematician Castelli, already mentioned in connexion with Galileo; and finally, Torricelli, if he had not recently migrated to Florence. To this list would have to be added the name of Giovanni Battista Doni, a Florentine (1594-1647), eminent for his general erudition and especially for his publications on the history and theory of music, but that, at the precise date in question, he was absent from Rome on a tour. Rome had been his usual residence since the accession of Urban to the pontificate; but he was not unfrequently in his native city, where his fame was much cherished and where Milton must have heard of him. Passing to the poets, or rather to those who relied on their poetry (for every soul in the crowd occasionally turned out a sonnet or a Latin elegy or epigram), we have, resident in Rome in 1638, at least two of the four men—Bracciolini, Testi, Achillini, and Ciampoli—who were confessedly at the head of contemporary Italian poetry. Bracciolini (1566-1645), who was a Pistoian, had been in the service of the Barberini a great part of his life, and was now secretary to Cardinal Antonio the elder, a venerable member of all the Roman academies, still productive as a poet, but notorious for his avarice; and Ciampoli, a Tuscan by birth, was also in favour with Urban, who had made him a canon of the Vatican. Testi and Achillini were also occasionally visitors to Rome, and both were members of the Fantastici and other Roman academies. With these may be associated the eminent artists, either permanently resident in Rome or frequently there—Borromini, the papal architect, Bernini, the papal sculptor, &c.; and also, in another direction, Niccolo Riccardi, a Dominican preacher of Genoese birth, whose pulpit orations, daring sometimes to the verge of heresy, were drawing

weekly crowds to his church and moving Rome to ecstasies of enthusiasm. All these names are of Romans or of other Italians; but among the bees of the Barberini were a large number of foreigners. The worthy compiler of the Malay Dictionary was a Dutchman or Fleming named David Haex; the industrious bibliographer to whom we owe so exact an account of the composition of the swarm, in which he moved as one, was a Greek from Chios; there were Fitzherberts from England and various Patricks from Ireland; Scotland was represented by David Chambers and George Con, or, during their absences on diplomatic errands in Paris and England, by other writers "*De Scotorum fortitudine*" and the wrongs of Mary Stuart; and there were Spanish and French Jesuits by the dozen. Among resident Germans, the most distinguished for his learning and the most widely known by his position, was Lucas Holstenius (in the vernacular, Lukas Holste or Holsten, not "Holstein," as usually written), secretary to Cardinal Francesco Barberini, and one of the librarians of the Vatican. He was a native of Hamburg and had been educated as a Protestant; had travelled in Italy in 1618; had been in Oxford and London from 1622 to 1625; had lived afterwards in Paris, and had there become acquainted with Cardinal Barberini during the cardinal's residence in that capital as papal legate; had abjured Protestantism on entering the cardinal's service, and had accompanied him to Rome in 1627. Since settling in Rome, he had edited Porphyry and other Greek authors; and, as librarian in the Vatican, he was worth fifty other men, both as a keeper of the manuscripts already there, and as a collector of rare works, and especially Greek codices.[1]

Among all the Barberini, there was none round whom the learned men clustered so densely and so familiarly as round Cardinal Francesco, the patron of Holstenius. He was the prime minister of Rome, and the chief councillor of his uncle Urban, who, though the most self-willed man in the world, could do nothing without him. "Urban had nothing in his

[1] Particulars in this account, not from the *Apes Romanæ* of Allatius, are collected chiefly, but not exclusively, from Tiraboschi, tom. VIII.

mouth but the Cardinal Padrone: 'Where is the Cardinal Padrone?' 'Call the Cardinal Padrone:' 'Speak to the Cardinal Padrone;'"[1] till the other cardinals murmured that the title of "Padrone" was theirs as well. Francesco was, indeed, somewhat young for the purple, having been born in Florence in 1597. "He was a man," says an Italian contemporary, "of excellent, virtuous, and exemplary habits, and of a gentle disposition;" and his annual income of 100,000 scudi could not have been in more generous hands. Besides Holstenius, he had many scholars, artists, and poets among his clients; Doni was his companion and bosom friend rather than his retainer; he had founded a library, called the Barberini Library, which attained celebrity even by the side of that of the Vatican; and of sonnets and panegyrics in his honour there was no end. Among his other titles of distinction was one which related him in a particular manner to the British subjects in Rome. It was the custom of the Catholic nations to have among the resident Roman cardinals those who were respectively their agents and the protectors of their interests at the papal court. Thus the Cardinal Protector of France, regularly nominated by Louis XIII., was Bentivoglio. By no such regular nomination, but rather by self-appointment, Cardinal Francesco was patron of England and Scotland. His patronage extended over Aragon, Lusitania, and Switzerland as well; but to no nation was he so systematically courteous as to the English. In 1626, when legate at Paris, he had sent the golden rose to Queen Henrietta Maria; and of his attentions to the English in Rome there are proofs to this day in documents in the British State Paper Office. "I have been to visit the Cardinal Barberino," writes Thomas Windebank from Rome, Sept. 10, 1636, to his father, Secretary Windebank, "who, having notice of my arrival here, sent to visit me first. He is so obliging and courteous to all our nation that I have the less wonder at the honour he doth me." Young Windebank and his brother were then on a tour in Italy; and, after they had been in Rome a second time, their father was

[1] MS. of a Dr. Bargrave of the 17th century; quoted by Todd in his Life of Milton (1826), p. 38.

gratified by a letter from Panzani, dated May 31, 1637, in which, regretting that he had not seen them himself, he says that they have gained golden opinions in Rome by "their singular modesty and other most laudable virtues," and that "the Lord Cardinal Barberino in particular cannot satiate himself in praising them." Another son of Windebank's, who was in Rome in June 1638, or four months before Milton, also writes home to his father speaking of the cardinal's attentions to him.[1]

There is no evidence that Milton entered into such intimate relations with the social world of Rome as he had formed with that of Florence; but there is evidence that he did form relations in Rome also, and that he got very near indeed to the centre. His first introduction of any consequence was to Lucas Holstenius; and, as that introduction and its results are related by himself with graphic precision in a letter of thanks sent to Holstenius about five months afterwards (March 30, 1639), it will be best to quote part of the letter here, reserving the rest for its proper place in the order of time:—

"To Lucas Holstenius in the Vatican at Rome.

"Although I both can, and often do, remember many courteous and most friendly acts which I have experienced at the hands of many in this my passage through Italy, yet, for so brief an acquaintance, I do not know that I can justly say that from any one I have had greater proofs of goodwill than those which have come to me from you. For, when I went up to the Vatican for the purpose of meeting you, you received me, a total stranger to you (unless perchance anything had been previously said about me to you by Alexander Cherubini[2]), with the utmost courtesy. Immediately

[1] G. J. Eggs: *Purpura Docta* (1719); Article Francesco Barberini; Tiraboschi, VIII. 56-57; Ranke, Appendices, Nos. 115-120; and Documents examined in the State Paper Office.

[2] There is a notice of this Alexander Cherubini in the "Pinacotheca" of Janus Nicius Erythræus (*i.e.* a curious collection of contemporary biographic sketches written in Latin by Gianvittorio Rossi, a Roman author, and member of the Umoristi, &c. who was born 1577 and died 1647), from which it appears that, though his name has no place now in Italian literary history, he was known in his lifetime as a prodigy of erudition. He was the son of Laertius Cherubini, an eminent lawyer in Rome; and, though he died at the early age of twenty-eight, and during the last three years of his life was more like a dead man than a living, being tortured horribly by an incurable internal disease, (*acerbissimis viscerum doloribus excruci-*

admitted with politeness into the Museum, I was allowed to behold both the superb collection of books, and also very many manuscript Greek authors set forth with your explanations—some of whom, not yet seen in our age, seemed now in their array, like those in Maro,

'penitus convalle virenti
Inclusæ animæ, superûmque ad limen ituræ,'

to demand the active hands of the printer, and a delivery into the world; others of whom, already edited by your care, are eagerly received everywhere by scholars; I myself, too, being dismissed by you, richer than I came, with two copies of one which you presented to me. Then I could not but believe that it was in consequence of the mention you made of me to the most excellent Cardinal Francesco Barberini, that, when he, a few days after, gave that public musical entertainment with truly Roman magnificence (*ἀκρόαμα illud musicum magnificentiâ vere Romanâ publice exhiberet*), he himself, waiting at the doors, and seeking me out in so great a crowd, nay, almost laying hold of me by the hand, admitted me within in a truly most honourable manner. And when, on this account, I went to pay my respects to him next day, you again were yourself the person who both made access for me, and obtained for me an opportunity for conversing with him at leisure (*colloquendi copiam*), such as, with so great a man (than whom, on the topmost summit of dignity, nothing more kind, nothing more courteous), was truly, considering the place and the time, too ample rather than too sparing. I am quite ignorant, most learned Holstenius, whether I am the only one of my country who have found you so friendly and hospitable, or whether, in respect of your having spent three years in study at Oxford, it is your express habit to confer such obliga-

atus), he seemed to Erythræus to beat all that had been told of Pico, Mirandula and others, for universality of acquisition. "There was nothing in any one of the liberal arts which he did not know, no book extant down to his own time which he had not attentively read, and all whose contents he did not remember;" he was great in Plato, and had rendered many Greek books into Latin. When death released him from his torture, it released him also from the trouble of overwhelming debts, the necessity for contracting which was a mystery to those who knew his simple habits (see *Jani Nicii Erythræi Pinacotheca:* Edit. 1729: pp. 722-725). Erythræus unfortunately gives no dates; but Cherubini was probably near his death and bed-ridden when Milton made his acquaintance. He was exactly the man with whom Holstenius would be intimate in Rome. There is no mention of Alexander Cherubini in the *Apes Romanæ*, probably because he was too young to have published anything before 1632; but two brothers of his are there mentioned—"Angelus Maria Cherubinus," a monk, and "Flavius Cherubinus, his brother," both of whom edited, in or about 1632, a collection of papal Constitutions which had been prepared by their father, Laertius.

tions also on all Englishmen. If the latter, truly, on your part, you are paying back finely to our England the benefits of your schooling there, and you eminently deserve equal thanks, both on private grounds from each of us, and on public grounds for our country. If the former is the case, then that I should have been accounted by you distinguished beyond the rest (*eximium præ cæteris*), and should have seemed worthy so far that you should wish to form a bond of friendship with me (*dignum adeo quîcum velis ξενίαν ποιεῖσθαι*), I both congratulate myself on this opinion of yours, and at the same time put *your* good nature in the place of *my* merit." * * *

It was most probably at the magnificent concert in Cardinal Barberini's palace, mentioned in this letter, that Milton heard for the first time (for he may have had subsequent opportunities) the famous singer, Leonora Baroni. This lady, the Grisi or Jenny Lind of her age, was the daughter of Adriana Baroni of Mantua, surnamed the Fair; and mother and daughter were reputed the finest voices that were, or that, perhaps, ever had been in the world. There was another daughter, Catherine; and the three together made such a musical triad as moved Italy to very madness wherever they went. They either resided habitually in Rome, or were much there between 1637 and 1641; at which time, though all three could play as well as sing, Leonora was the chief singer, her mother usually accompanying her on the lute or theorbo, and her sister sometimes also on the harp. Besides being unparalleled in music, they were highly accomplished and excellent ladies in all respects—Leonora not so handsome as her mother, but graceful, frank, and full of intelligence; and, accordingly, not only did cardinals, nobles, priests, and poets surround them perpetually in deferential circle, but his Holiness himself would sometimes listen in sprightly state. Their fame had reached France and more distant lands.[1]

To hear Leonora sing to her mother's playing was the greatest pleasure in its kind that Rome offered; and there

[1] Bayle's Dictionary, art. Baroni; and Warton's notes quoted in Todd's Milton, with Todd's additions, VII. 252-257.

was no Englishman in Rome that could appreciate it better than Milton. Whatever were his anticipations, they were more than answered; and, while he has left much relating to his visit to Rome untold, he has commemorated in three Latin epigrams his admiration of the matchless Mantuan. Panegyrics in Italian and in Latin had been showered on her in such abundance by her eminent countrymen, that the three epigrams addressed to her by the unknown Englishman may have had less interest for her, even if she understood them, than they have for us.[1]

"To Leonora, singing at Rome.

"To every one, so let the nations believe, there is allotted, from among the ethereal ranks, his own winged angel. What wonder, Leonora, if to thee there should be a greater glory? Thy very voice sounds God as present in thee. Either God, or at least some high intelligence of the deserted heaven, warbles active in secret through thy throat, warbles active and teaches with ease that mortal hearts may by degrees grow accustomed to immortal sound. If, however, God is all things and through all diffused, in thee alone He speaks; all else He inhabits mute.[2]

"To the same.

"Another Leonora captivated the poet Tasso; smitten by the mad love of whom, he walked raging in the world. Ah, unfortunate! how much more happily might he have been lost in thy age, Leonora, and on thy account! He would have heard thee singing with thy Pierian voice, and the golden strings of thy mother's lyre moving in unison. Then, although he had rolled his eyes fiercer than Dircæan Pentheus, or had moped in sheer idiotcy, thou by thy voice couldst have composed his senses wandering in blind whirl, and

[1] On the authority of Erythræus mention is made of a volume of Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish verses, contributed by many pens, and printed at Rome, under the title of "*Applausi Poetici alle glorie della Signora Leonora Baroni.*" Nobody seems in later days to have seen this volume — which is a pity, as a sight of it would determine whether Milton's epigrams were written for it, or separately on his own account. Testi and other Italian poets have sonnets to Leonora in their works.

[2] Cowper, in his metrical translations of Milton's Latin verses, has omitted the first of the three Epigrams to Leonora, on the ground that it is inferior to the other two. I suspect Cowper's taste found the sentiment harsh, if not profane. What would Prynne have said?

with thy breath, thrilling beneath his distempered heart, couldst have charmed him back into rest by thy soul-soothing song.

"TO THE SAME.

"Why boastest thou, Naples, in thy credulity, of the melting Siren, and the renowned shrine of Parthenope Acheloïas, and that the Naiad of the shore gave her sacred body in her death to a Chalcidic funeral-pile?[1] She surely lives even now, and has exchanged the murmurs of hoarse Posilipo[2] for the pleasant bank of the Tiber. There, graced by the studious applauses of the sons of Romulus, she holds both men and gods entranced by her song."

Besides Cherubini, Holstenius, and Cardinal Barberini, there were "other men of learning and genius in Rome (*aliis viris cum doctis tum ingeniosis*)" to whom Milton was introduced, and who received him "most politely."[3] Only one of these, or at most two, can be identified by name—a Roman poet called Joannes Salsillus, and, more vaguely, a person named Selvaggi. Meeting Milton in the academies or elsewhere, these two persons become so much more intimate with him than the rest, or are so much more demonstrative of their admiration, that they present him with two "written encomiums," to be added to those already in his possession. They are both brief—the first consisting of four lines of Latin elegiacs; the other of one elegiac couplet. The flattery in both is so gross that plain prose would be ashamed of them; but the following translation is pretty literal:—

"TO JOHN MILTON, Englishman, deserving to be crowned with the triple laurel of poesy, the Greek doubtless, the Latin, and the Tuscan, an epigram of Joannes Salsillus, Roman.

"Conquered is Homer's Meles; Virgil's Mincio wears willows;
Tasso's Sebeto now ceases to murmur so free;
Thames, being victor, raises higher than any her billows,
Seeing that Milton's muse equals the one to the three."

[1] The Siren Parthenope, according to the legend, having drowned herself because she could not by the sweetness of her voice shipwreck Ulysses, was buried near Naples, which had been founded by the Chalcidici.

[2] Posilipo, a hill near Naples, famous for a grotto or tunnelled road passing through it.

[3] *Def. Sec.* Works, VI. 288.

II.

"To JOHN MILTON.

"Greece may exalt in her Homer, Rome may exalt in her Maro,
England exults in one equalling either of these.

"SELVAGGI."

Who Selvaggi was I have not been able to ascertain; nor, though I have supposed him to be a Roman, in deference to the assumption which has passed hitherto, am I quite sure that he was.[1] Joannes Salsillus I have identified with Giovanni Salzilli, a poet not mentioned in any of the histories of Italian literature, but who was a contributor to the volume of Italian poetry already mentioned as having been published by the academy of the Fantastici in 1637. Among the fifty-one contributors to that volume are Achillini and Testi; and as, even in such company, Salzilli's contributions (eleven sonnets, two canzoni, one canzonetta, and one descriptive poem) occupy no fewer than twenty-two pages out of a total of 272, it is reasonable to suppose that he was an important personage among the Fantastics. As he does not appear among the *Apes Romanæ* of 1631-2, it is also likely that he was a young man; and, if we may judge of the state of his health from the following poem addressed to him by Milton, it is possible that the reason why we hear so little of him afterwards was that he died early. Milton had probably read his compositions in the volume referred to, and thought highly of them. The poem is one of condolence, and is written in Latin scazons, or "limping measure"—so called from a peculiarity at the end of each line, giving the effect as of a limp or of coming suddenly to the last step of a stair with the wrong emphasis. This peculiarity we must diffuse in our version.

[1] Among the multitudinous names of Italian poets in Quadrio, there is a Massimiliano Selvaggi, who contributes to a volume of poems published at Genoa in 1595; also a Pantaleone Selvaggi or Silvaggio, a small Genoese poet (date not given); also a Benedetto Salvago, a native of Messina, but of Genoese extraction, living about 1637, and possibly in Rome. There is no Selvaggi among the "Apes Romanæ." There was a "Carolus Selvaghius, Theologus," originally Professor of Laws at Naples, afterwards Interpreter of the Pandects at Rome, in the Pontificate of Alexander VII. and author of a treatise "De Origine, Ethymo et præstantiâ Pandectarum."

"To Salsillus, a Roman Poet, in his illness.

A POEM IN SCAZONS.

"O thou muse that by choice draggest along a limping pace, and delightest, slow as thou art, in the gait of Vulcan, nor thinkest that less delightful in its place than when yellow-haired Deiope lifts alternate her graceful feet before the golden couch of Juno, be present now, and carry these few words to Salsillus, to whose heart our poetry is so dear, and who prefers it undeservedly to what is great and divine. He who says this is that Milton, a Londoner by birth, who, leaving in these days his own nest, and that polar tract of earth, where the worst of the winds, with wild and unruly lungs, blows incessant his gasping blasts under the inclement sky, has come to the fertile fields of the Italian soil, to behold its cities known by proud renown, and its existing men, and the genius of its learned youth. The same Milton wishes you, Salsillus, all that is good, and complete health for your languid body, where bile, deep-seated, now infests the spleen, and, fixed in the chest, hurts the breathing—impious, indeed, not to have spared this to you, who with Roman mouth modulate, in so accomplished a manner, the Lesbian song! O sweet gift of the gods, O Health, sister of Hebe, and thou, Phœbus, the foe of diseases, slayer of Python, or Pæan, if thou preferrest that name, this man is thy priest. Ye oak-groves of Faunus, and ye hills kindly with the vinous dew, seats of the mild Evander, if there grows aught salubrious in your valleys, bring ye hither, with contending speed, relief to the sick poet. Thus he, restored again to the loving Muses, will charm with his sweet song the neighbouring meads. Numa himself shall wonder at the strain among the gloomy groves where he leads his life of blessed eternal quiet, gazing always, as he reclines, at his own Egeria. The swollen Tiber himself also, soothed by the influence, shall favour the annual hope of the husbandmen; nor shall advance to besiege kings in their tombs, rushing loosely on with too left a rein; but shall better rule the course of his waters on to where they lose themselves in the salt kingdoms of the curved Portumnus."[1]

[1] It is interesting to note, in this poem, not only the general references to the Italian climate in contrast with the British, but also the topographical allusions to Rome and its neighbourhood—the vine-clad hills of Evander, the legendary Arcadian who ruled a colony in Italy, and received Æneas; the swollen Tiber; and the so-called fountain of Egeria near the city, the supposed site of Numa's dusky grove. From the phraseology of these allu-

Nearly two months having been spent in Rome, Milton sets out, apparently in November 1638, for Naples. From his manner of speaking of the journey, it appears that he went by the ordinary land-road and by *vettura*. It was a journey of upwards of a hundred miles, and must have been divided into several stages by intermediate towns and villages. To while away the tedium of the journey, however, there is, in addition to the scenery, to the talk of his man-servant, and to the ordinary incidents at inns, the conversation of an Italian fellow-traveller, who is likewise bound for Naples. This is "a certain Eremite friar," whose name, unfortunately, is not given. Talking with the Englishman, and being himself a man of culture, he at length, as we are left to guess, becomes interested in him, and, learning his destination, his general purpose in travelling, and perhaps also the names of some of his friends in Florence and Rome, volunteers some such remark as this, "When you are in Naples, you *must* know Manso." When the name was mentioned, Milton probably knew all about the person so designated; but, while the *vettura* is jogging on, and the two fellow-travellers are conversing, we may furnish the necessary information.

Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, and Lord of the cities of Bisaccio and Panca, in the territorities of Naples, was born in 1561. He had served with distinction as a soldier; but, on the whole, his life from the first had taken what was then almost the only possible direction to a chivalrous and wealthy Italian in his circumstances—that of earnest self-training, and the cultivation, in the shape of art, philosophy, and high-toned amusement, of whatever was hopeful around him. He was a young man, living at Naples, as inferior only to the Spanish viceroy in rank and influence, when Tasso's restless melancholy sought refuge at his door (1588).

sions, it might seem that Milton, while visiting the spots of classic interest about Rome, referred to his Livy and his Horace to help out the prosaic details of the guide-book. In his reference to the Tiber, he all but quotes Horace, Ode I. 2.

Great, unhappy Tasso, how all Italy then admired and pitied him! Tossed about from his infancy—from Neapolitan Sorrento, where he had been born, to Rome in his first boyhood, thence to Venice, thence to Padua, to Bologna, and to numberless places more—fate had brought him, when he was still a youth, but when his "Rinaldo" was already out in the world, to his place of doom in Ferrara. After fourteen years of honoured and pensioned life here (1565—1579),—varied by occasional tours, and, towards the end of the time, by unaccountable flights and abrupt returns—his madness, or his passion for the duke's sister, the princess Leonora, had broken bounds. He was tortured by fears that he was unsound in the faith; he uttered wild sayings against the duke and all about him; he rushed at a servant of the court with a knife. Provoked by these outbreaks, or discovering his love for Leonora, or enraged by his flights from his service, the duke, after putting him under gentle restraint, which might have seemed excusable, had done the deed which blasted his name and sullied the ancient literary honours won by the house of Este. For a year, Tasso had been confined inhumanly as a pauper lunatic in a hospital, addressing doleful sonnets and letters to the duke and the princesses; nor, though more liberty was afterwards allowed him, could the reclamations of all Italy—familiar with his "Aminta" since 1573, and now ringing with the fame of his "Gerusalemme Liberata"—procure his effective release. At length, in 1586, intercessions of cardinals and princes prevailed, and Tasso was free to wander where he chose. Leonora had been dead five years; and seven years of imprisonment had done their work besides. Recognised as the greatest poet of his time, the latest comer in the series of Italy's noblest sons,—nay, with a mind still clear and sane at the highest, slowly labouring into sweetness a second poem of the Crusades, and rolling thoughts of sublimer subjects beyond that, Tasso was the prey of incurable madness. He saw apparitions—sometimes glorious, as when the Virgin appeared to him sphered in crimson vapour, sometimes horrible and impish; he heard aërial laughs, hisses, and the ringing of bells; he suspected all around him; he

could rest nowhere. Eluding his friends, he would change his place of abode suddenly. He would pass unknown through villages, observed as a man of the largest frame, large even among large men, of solemn and silent demeanour, and always dressed in black, with linen of the purest white. Sometimes he would pass through woods and disturb brigands at their carouse. In one of these rambles he came, by appointment, from his head-quarters at Rome, to his almost native Naples, which he had left in childhood, and visited but once since. Then it was that Manso and he had become acquainted —Tasso at the age of forty-four, and Manso in his twenty-eighth year. At Manso's noble villa near Naples, and then at his villa at Bisaccio, Tasso had been tended with the utmost care, and surrounded by all that could soothe and amuse him. His affection for Manso became greater than for any man he had seen, with perhaps one exception ; while Manso's admiration of him grew with every day's knowledge. Once Manso was present when his spirit was with him ; he called on Manso to look ; and Manso heard him talk in so rapt and lofty a strain, that he thought he would be himself more likely to end in believing in the delusion, than to cure Tasso. This first visit lasted for some time ; and twice again Tasso, in his wanderings, had come to Naples as Manso's guest. It was during the last of these visits (1594), that he completed his "Gerusalemme Conquistata," in which he introduces Manso's name among those of the Campanian princes ; and it was then also that he began or projected his "Sette Giornate," or "Seven Days of Creation," and his "Dialogue on Friendship," in which he makes Manso one of the speakers, and which, when finished, he dedicated to Manso, and entitled "Il Manso" after him. On his death-bed at Rome, in the following year (1595), Manso's name was on his lips ; and a picture of himself, which Manso had had painted, was bequeathed back to his keeping. It was reserved for Manso, when he visited Rome some years afterwards, to cause the words, "*Torquati Tassi Ossa*," to be inscribed on the plain stone in the Church of St. Onuphrio, under which Tasso had been buried, and which had till then remained without mark

or inscription. The privilege of erecting a tomb was denied to him.

The same offices of friendship which Manso had performed to his senior, Tasso, in the last years of his life, were performed by him, with variations, and over a longer period, to Italy's next most celebrated poet, his junior in years, the soft and sensuous Marini. The life of this poet, from his birth at Naples in 1569, to his death in the same city in 1625, had likewise been one of wandering and vicissitude; and the Italian world, then at the height, or in the depth, of their admiration of his peculiar genius, and not yet accustomed to think of him as "*il piu contagioso corrompitor del buon gusto in Italia*," accounted it little less to the glory of Manso that he had protected him, than that he had tended Tasso. Marini, too, had lived under Manso's roof; had been led by his advice, and served by him in many ways; and, dying in the very acme of his fame, at the court of the Spanish viceroy, two years after his "Adone" was published, he had left it to Manso to bury him, and to erect his monument.

To have been the friend of Tasso and Marini, would have been distinction enough in the life of an Italian noble. These were but the more brilliant reminiscences, however, of a life identified at many points with the course of Italian literature during the preceding half-century, and more especially with the intellectual interests of Southern Italy in its condition as a Spanish province. Manso was himself an author. His first known work was his "*Paradossi, ovvero dell' amore Dialoghi*," a set of philosophical prose dialogues on Love, published, apparently without his consent, at Milan, in 1608; another set of Dialogues, entitled "*L'Erocallia*," or "Love and Beauty," had been published at Venice in 1618, and again at Milan in 1628; his most interesting work, his "Life of Tasso," including a singularly affectionate collection of details respecting the poet's looks, and habits, and opinions, had been published at Naples in 1619, reprinted twice at Venice, and again at Rome in 1634—not acknowledged by the author, but not disowned by him; and, lastly, save that he was understood to be preparing a similar biography of Marini,

the world had had an opportunity of judging of his talents in poetry, by the publication at Venice, in 1635, of a collection of his juvenile poems, chiefly sonnets and canzoni, under the title of "*Poesie Nomiche, divise in Rime amorose, sacre e morali.*" To the last were affixed, among complimentary sonnets from many friends, six from the pen of Tasso, and three from that of Marini. Nor was this all. Two of the most famous institutions of Naples owed their origin to Manso, and honoured him as their president and patron; the so-called academy of the *Oziosi* (the "Idlers," or "Leisureties,"), and the college or seminary *Dei Nobili*. The one was very much on the model of the other Italian academies, and held its meetings at Manso's Neapolitan villa; the other, founded expressly for the education of the young Neapolitan nobles, was an institution of Manso's own devising, and in whose interest he was more frugal of his fortunes than appeared necessary, that he might endow it the more suitably at his death. Here, not only was intellectual and artistic culture of all kinds attended to, but there was a systematic discipline of the youth in riding, fencing, and all chivalrous and soldierly exercises, in order that "by such sportive handling of arms, they might learn how to use them, when they should have to assume them in earnest." There were similar exercises at the meetings of the Oziosi. Perhaps the Spaniards might have looked with suspicion on such practices, had they been under the auspices of any one else than Manso.

And so, in the year 1638, there was not a name in Italy more universally known than that of the venerable Manso, Marquis of Villa. He was then in his seventy-eighth year; and, Molino of Venice and Strozzi of Rome being recently dead, he was regarded as the sole survivor of the three private noblemen of his age who had rivalled ruling princes in their munificence to letters. The Church, too, held him in honour as one in whom piety and orthodox scrupulosity had been life-long characteristics; while, among his lay friends, the strictness of his moral notions seemed the result of a life not only free from all common vices, but regulated on some such

principle of chivalrous asceticism as that which he praised in Tasso. In a portrait of him in youth, clad in armour of mail, I see some resemblance to the English Sir Philip Sidney; but the eyes seem languid and dreamy. In his old age he preserved his dignity of bearing, even while joining in the revels of his younger friends, and submitting to every law or custom of their frolicsome society. One of his great rules of chivalry and good fellowship was that of obedience to orders, whatever they might be; and when, on certain days of mirth, the young men would test this rule on himself, by ordering him to do the most absurd acts, he would do them in the readiest manner. "As the custom was, in the club meetings of the blessed Virgin, to which he belonged, he would cheerfully bear being rallied on his defects; being ordered to touch the ground with his mouth, or to kiss the feet of his associates, he would not elude the command and refuse; nor would he be less obedient, if he were ordered to take off from his head the periwig which concealed his baldness, for straightway off it would go, and he would exhibit his bald head manfully amid the great laughter of the beholders." Dignity that could bear up under this must have had a touch of Socratic sublimity in it.[1]

But our travellers have arrived at Naples, and are in the vicinity of the man of whom they have been speaking. Milton and his servant settle themselves in some convenient inn, not, perhaps, without the friendly help of the Eremite, who repeats, as he takes his leave, "Signor Englishman, you *must* know our Manso." Bless his shaven anonymous head!

The Eremite is as good as his word, for he does bring Milton and Manso together. "By a certain Eremite," says Milton, "with whom I had made the journey from Rome, I was intro-
"duced to Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marquis of Villa, a most
"noble and important man (to whom Torquatus Tasso, the
"famous Italian poet, addressed his Discourse on Friend-
"ship), and, as long as I stayed there, I experienced him

[1] A notice of Manso in *Jani Nicii Erythræi Pinacotheca* has furnished particulars for the foregoing sketch in addition to those gathered from Tiraboschi and other common sources, and from Manso's *Vita di Tasso* and his *Poesie Nomiche*.

"truly most friendly to me; he himself leading me round "through the different parts of the city, and the palace of "the Viceroy, and coming himself, not once only, to my "inn to visit me."

Even for the ordinary purposes of a tourist, Milton could not have had a better guide. Manso loved his native city with the enthusiasm of an artist; he was familiar with every aspect of its sky, and with every spot around it sacred either by beauty or by tradition; and I have not seen a description of Naples more succinctly charming than that which he introduces in his Life of Tasso, where he speaks of the poet's rapture with it during the visit in which their friendship had been formed. After dwelling on the fineness of the climate, the wonderful natural art of the site, and the largeness of the city seen at the first glance, he passes to the perpetual sea-view on the south, the gentle slopes of the hills behind, the amplitude of the plains on the east, and the verdure of Posilipo on the west. Then, widening the circuit, he stations the visitor with himself on the delightful shore of the bay, bidding him observe how the sea sweeps into it, in a cup-like curve. "On the right side of this," he says, "are the "shores and rocks glorious by the sepulture of Virgil and "Sannazaro, by the grotto of Lucullus, the villa of Cicero, "the still and the bubbling waters of Cumæ, and the fires "of Pozzuoli, all protected by the mountains of Baiæ, the "promontory of Miletus, and the island of Ischia,—dear no "less for the fable of Typhœus than for its own fertility; on "the left are the shores no less famous by the tomb of Par-"thenope, by Arethusa's subterranean streams, by the gardens "of Pompeii, by the fresh running waters of Sebeto, and "by the smoke of burning Vesuvius, all equally shut in by "the mountain of Gaurus, by the promontory of Minerva, "and by the isle of Capri, where Tiberius hid at once his "luxury and his vices." Then, returning to the city itself in detail, he descants on the strength of the castle and fortifications, the length and straightness of the streets, the spaciousness of the squares, the variety of the plentiful fountains, the magnificence of the public and private buildings, the con-

course of foreign residents, the crowd and bustle of the innumerable populace, the pomp of the cavaliers, the number of the princes and the nobility, the assemblage of merchants and of country people in the markets, and the superabundance of all the requisites of pleasant life, from the wines to the fruits and the flowers. All this, he says, Tasso had admired and praised; and, had there been a spot in all the world where he could have been at rest, it would surely have been Naples.[1]

With none the less pleasure would Milton behold all this, because Tasso had beheld it before him, or because he had read Manso's description of it in the very pages in which it may be read still, or because the same Manso was with him to point out the separate beauties as he had pointed them out to Tasso fifty years before, and to tell him how here Tasso had uttered such a saying, here he had seemed suddenly moody, and here he had lifted his blue eyes to heaven with that peculiar soaring look which he had seen in no man else. And then to enter Manso's villa close by the hill of Posilipo, and the grotto of Pozzuoli, with the sea at its feet, and the view of the bay from its windows;[2] to know that Tasso and Marini had been there before him; to hear farther accounts of them; and to experience the courtesies which they had experienced! There may have been meetings with some of Manso's friends of the *Oziosi;* and, among them, with some of the celebrities of Naples whose names are still remembered, if not actually a glimpse of Domenichino and Salvator Rosa. In any case there was talk, and free talk, with Manso himself of England and of Italy, of poetry in general, of Milton's opinions and plans and prospects. To the interest of the old man in the young Englishman there was but one drawback, and it limited his hospitalities more than he could have wished. "He excused himself to me," says Milton, "that, "though he wished excessively to have shown me much greater "attention, he had not been able to do so in that city, because "I would not be more close in the matter of religion." Perhaps

[1] Vita di Tasso: Edit. 1634, pp. 190-193.

[2] Appendix No. 5 to Walker's "Historical Memoir of Italian Tragedy" (1799), where the site of Manso's villa is approximately determined by documentary evidence.

also in other matters! The beautiful region on which Nature lavished her smiles, why was it muffled in crape? why did it not cast off the Spaniard? Manso's own honourable life, had it been all that it might have been? Hush! these thoughts are not for the villa of the Marquis; see that skiff, brown-sailed on the bay! A young lad from Amalfi is there, known among the lazzaroni. Now his song rises light on the breeze; but, a few years hence, all Naples will be round him, and the world will hear of the fisherman Masaniello!

Milton had not intended that Naples should be the termination of his journey southwards. Sicily and Greece had been in his programme — lands older in history and in song than any he had visited yet, and the visiting of which would be the opening to him of a bit of the more primeval Mediterranean. Why he did not proceed, he explains himself. "While I was desirous," he says, "to cross into Sicily and "Greece, the sad news of civil war coming from England "called me back; for I considered it disgraceful that, while "my fellow-countrymen were fighting at home for liberty, I "should be travelling abroad at ease for intellectual pur-"poses." Assuming that Milton received this intelligence in Naples about the middle, or towards the end of December 1638, it was an exaggeration in form, though not in fact. The substance of what had occurred in Britain since Milton's departure, was that the Scotch Covenanting movement had become national; that, driven at last to yield, the king had sent the Marquis of Hamilton north as his Commissioner; that the Marquis had gone and come several times, making larger and larger concessions each time; that, these concessions availing nothing, the king had permitted the meeting of a General Assembly at Glasgow (Nov. 21); that this Assembly, going to greater lengths than even perplexed royalty could brook, had been dissolved by the Marquis by royal proclamation (Nov. 29), but had continued nevertheless to sit— deposing the bishops, tearing down every branch and rooting up every stump of Episcopacy; that, consequently, Scotland was in open rebellion, and that English Puritanism was stirring sympathetically. Rumours of these events may have

reached Milton, magnified by distance and distorted by passing through Paris. Enough was true, however, to make his resolution to return a right one.

Having made up his mind to return, Milton thinks it but fit that he should thank Manso for his kindness in a more deliberate manner than usual. He accordingly writes and addresses to him the following epistle in Latin hexameter verse—the heading being, of course, a subsequent addition, when (Manso being still alive) the epistle was published in England.[1]

"MANSO.

"Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marquis of Villa, is a man illustrious in the first rank among Italians by the reputation of his genius, as well in the study of letters as also in warlike valour. There is extant a Dialogue of Torquato Tasso 'On Friendship,' addressed to him; for he was Tasso's most intimate friend; by whom he is also celebrated among the princes of Campania in the poem entitled *Gerusalemme Conquistata*, book XX.

'Fra cavalier magnanimi e cortesi,
Risplende il Manso——'

This nobleman honoured the author, during his stay in Naples, with every kindness in his power, and conferred on him many acts of courtesy; to him, therefore, his guest, before leaving that city, to show himself not ungrateful, sent the following piece of verse.

"These verses, also, Manso, the Muses meditate in thy praise, in thine, O Manso, of men most known to the choir of Phœbus, seeing that, since Gallus died and Etruscan Mæcenas, he has deemed no one else worthy of equal honour. Thou also, if the breath of our poesy so far avails, shalt sit among the victorious ivy-wreaths and the laurels. A happy friendship joined thee long ago with the great Tasso, and inscribed thy name on his eternal pages. Next the Muse, not in ignorance, consigned to thy care the sweet-speaking Marini. It is as thy pupil that he delights to be regarded, while, in prolix story, he sings the Assyrian loves of the gods, and, with his soft verse, astounds the Ausonian nymphs. That poet, also, dying, left to thee alone his bones as thy trust, and to thee alone his last wishes; nor did thy loving piety deceive the spirit of thy friend; for we have beheld the poet smiling, as alive, from the

[1] Manso died in 1645, ætat. 84; and the first edition of Milton's poems, including the epistle, was published in the same year.

well-laboured brass. Nor has this seemed enough towards either, nor do thy pious offices cease at the grave. In as far as is possible, thou wouldst snatch the men entire from Orcus, and wouldst elude, in their behalf, the greedy laws of the Fates; describing as thou dost the genealogy of both, and their lives passed under various fortune, and their manners and their intellectual gifts—a rival herein of him who, born at lofty Mycale [Plutarch], restored by his eloquence the life of Æolian Homer. I, therefore, also, in the name of Clio and of great Phœbus, wish thee, my father Manso, a long age of health—I, a foreign youth, sent hither from the polar north. Nor wilt thou, in thy goodness, scorn the far-off Muse, which, lately nourished scarce to maturity under the Arctic cold, has dared, indiscreetly, to fly through the Italian cities. We also believe ourselves to have heard, through the obscure shades of night, the song of the swans in that stream of ours, where Thames, broad and silvery from its pure fountains, bathes with its tide the blue hairs of Ocean. Moreover, our Tityrus himself [Chaucer, always so called in Spenser, says Warton] came of yore into these very lands of yours. Nor are even we a race uncultured and useless to Phœbus, in that region of the world in whose sky is conspicuous the seven-starred Plough, and which underlies in the long nights the wintry Bootes. We, too, worship Phœbus; we also, unless antiquity reports vanities, have sent, as gifts to Phœbus, our yellowing ears of corn, and baskets of our ruddy apples, and the fragrant crocus, and choral companies of maidens chosen from the race of the Druids. The Druids, an ancient race, skilled in the sacred rites of the gods, sang the praises of heroes and deeds worthy of imitation; and hence, as often as the Grecian maidens, according to custom, surround with festive song the altars of grassy Delos, they commemorate in joyful strains Loxo, the daughter of Corineus, and prophetic Upis, and yellow-haired Hecäerge, their bare bosoms stained with Caledonian woad.[1] Wherefore, O fortunate old man, wheresoever through the world the glory and vast name of Tasso shall be celebrated, and the bright fame of enduring Marini shall continue to grow, thou also shalt often come into the mouths and the applauses of men, and with proportioned flight shalt

[1] The reference is to the three Hyperborean nymphs—Loxo, Upis, and Hecäerge—who, in the hymn of Callimachus, send fruits to Apollo at Delos. Milton makes them British nymphs (Loxo, the daughter of the British Corineus), and remembered as such in Delos. See Warton's note on the passage.

wing thy immortal way. Then shall it be said that Apollo voluntarily dwelt in thy household, and that his handmaidens the Muses came to thy gates; and yet it was not voluntarily that the same Apollo, when a fugitive from heaven, entered the house and lands of the Thessalian king of Pheræ, although the great Hercules had been received there as a guest before him. Only, when it pleased him to avoid the noisy herdsmen, he went into the noble cave of gentle Chiron, and the winding thickets and the leafy shades near the river Peneus;[1] and there often under a dark oak, induced by the kindly prayer of his friend, he assuaged the hard pains of exile by fitting his voice to the sound of his lyre. Then neither bank, nor block of stone, mortared in its lowest depths, kept their appointed places; the Trachinian rock nods, nor feels the huge weight of its wonted woods; the uprooted elms hurry from their hills; and the spotty lynxes grow tame at the sound of so strange a song. Old man, loved of the gods, Jupiter must have been friendly at thy birth, and Phœbus and Mercury must have illustrated it with their mildest light; for no one, unless from his birth dear to the gods above, will be privileged to have favoured a great poet. Hence, thy old age blooms as with late lingering flowers, and purchases the gift of renewed youth, preserving to thee thy locks of honour not yet fallen,[2] and genius of unabated vigour, and thy mind in perfect edge. O that *my* lot might yield me such a friend, one who should know as well how to decorate Apollo's children, if perchance *I* shall ever call back into verse our native kings, and Arthur stirring wars even under the earth that hides him, or speak of the great-souled heroes, the knights of the unconquered Table, bound in confederate brotherhood, and (O may the spirit be present to me!) break the Saxon phalanxes under the British Mars. Then, when, having measured out the period of a not silent life, and full of years, I shall leave the dust its due, he would stand by my bed with wet eyes; it would be enough if I said to him standing by, 'Let me be thy charge;' he would see that my limbs, slacked in livid death, were softly laid in the narrow coffin; perchance he would bring out from the marble our features, wreathing the hair either with the leaf of Paphian myrtle or with that of Parnassian

[1] "Apollo, being driven from heaven, kept the cattle of King Admetus, in Thessaly, who had entertained Hercules. This was in the neighbourhood of the river Peneus and of mount Pelion, inhabited by Chiron" (Warton). Chiron was one of the Centaurs, but highly educated, of the mildest manners, and most hospitable to sages who visited his cave.

[2] I cannot reconcile this with the story of the periwig in Erythræus.

laurel; but *I* should repose in secure peace. Then, too, if faith is aught, if there are assured rewards of the good, I myself, withdrawn into the ether of the heaven-housed gods, whither labour and the pure mind and the fire of virtue carry us, shall behold these things from some part of the unseen world, as far as the fates allow, and, smiling serene, with soul entire, shall feel my face suffused with the purple light, and applaud myself the while in the joy of ethereal Olympus."

Thus nobly addressed, Manso shows his corresponding appreciation of the genius and other qualities of his visitor, by a gift of two cups of rich workmanship, and having on them two engraved designs—the one an Oriental scene, the other a scene from classic mythology;[1] and to this gift he adds the following epigram in a Latin elegiac couplet. The compliment (an adaptation to Milton of the well-known story of the beautiful Anglic youths at Rome) is as pointed as it is brief:—

"Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marquis of Villa, Neapolitan, to John Milton, Englishman.

"Mind, form, grace, face, and morals are perfect; if but thy creed were,
Then not Anglic alone, truly Angelic thou'dst be."

The sentiment expressed so delicately, and yet so distinctly, by Manso, seems to have been very general among Milton's Italian acquaintances. From his first entry into Italy, he had thrown aside Scipioni's maxim, recommended to him at his departure by Sir Henry Wotton. Wherever he had been, he had been frank, and, when necessary, even polemical on the subject of his religious principles; so that, having met so many persons, he had left behind him a track of remarks, criticisms, and comments. In most quarters the criticisms were kindly enough; among some of the free young spirits the feeling may have been that of increased admiration; but there were quarters where necessarily opinion took a more hostile turn. "When I was about to return to Rome," he

[1] See the cups described, *Epitaphium Damonis*, lines 181-197. This Latin poem was not written till after the date of the present volume; but it contains retrospective allusions to his travels.

says, "the merchants [at Naples] warned me that they had "learnt by letters that snares were being laid for me by the "English Jesuits, if I should return to Rome, on the ground "that I had spoken too freely concerning religion. For I had "made this resolution with myself—not, indeed, of my own "accord to introduce in those places conversation about "religion, but, if interrogated respecting the faith, then, what-"soever I should suffer, to dissemble nothing. To Rome, "therefore, I did return, notwithstanding what I had been "told; what I was, if any one asked, I concealed from no "one; if any one, in the very city of the Pope, attacked "the orthodox religion, I, as before, for a second space of "nearly two months, defended it most freely."[1] This is all that Milton records of his second two months in Rome (Jan. and part of Feb. 1639); and we are left to imagine for ourselves his continued occupations and relaxations during these two months in the now more familiar city—his renewed intercourse with Cherubini, Holstenius, Salzilli, and others; his renewed appearances in the Roman academies; the additional opportunities he may have had of hearing Leonora sing; and his presence, with other Englishmen, at some of the impressive ceremonies with which the beginning of the year is celebrated in the Roman chapels and churches.[2] The English Jesuits having, after all, made no attempt to molest him, he takes his final farewell of Rome, probably before

[1] *Def. Sec.:* Works, VI. pp. 288, 289: Milton did not exaggerate the danger. "If a man in his going thither [to Italy] converse with Italians and discuss or dispute his religion, he is sure, unless he fly, to be complained on and brought before the Inquisition." So writes Lord Chandos, in a passage in his *Horæ Subsecivæ*, published 1620, as quoted by Mr. Mitford in his Memoir of Milton (p. xxxvi.). Wood speaks as if he had heard from several quarters of Milton's "resoluteness" in his religion at Rome, and of the anger of the English Jesuits in consequence, and the fear of others in Rome "to express their civilities, which otherwise they would have done."

[2] It is quite possible that one or two of the incidents which I have referred to Milton's first visit to Rome took place in the second. The most important incident—his introduction to Holstenius, and consequently to Cardinal Barberini — is distinctly referred by himself to the first (*Def. Sec.*); but the encomiums of Salzilli and Selvaggi, and the Epigrams to Leonora, may belong to the second. In the language of the second and third of the Epigrams to Leonora, indeed, there is some shade of proof that they were written after he had been in Naples — the allusion to Tasso in the second having a certain vividness, as from recent thoughts about him with Manso; and the local allusions to Naples in the third having the distinctness of personal recollection. Certainty in the matter being impossible, however, I have, for the sake of coherence in the narrative, kept the incidents together.

the end of February, and arrives for the second time in Florence.

At Florence he was received, he says, with no less eagerness than if the return had been to his native country and his friends at home; and two months (bringing him, say, to the middle of April 1639) were again spent by him most agreeably in the society of Gaddi, Dati, Frescobaldi, Coltellini, Buommattei, Chimentelli, Francini, and the rest. There may have been a second or a third visit to Galileo.[1] It was from Florence, and apparently towards the end of the two months, that he wrote that letter of thanks to Holstenius, of which a fragment has already been quoted. The remainder, referring to a kind of commission which Holstenius had given him on his departure for Florence, has its proper place here.

"* * * The commission which you seemed to give me as to the inspecting of a Medicean codex, I have already carefully reported to my friends; who, however, hold forth for the present very small hope of effecting that matter. In that library, I am told, nothing can be copied, unless by leave first obtained; it is not permitted even to bring a pen to the tables. But they tell me that Giovanni Battista Doni is now in Rome; he, having been invited to Florence to undertake the public lectureship in Greek, is daily expected; and through him they say it will be easy for you to compass what you want.[2] Still it would have been truly a most gratifying accident for me, if a matter of a kind so eminently desirable had advanced somewhat farther by my little endeavour, rather than

[1] The remark as to the possibility of a division of the recorded incidents into those of the first and those of the second visit, applies to Florence as well as to Rome. I find, from letters in the State Paper Office, that Secretary Windebank's son, Christopher, was residing in Florence at the time of Milton's second visit, and receiving many attentions from the Grand Duke, who was very anxious to learn "how things were going on in Scotland," and wondering how that "barbarous nation" could give their king so much trouble. The Scotch commotions seem to have been the talk of all the European courts in 1638-9.

[2] Holstenius knew Doni very well, and the defects of the Laurentian Library at Florence too; for among his printed letters (*Lucæ Holstenii Epistolæ ad diversos:* Paris, 1817) is one of date Dec. 15, 1629, addressed to Doni on the very subject of a visit which he (Holstenius) had paid to this library. He has not had time, he says, thoroughly to examine it, which would take at least four days; but he has noted that "this library also has, with others, that common defect of being under the charge of those who know not even the names of authors sufficiently, and are mere keepers of books." Since then, Doni and Holstenius must have been much together at Cardinal Barberini's; but, as already stated, Doni seems to have been absent from Rome when Milton was there, and to have returned just as Milton left.

otherwise; seeing that it is disgraceful that, engaged as you are in work so honourable and illustrious, all men, methods, and circumstances, should not everywhere be at your bidding. For the rest, you will have bound me by a new obligation, if you salute the most eminent Cardinal [Milton gives the Cardinal his proper legal title, then recent] with all possible observance, in my name; whose great virtues and anxiety to do right, singularly ready also for the promotion of all the liberal arts, are always present before my eyes, as well as that meek, and, if I may so say, submissive loftiness of mind, which alone has taught him to raise by humbling himself; concerning which it may truly be said, as is said of Ceres in Callimachus, though with a turn of the sense: '*Feet to the earth still cling, while the head is touching Olympus.*' Herein might be a proof to other princes how far asunder and alien from true magnanimity, is that sad superciliousness of theirs, and that courtly haughtiness. Nor do I think that, while he is alive, men will have to miss any more the Este, the Farnesi, or the Medici, formerly the favourers of learned men. Farewell, most learned Holstenius; and, if there is any one more than ordinarily a lover of you, and of your studies, I would wish you to reckon me along with him, if you think that of so much consequence, wheresoever in the world my future may be.

"*Florence, March* 30, 1639."

The two months at Florence were interrupted by an excursion of "a few days" to Lucca, about forty miles distant. There were antiquities and interesting works of art at Lucca; but, as there was nothing of contemporary importance in its history, I can only suppose that the visit was a pilgrimage of friendship, that he might see the town whence Diodati derived his lineage. In any case, he had to return to Florence, in order to take the route which he had projected for his return northward through other parts of Italy. "Having crossed the Apennines," he says, "I passed through Bologna and Ferrara on my way to Venice." The two cities of the Papal States thus dismissed incidentally, might have been worthy of longer time—Bologna, as the most flourishing and liberal city in the pope's dominions, the scene of Tassoni's *Secchia Rapita,* the seat of the most ancient university in Italy, and of more academies and other such institutions than any

other Italian town; and Ferrara, as once the capital of the princely house of Este, and as consecrated by the house and tomb of Ariosto, and Tasso's terrible prison. For these associations he probably did visit them, contenting himself with a general glance, and omitting details. And yet it seems to be with this transit through Bologna and Ferrara on the way to Venice, rather than with any other portion of his Italian tour, that we are bound to connect what is, in one respect, the most characteristic relic of that tour as a whole—his own attempts in Italian verse. These attempts, consisting of five sonnets and one canzone, have been usually referred to Florence or to Rome; but, though I am not positive that such reference is incorrect, the compositions themselves seem to imply a date subsequent to the visit to Bologna. It is necessary that some sort of literal version should be before the reader to enable him to judge. It is well also that he should know first that a river called the Reno flows close by Bologna; that this river, after passing Bologna, takes a northern course through the rich level country lying between Bologna and Ferrara, before bending eastward to the Adriatic; and that, in going from Bologna to Ferrara, it has to be crossed at a ford or ferry at a town called Malalbergo, twenty miles from Bologna and ten from Ferrara. This information is the more necessary because the Reno, named in the first sonnet, has been supposed to be the German Rhine—a supposition utterly perplexing.[1]

I.

"Graceful lady, thou whose beautiful name honours the grassy vale of the Reno and its noble ford, devoid of all worth is he whom thy gentle spirit does not enamour, which reveals itself sweetly without, never sparing of its winning acts, and of those gifts, the arrows and the bow of love, wherewith thy high virtue decks itself. When gracefully thou speakest, or gaily singest, so as might move the hard wood from the hills, then let each one guard the entrance to his eyes and to his ears who finds himself unworthy

[1] Cowper, in his translation, makes the river the Rhine; and I think that has been the notion with others hitherto; but Mr. Keightley is an exception.

of thee; let grace from above avail him before the passion of love grows old in his heart.

II.

"As on a rough hill, at the browning of even, the native young shepherdess waters some strange and beautiful plant which spreads itself ill, in the unaccustomed clime, far from its own genial and native spring; so Love, with me, quick in expression, raises the new flower of a foreign speech, while I sing of thee, graciously haughty, in words not understood by my own good countrymen, and exchange the beautiful Thames for the beautiful Arno. Love has so wished it; and, by the hap of others, I know well that Love never wishes a thing in vain. O were my sluggish heart and hard breast as good a soil to Him who plants from heaven!

CANZONE.

"The ladies and the amorous youths laugh at me, accosting me round. 'Why dost thou write, why dost thou write, versifying of love in an unknown and strange tongue; and how canst thou dare it? Say! so may thy hope not be in vain, and the best of thy thoughts turn out well!' Thus they go on jeering me: 'Other rivers, other shores expect thee, and other waves, on whose verdant borders there sprouts, now and again, for thy hair, the deathless recompense of eternal leaves; why loadest thou thy shoulders with this excessive burthen?' My Song, I will tell thee, and thou shalt answer them for me. My lady spoke, and her saying is in my heart: 'This is the tongue in which Love delights.'

III.

"Diodati (and I tell it thee with wonder), stubborn I, who used to scorn Love, and often laugh at his snares, have fallen at length where sometimes an honest man finds himself entangled. It is not tresses of gold nor cheeks of vermeil tincture that dazzle me so, but the new type of a foreign beauty which blesses my heart—carriage high and honourable; in the eyebrows the serene splendour of a lovely black; speech graced with languages more than one; and a song which might lure from her middle hemisphere the labouring moon, while still from the eyes shoots such a fire that, should I close my ears, it would avail me little.

IV.

"Surely, my lady, it cannot be but that your fair eyes are my sun; for they strike me as strongly as his rays the pilgrim, whose feet walk through the sands of Libya, whilst a warm vapour, unfelt before, rises on that side where my sorrows lie, which lovers perchance (*I* know not what it is) call sighs in their language. Part, shut in and turbid, my breast conceals within itself, and then some few escaping are condensed or congealed around; but as much as reaches the eyes and finds a place to issue, is wont to make my whole nights rainy, till my dawn returns laden with roses.

V.

"Young, gentle, loving simply, since I am in doubt to fly from myself, to thee, Lady, let me offer devoutly the humble gift of my heart. I know it certainly by many proofs to be faithful, intrepid, constant; in its conceptions graceful; wise and good. When the great world roars, and the thunder strikes, it arms itself with itself, and with solid adamant, as secure from doubt and envy, and from vulgar fears and hopes, as it is loving of genius and of high worth, of the sounding harp and of the Muses. In that part alone will you find it less hard, where Love has planted his cureless sting."[1]

One of two things respecting these Italian poems: either they are pieces written at different times and not all relating to the same object; or they are a series relating to one foreign lady, and telling the same little story. (1.) On the first assumption, the most natural conclusion would be that Sonnet I.

[1] On a matter respecting which there has been some difference of opinion, and on which I am not myself a competent judge—the Italian style of these poems—I have the pleasure of presenting the following opinion, from my friend, Signor Saffi, of the Taylorian Institution, Oxford:—"Concerning the few Italian poems written by Milton in his youth, about which you ask my opinion, I think I may venture to offer the following remarks:—As regards the form of the language, there are here and there irregularities of idiom and grammar, and metaphors which remind one of the false literary taste prevalent in Italy when Milton visited that country; although such a defect appears, in the English imitator, modified by the freshness of his native genius. The measure of the verse is generally correct, nay, more than this, musical; and one feels, in perusing these poems, that the mind of the young aspiring poet had, from Petrarch to Tasso, listened attentively to the gentlest notes of the Italian Muse, though unable to reproduce them fully in a form of his own" The false literary taste, and the Marini style of metaphor, of which Signor Saffi speaks, seem to me most flagrant in the fourth of the sonnets; which is, I believe, the worst thing that Milton ever wrote. The fifth sonnet is in the most serious strain, and is a fine and proud definition by Milton of his own character.

was a mere sonnet of compliment to a beautiful Bolognese lady, casually met, and that the rest were poems of some keen personal affection, the object of which was also a foreign, and almost certainly an Italian, lady. If so, the first is sufficiently disposed of by saying that it must have been written after the Reno and its ford had been seen; and the question rises, with respect to the others, whether they were necessarily written in Italy. The allusions in Sonnet II. and in the Canzone, to his countrymen as standing round and deriding him for writing in Italian, might seem to imply that it was in England that the foreign lady was seen and that the verses were written; but, on the other hand, there are expressions in these pieces—as, for example, "other rivers, other shores expect thee" in the Canzone—which suggest that the poet was abroad when they were written, and that his deriding countrymen were either Englishmen abroad, or Englishmen imagined at home. Farther, there is a circumstance, presently to be stated, which quite precludes the possibility that Sonnet III., addressed to Diodati, was written after his return to England; and hence that sonnet, and consequently the others as far as contemporary with it, must have been written either before the poet went abroad, or while he was abroad. The whole series is too full of Italian colour and circumstance to admit the first supposition; and there remains, therefore, almost the certainty that (as generally believed) the poems were written in Italy. The *place*, for all except the first, might then be Florence, as some have supposed, or Rome, as others have supposed; but attempts to identify the foreign lady would be hopeless. Warton's notion that she was the singer Leonora is totally gratuitous, and ought to be set aside. (2.) If Sonnet I. belongs to the same series as the rest, then the foreign lady was a Bolognese, or a native of the district of the Reno, between Bologna and Ferrara; and the poems (including that in her praise addressed, by way of poetic relief, to Diodati as his absent confidant) were written either in that neighbourhood, or after that neighbourhood had been visited, but still in Italy. The attachment is so strong that he seems to feel flight necessary.

The circumstance which precludes the possibility that the sonnet to Diodati was written after Milton's return to England, and which so refers the whole series almost certainly to the Italian journey, is that, though Milton did not yet know it, Diodati was dead. He had died very soon after Milton had left England—apparently at the time of Milton's first residence at Florence (August or September 1638).[1] In consequence of the uncertainty of communication, the news had not reached Milton; and, during his whole journey, one of his pleasures had been the anticipation of meeting Diodati on his return, and relating to him the incidents of his travels. He did, we find, hear the news some time before his return to England, but so vaguely that he was not sure of the fact till he did return. The sonnet to Diodati cannot, of course, have been written after the first rumour of the fact reached him. Where was he, then, when he received the first rumour? On this head, we can be exact so far. He cannot have received the rumour, in any form, till after he left Naples; for he then hoped to show to Diodati the cups that Manso had given him and to tell him all Manso's kindness.[2] The sad rumour may have came to him at Rome or at Florence (and, if there, the excursion to Lucca would have had a melancholy motive); but I am inclined to believe that it did not reach him till a later period still.

It *might* have reached him at Venice, which was his next station on his way homeward, and where, he tells us, he "spent one month [part of April and May 1639] in examining the city." It is not likely, however, that the attractions even of Venice would have detained him so long if it had been so. Among the attractions to Milton, besides those of which all the world has heard from that day to this, there were several famous academies, of which that of the *Incogniti* was chief; nor would the city and its inhabitants be the less interesting from the fact, that here alone in Italy was there some independence as against both Pope and Spaniard, and that there had even been expectations that Venice, in her struggle with

[1] See argument prefixed to *Epitaphium Damonis*, and also lines 9-17 and lines 125-138 of the poem itself.

[2] *Epitaph. Damonis:* lines 179 *et seq.*

the papacy, would show the example of an Italian Protestantism. It is probable that, through Sir Henry Wotton's letter to Michael Branthwait at Paris, Milton may have had special introductions to Venetian families.[1] The only incident of his month's stay in Venice, however, which he mentions himself, is, that here he shipped for England a number of books which he "had collected in different parts of Italy" (*per Italiam conquisiveram*). Philips, who must have seen many of the books afterwards on Milton's shelves, tells us (almost the only thing he does tell us about the travels, not told by Milton himself) that some of them were "curious and rare," and, in particular, that there was "a chest or two of choice music books of the best masters flourishing about that time in Italy, namely Luca Marenzo, Monte Verdi, Horatio Vecchi, Cifa, the Prince of Venosa, and several others." Rid of these by their shipment, Milton, moving homeward more rapidly "through Verona and Milan, and the Pennine Alps," he says, "and then by the Lake Leman, arrived at Geneva." In this rapid transit from Venice across the northern Lombard plains, other cities and towns of note must have been passed through; and, in crossing the Alps by St. Bernard, there would be the last look at Italy beneath.

As if delighting to have a breath of fresh Protestant theology after so long a time in the Catholic atmosphere of Italy, Milton spent a week or two, if not more, in Geneva. The Swiss city still maintained its reputation as the great continental seat of Calvinistic Protestantism. Since Calvin and Farel, there had been a series of ministers in the churches of

[1] There was a far more efficient and steady correspondence between the English Court and Venice than between the English Court and any of the other Italian States. In the State Paper Office, there are only one or two letters from Naples during the whole reign of Charles I., nor are there many from Rome or Florence; while from Venice there is a series of letters nearly as regular as from Paris. The English Ambassador at Venice in 1639 was Lord Feilding; but he had left Venice for England before Milton's arrival (April 1639), leaving a "Gilbert Talbot" as his *locum tenens*. Here is an extract from one of Talbot's letters to Secretary Windebank, dated June 10, 1639: "There hath lately come to light [at Milan] certain verses made in praise of the French and disparagement of the Spanish King, which have much troubled the Viceroy to discover the author; but at length they are found to proceed from the Secretary of the Accademia of the Infuriati, who is since imprisoned. . . Here hath been a report in Venice of a great persecution of the Catholics in England, and that her majesty should be turned Protestant."

the city, and of professors in the university, keeping up the faith and the discipline established at the Reformation. At the time of Milton's visit, there were several such men, celebrated over the Calvinistic world beyond Geneva, and especially among the French Protestants and the Puritans of England. The eldest Turretin was dead (1631); but he had been succeeded in the chair of theology by the learned German, Frederick Spanheim (1600-1649), who had studied in Geneva in his youth, and had held already, since 1627, the professorship of philosophy. Another theology professor and city preacher was Theodore Tronchin (1582-1657), married to Beza's grand-daughter—previously professor of Hebrew, and one of the Geneva deputies to the Synod of Dort. A Scotchman, Alexander More, with whom Milton was long afterwards to come into unpleasant relations, had just been appointed professor of Greek (1639), and was qualifying himself for a pastoral charge, not without some suspicions among his colleagues that he was unsound in the main Calvinistic points. But the man in Geneva of greatest note and most interesting to Milton, was Giovanni, or Dr. John, Diodati, the uncle of his friend Charles.[1] Besides his celebrity as professor of theology, city preacher, translator of the Bible into Italian, and author of several theological works, Diodati was celebrated as an instructor of young men of rank sent to board in his house. About the year 1639 there were many young foreigners of distinction pursuing their studies in Geneva, including Charles Gustavus, afterwards King of Sweden, and several princes of German Protestant houses; and some of these appear to have been among Diodati's private pupils. At his house Milton either lodged, or was a daily visitor. "At Geneva," he says, "I was daily in the society of John Diodati, the most learned Professor of Theology." It seems to me most likely that it was from him that Milton heard the first rumour of his nephew's death.[2]

[1] See antè, p. 79; but, since that page was in type, I have found reason to believe that the Genevese Diodati was not born in Geneva, but in Lucca, June 6, 1576, and that he migrated to Geneva very early.

[2] Histoire de Genève, par M. Spon: Geneva, 1730; vol. I. pp. 506 *et seq.*; Leti's "Historia Genevrina" (1686), vol. IV. pp. 134, 135; and articles on Diodati, Spanheim, &c. in Chalmer's Biog. Dict.

Among Milton's introductions at Geneva, through Diodati or otherwise, was one to a Neapolitan nobleman, named Cardouin or Cerdogni, apparently a refugee on account of Protestant opinions, who had been settled in Geneva since 1608 as a teacher of Italian. He or the ladies of his family kept an album, in which they collected autographs of visitors, and especially of English visitors to the city. Many Englishmen, predecessors of Milton in the continental tour, had written their signatures in it, and among them no less a man than Wentworth. Milton is asked for his, and writes, characteristically, as follows :—

"If Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoope to her.

'Cœlum, non animum, muto, dum trans mare curro.'

"Junii 10°, 1639. Joannes Miltonius, Anglus."[1]

From Geneva, where this entry fixes him as late as June 10, 1639, he returned homewards, "through France," he says, "by the same route as before," *i.e*, by Lyons, the Rhone, and Paris. At Paris he would no longer find Lord Scudamore, who, having been recalled at his own request, had returned to England in the beginning of the year, leaving the Earl of Leicester as sole ambassador; but he may have had time to call on Grotius, who had received several letters from Lord Scudamore since his departure.[2] Leaving Paris, and recrossing the Channel, he sets his foot again in England, after a total absence of "a year and three months, more or less," late in July or early in August 1639. The sentence which he thinks it right to append to his account of his journey as a

[1] The Album "was brought to England a few years ago, and sold by public auction," says Mr. Hunter (Milton Gleanings, 1850, p. 23), from whom I derive the quotation.

[2] In a letter in the State Paper Office, of date $\frac{2}{12}$ Jan. 1638-9, Scudamore writes that he has been at St. Germain's to take his leave of the king and queen, but that it will be a month before he comes over. From another letter of his of date Feb. 1, 1638-9, quoted by Gibson (Parochial History of Holme-Lacy, &c.), it appears that one of his last calls in Paris was on the Prince of Condé. "The Prince," he says, "returning me a visit, and speaking of the affairs of Scotland, said, 'It is the humour of these Puritans never to be satisfied. The King should fall upon them suddenly, and cut off three or four heads, and then he will have peace.' This the Prince desired me to remember and represent to his majesty from one who wished his felicity and repose."

whole, it is right also that we should append, in closing this volume:—"I again take God to witness," he says, "that in all "those places, where so many things are considered lawful, I "lived sound and untouched from all profligacy and vice, "having this thought perpetually with me, that, though I "might escape the eyes of men, I certainly could not the eyes "of God."[1]

1 *Def. Sec.:* Works, VI. 289.

END OF VOL. I.

R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

SPECIMEN OF MILTON'S HANDWRITING AT VARIOUS DATES

FROM 1628 TO 1637.

Signature, as B. A., in the Graduation Book at Cambridge: Jan: 1628-9.

Joannes Milton

Extract from the first draft of a Letter to a Friend, of which there are two in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge: Dec: 1631.

Yet that you may see that I am sometyme suspicious
of my selfe, & doe take notice of a certaine relaxednesse in me selfe, From the border
to stand you a speciall some of my nightward thoughts, since they come in stile of
as in a Petrachian Stanza. /

How soone hath Time the subtle theefe of Youth
stolne on his wing my three & twentith yeere
my hasting days fly on with full careere
but my late spring no bud or blossome shew'th
Perhapps my semblance might deceave ye Truth
that I to manhood am arriv'd so neere
& inward ripenesse doth much lesse appeare
that some more timely-happie spirits indu'th
Yet be it lesse or more, or soone or slow
it shall be still in strictest measure even
to that same lot, however meane or high
toward wch Time leads me, & the will of Heaven
all is if I have grace to use it so
as ever in my great task-maisters eye

Signature, as M. A., in the Graduation Book at Cambridge: July 1632.

Joannes Milton

Song, from the original M.S. of COMUS in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge: 1634.

Song

Sabrina fair
Listen where thou art sitting
under the glassie cool translucent wave
in twisted braids of lillies knitting
the loose trains of thy amber-dropping hair
listen for deare honours sake
Goddesse of the silver lake
listen and save

Concluding lines of COMUS, from the same M.S.

mortalls that would follow me
love vertue she alone is free
she can teach ye how to clime
higher then the Sphearie chime
or if vertue feeble were
heaven it selfe would stoope to her.

Concluding lines of LYCIDAS, from the original M.S. draft in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge: Nov: 1637.

Thus sang the uncouth swaine to th' oakes & rills
while the still morne went out with sandals gray
he touch't the tender stops of various quills
with eager thought warbling his Dorick lay
and now the Sun had stretcht out all the hills
and now was dropt into the westerne bay
at last he rose and twitcht his mantle blew
To morrow to fresh woods and pastures new

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